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CLASSIC TALES,

SERIOUS AND LIVELY:

WITH CRITICAL ESSAYS
ON THE MERITS
AND REPUTATION
OF THE AUTHORS.

du grave au doux, du plaisant au severe. Boileau.
From grave to gay, from lively to severe. Pope.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

All nations have been delighted with fictitious story, for it suits all men. Real history, which exhibits the general events of the world, teaches us less real wisdom, for it seldom or never concerns us individually; it may instruct the warrior and the statesman, but we are not all warriors and statesmen; it may explain the art of managing empires, but, thank heaven, we are not all born to the management of empires: amidst all its instruction it teaches us little of the *human heart*, for those who make the greatest display in history are generally performing their parts in a mask; their actions are perfectly open to the world, but their hearts, if they have any, are mostly kept to themselves. It is for this reason that history is inferior to biography; the latter instructs us more particularly in the cause and origin of human actions: the knowledge of private life is the foundation of wisdom, that of public life is the superstructure: let us study ourselves first as *men*, and we may study ourselves afterwards as public characters.

But Biography is generally confined to the lives of those whose talents have rendered them conspicuous in the world; if we never hear of a man's existence from his own talents, we shall not easily be persuaded to hear of him by the talents of his biographer; and after all his biographer may know nothing of his subject, but what he gathers from his writings, his traditional sayings, or his parish register. Thus neither History nor Biography can instruct us sufficiently in that class of mankind who

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compose the greatest part of what is called *the world*; yet it is as necessary to a complete knowledge of mankind to understand the little passions and adventures of private life, as it is to a complete botanist to understand the thorn that creeps through a hedge, or the nettle that hides itself in a ditch.

To supply this deficiency the instructors of mankind produced the Tale and the Novel, a species of literature which like all others has been abused, and abused most because it is most adapted to please us. The wisest of the ancients delivered their conceptions of the Deity and their lessons of morality in fables and parables; if the ignorant mistook their intentions, if they mistook the fable for the moral, and worshipped the vial that contained the truth for the pure essence within, it argues nothing but their own folly; if in our own times, the Tales of celebrated novelists have been wretchedly copied by those who could not apply them to human life, it argues nothing but the ignorance of the copyists: *such writers* we shall gladly let alone: we do not wish to disturb them in their *marble-covered monuments*; we shall attend rather to the living dead than to the dead living. In short, our title page, if it speaks the truth, will speak best for our intentions: we will not hazard the incredulity of our readers by promising much; perhaps we shall perform but little, but at any rate we shall act with caution, and with our best taste, and our little may probably be good. Let us not be deceived by names; the titles of Biographer and Historian are nobler sounds than those of Novelist and Writer of Tales, but let it be recollected that there is more real wisdom in the Fables of Æsop than in all the Histories of Europe put together.

L. H.

CLASSIC TALES.

MACKENZIE.

CRITICAL ESSAY ON HIS WRITINGS AND GENIUS, *BY LEIGH HUNT.*

Authors who claim the praise of originality, may be divided into three classes; those of an inventive mind, who display an original combination of ideas, and apply them strongly and naturally: those who without any novelty of idea express themselves with an originality of language; and those who with little originality either of idea or language, distinguish themselves from mere imitators by a felicity of general manner, by an agreement perhaps between the composition and its parts, between the thoughts conveyed and the manner of conveying them. This latter class is inferior to the first and superior to the second division, for it is not so independent in its powers as the one, while it is less liable to err in its judgment and feeling than the other; it will be no dishonour to Mackenzie to place him in the middle rank of genius. If all our contemporaries were brought forward to be divided into the three classes, it would be astonishing to find how few belonged to any.

It is only as a writer of tales however that MACKENZIE can claim any originality at all; in every thing else he is a mere imitator. The papers he wrote in the *Mirror*, a collection of periodical essays, have procured him the title of the Scotch ADDISON; but the very friends who gave him this appellation acknowledge his unskilfulness in moral philosophy and profound observation of life: of that active combination of ideas, called wit, which like the needle finds a sympathy in the most remote objects, and almost unites logic with fancy, he seems to have been incapable; and his humour is precisely that of the *Idler*, in which Dr. JOHNSON seems to have laboured at *something to make us smile*, because the variety of a collection of essays required it. But with what justice can he who possesses neither wisdom, wit, nor humour, be compared with ADDISON? The principal followers of STEELE and ADDISON have given a novelty to their periodical writings by an originality of observation, or at least an originality of manner: JOHNSON in the *Rambler* has done both; his moral philosophy is celebrated for the comprehension of its views and the strength of its deductions, while the decision of his expression and the "long glories" of his phraseology mark a new æra in the style of English prose: HAWKESWORTH, the author of the *Adventurer*, walks between ADDISON and JOHNSON, with an air not so engaging as

the one nor so dignified as the other; but his discerning powers are exact and vigorous, his imagination is always subjected to his reason, and if he cannot attract with wit or overpower with sententious argument, he makes the strongest appeal to our reason with his good sense and his serious propriety of manner: as to the *Connoisseur*, it does not exhibit much either of wisdom or wit, but it has an inexhaustible fund of humour and an original style perfectly suited to gay and careless satire. The author of the *Mirror* and the *Lounger* in his character of an essayist really possesses nothing that does not belong to these writers; he follows the steps of the *Spectator* and his friends with as little freedom as a servant follows his master; he makes no aberrations from the other's track, his eyes watch him so carefully that he cannot look round and enjoy nature for himself, but is content to admire what his master admires, and to repeat all the good things his master has said. If the *Spectator* talks of himself and glides into clubs and coffee-houses to hear what is said of him, our author must do so too; if the former receives letters from countrymen, from lovers, and from complaining couples, the latter contrives to make his postman bring him the same epistles though with much of their wit blotted out; if the one has given the *Spectator* a sort of occasional hero in the per-

son of Sir Roger de Coverley, a character perfectly natural as well as original, the other in his *Mirror* must introduce his readers to a Mr. Umphraville, a bashful, bookish recluse, a man of peevish prejudices, who acquires neither his virtues nor his vices from society, and therefore is not a proper character for a work which professes to instruct society. If a periodical essayist wishes to give his work a kind of narrative interest by painting some prominent character in imitation of the *Spectator*, he will do better to describe the habits and passions of a man of the world, for it would be somewhat objectionable even in the exquisite old philanthropist of ADDISON, that he has nothing about him applicable to the busier which is the greater part of mankind, if the author had not done so much for our instruction in his less prominent characters. This want of original observation in the *Mirror* and the *Lounger* is not supplied by any novelty of style, unless the Scottisms and Gallicisms, the former natural to the authors, and the latter affected by them, can be called original. In short, I can find nothing in which MACKENZIE has excelled or equalled the essayists his predecessors, except in the name of his first periodical work; the *Mirror* is certainly a better title than any which the more celebrated essays possess: the title of *Spectator* gives us the idea of a man who looks upon passing affairs with little to think

and still less to say; the *Rambler*, whom we should conceive by his name to be a careless saunterer, has the air of an abstruse thinker, who forms his reasonings and his round periods in the silence of a closet; the *Adventurer* ventures nothing; and the *Connoisseur*, so far from shewing any peculiar discrimination in painting or music, seems to have thought nothing about them. The best title for a writer who professes peculiar attention to human manners is Mr. CUMBERLAND'S *Observer*, which expresses at once, perspicuity, meditation, and animadversion. In short, MACKENZIE would never have obtained the title of the Scotch ADDISON, had he not written in a city unaccustomed to a refinement of sentiment and language; the inhabitants were proud of their first essayists, and as the works were published in numbered papers, they called the principal writer the Scotch ADDISON, because ADDISON was the greatest man that ever wrote in papers.

It is as the unassuming writer of tales that MACKENZIE has obtained just reputation. In a simple pathetic story he is never excelled, perhaps never equalled by any British writer: I do not know two little narratives in the English language so unaffected and so interesting as the stories of *Louisa Venoni* and *La Roche*; they have the singular merit of uniting simple nature with the most powerful dramatic effect; the hand-organ and

black patch of Venoni may appear somewhat romantic, but Venoni is a father, a romantic Swiss freeman, seeking his lost child: the idea of awakening her recollection in a strange country by playing one of her father's favourite airs, is as nationally characteristic as it is delightful: we should not pronounce so many foreign stories improbable, if we criticised them with less of the Englishman about us: when the Swiss regiment in Paris during the revolution heard their favourite national air of the Ranz des Vaches suddenly struck up by the band they threw down their arms and wept; an English regiment would not have done this if they had heard Rule Britannia; they might have insisted upon going home perhaps, or upon fighting any body that disputed the truth of the song, but the Swiss did not act the less naturally for all that. We should not find many a lordly bishop or jockey country curate to preach his own daughter's funeral sermon as La Roche did, but still the venerable figure of the childless pastor breathing comfort to his parishioners from the pulpit, in all the gracefulness of tears, is a natural and pathetic picture. In this latter story, which inculcates the advantage of religion as a consolation to the virtuous unfortunate, the author has shewn a very liberal spirit in making his example a Roman Catholic, not because the consolations of religion belong to those only who kiss two sticks laid across or deify a wafer, but be-

cause any religion, in which God is worshipped and our fellow-creatures beloved, will not only console ourselves but teach us to make others happy. This is not the first instance of a liberality of sentiment little expected in a Presbyterian country: Dr. ROBERTSON the historian told JOHNSON, that he claimed the more liberal praise of the two, as he had visited the Church of England several times during his residence in London, whereas Dr. JOHNSON when in Edinburgh scorned to hear a sermon even from HUGH BLAIR, because he was a Presbyterian. The bigotted philosopher made a reply, which like many of his replies deserved nothing but the contempt of his hearers; "Why, Sir, that is not so extraordinary: the King of Siam sent ambassadors to Louis the Fourteenth, but Louis the Fourteenth sent none to the King of Siam." This story too of Louis was not true. But if bigotry relied on nothing but the truth, it would never find a single argument for its cause.

There are many touches of delicate pathos in MACKENZIE's larger stories; but his want of experience, which made him an imitator in his essays, made him an imitator in his novels. The vices of the *Man of the World* have been told too often before, and with regard to the pursuit of sensual gratification have been laid open by RICHARDSON in his *Clarissa* with a more masterly dissection of the human heart. *Julia de Roubigné* is an imi-

tation of ROUSSEAU in its passionate sensibility; but it wants the philosophy of that eccentric writer, who was a dreamer when he should have been a logician, and exercised his logic when he should have been satisfied with dreaming. The *Man of Feeling* has gained a greater celebrity; its hero, *Harley*, is evidently the *St. Preux* of ROUSSEAU's *Eloisa*, but undoubtedly more refined in his morality: it is said that MACKENZIE wished to illustrate the theories of HUTCHESON and SHAFTESBURY, by deducing the glowing virtues of his hero from an *unreasoning moral sense*, an idea which JOHNSON treated with contempt: I think his contempt was in this instance just; an *unreasoning sense* has evidently nothing to do with *reason*, and therefore can be no proper motive of action. I am afraid that MACKENZIE's hero as well as ROUSSEAU's has too much bodily sensibility about him; the irritability of a man's nerves has been too often mistaken for mental feeling; and an *unreasoning moral sense* unassisted by the laws and necessities of society would be an excuse for every momentary corporeal gratification: this is the morality of a lover, when in a moment of passion he persuades his mistress that he is doing perfectly right in ruining her, and of his mistress, when she rewards him with her person out of mere gratitude: What is marriage to them? It is nothing but an ordinance founded upon a *reasoning* moral sense.

If the *Man of Feeling* dies because the woman he had long loved in secret returns his affection: this is mere weakness of nerves: the chief virtue consists in social utility, and he who dies, because his love is suddenly returned, is not a jot the more virtuous or one of a better heart than he who lives to reward the object of his affection by making her a mother: certainly he is not so useful a member of society. The novel however, though its style sometimes affects the laborious abruptness of STERNE, is interesting in its incidents, and as philanthropy and not mere love is generally the subject of its fine feeling, it is less dangerous to romantic readers.

MACKENZIE is an amiable writer; he is generally elegant in his style, and always benevolent in his sentiments; and if his morality be sometimes mistaken in its causes, he must still be allowed the unsullied praise of doing his utmost to promote its effects.

LOUISA VENONI.

(FROM THE MIRROR.)

If we examine impartially the estimate of pleasure which the higher ranks of society are apt to form, we shall probably be surprized to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real satisfaction. Many a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taste or his judgment, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity or the pain of his enjoyments; and that if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were sometimes worth while, even on the score of pleasure, to be virtuous.

Sir Edward *****, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy, from one of whom, who could now and then talk of something besides pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, and sometimes profuse, he was observed however never to be ridiculous in his expenses, and, though

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LOUISA. VENONI. V.I.P.13.

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he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind him more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at Marseilles with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea voyage, leaving Sir Edward to prosecute his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the vallies of Piedmont, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse, unluckily, made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his servants with scarcely any signs of life. They conveyed him upon a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, before whose door some of his neighbours were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir Edward brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in with great marks of agitation, soon re-

stored Sir Edward to sense and life. Venoni possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir Edward, after being blooded, was put to bed, and attended with every possible care by his host and family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident; but after some days it abated, and in little more than a week he was able to join in the society of Venoni and his daughter.

He could not help expressing some surprize at the appearance of refinement in the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and take shelter in Venoni's cottage (for his house was but a better sort of a cottage), the night of her birth. 'When her mother died,' said he, 'the Signora, whose name, at her desire, we had given the child, took her home to her own house; there she was taught many things, of which there is no need here; yet she is not so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her father in his old age; and I hope soon to have her settled near me for life.'

But Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louisa better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir Edward had studied with success. Louisa felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, when they were praised by Sir Edward, which they had never given her before; and the family concerts of Venoni were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to

join in them. The flute of Venoni excelled all the other music of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir Edward's violin was finer than either. But his conversation with Louisa—it was that of a superior order of beings!—science, taste, sentiment!—it was long since Louisa had heard these sounds; amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir Edward, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance there was always an expression, animated and interesting; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louisa's was not less captivating, and Sir Edward had not seen it so long without emotion. During his illness he thought this emotion but gratitude; and when it first grew warmer he checked it, from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome, and of consequence increased his passion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself; he resolved, if he could, to think no more of Louisa; at any rate to think no more of the ties of gratitude or the restraints of virtue.

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She

took up her lute and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. 'That,' said she, 'nobody ever heard except my father; I play it sometimes when I am alone, and in low spirits. I don't know how I came to think of it now; yet I have some reason to be sad.' Sir Edward pressed to know the cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for a husband. Against this match she had always protested as strongly, as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but Venoni was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it.—'To marry, where one cannot love,—to marry such a man, Sir Edward!' —It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir Edward pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues, and concluded by swearing, that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal. Sir Edward improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. Louisa started at the proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as Louisa had represented him, coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But Venoni, though much

above his neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often do on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning Louisa was indisposed and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with Venoni; but before his departure he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louisa.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket upon the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched upon one of them and had already begun its accustomed song. Louisa sat down upon a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louisa rose from the ground, and burst into tears. She turned,—and beheld Sir Edward. His countenance had much of its former languor; and when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings. 'Are you not well Sir Edward?' said Louisa, with a voice faint and broken.—'I am ill, indeed,' said he, 'but my illness is of the mind. Louisa cannot cure me of that. I am wretched; but I deserve to be so. I have broken every law of hospitality, and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for happiness, and to speak what I wished, though it wounded the heart of my dearest bene-

factress;—but I will make a severe expiation. This moment I leave you, Louisa! I go to be wretched; but you may be happy, happy in your duty to a father, happy, it may be, in the arms of a husband, whom the possession of such a wife may teach refinement and sensibility.—I go to my native country, to hurry through scenes of irksome business or tasteless amusement; that I may, if possible, procure a sort of half oblivion of that happiness which I have left behind, a listless endurance of that life which I once dreamed might be made delightful with Louisa.

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir Edward's servants appeared with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of Louisa, he fastened round his neck, and kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. 'This,' said he, 'if Louisa will accept of it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore her. She may look on it, perhaps, after the original is no more; when this heart shall have forgot to love, and ceased to be wretched.'

Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. 'Oh! Sir Edward!' said she, 'What—what would you have me do?'—He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni.

The virtue of Louisa was vanquished; but her sense of virtue was not overcome. Neither the

vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of the past, and the thoughts of her present situation. Sir Edward felt strongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part, which it is probable he thought it could have performed: it was still subject to remorse, to compassion, and to love. These emotions perhaps he might soon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding sorrows of Louisa nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words; sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, Sir Edward carried Louisa to his seat in the country; there she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and, had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendor of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir Edward to blazon with equipage and show, that state which she wished always to hide, and if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures, if pleasures they could be called that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt for a while the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes, and his daughter's disgrace. Sir Edward was too generous not to think of providing for Venoni. He meant to make some

atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not however an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that Venoni, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction for a while refused consolation. Sir Edward's whole tenderness and affection were called forth to mitigate her grief; and after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir Edward's, the affliction of Louisa gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her lodgings separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt which she now considered as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In London Sir Edward found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her because she was a fine woman and admired by fine men; she had married him because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir Edward had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in

the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow; and with all the pride of birth and insolence of station, their principles were mean, and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of Louisa he found sensibility and truth; her's was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare: she saw the return of virtue in Sir Edward, and felt the friendship which he shewed her. Sometimes, when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her, the colour faded in her cheek, the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir Edward saw these symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, while he sat in a little parlour with Louisa, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a hand-organ, of a

remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. Louisa laid aside her lute and listened; the airs it played were those of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir Edward ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room; he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which Louisa had often danced in her infancy: she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without controul. Suddenly the musician changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind.—Louisa started from her seat and rushed upon the stranger.—He threw off a tattered coat and black patch—It was her father! —she would have sprung to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But nature at last overcame his resentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter.

Sir Edward stood fixed in astonishment and confusion.—'I come not to upbraid you,' said Venoni, 'I am a poor, weak old man, unable for upbraidings; I am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and to die! When you saw us first, Sir Edward, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our cheerfulness; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has never been heard in Venoni's fields: grief and sickness have almost brought him to the grave; and his neighbours, who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more.

Yet methinks, though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy;—else why that dejected look which, amidst all the grandeur around you, I saw you wear, and those tears which, under all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed?'—'But she shall shed no more,' cried Sir Edward, 'you shall be happy, and I shall be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries which I have done thee; forgive me, my Louisa, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. I have seen those high-born females to which my rank might have allied me; I am ashamed of their vices, and sick of their follies: profligate in their hearts amidst affected purity, they are slaves to pleasure without the sincerity of passion, and with the name of honor are insensible to the feelings of virtue. You, my Louisa!—but I will not call up recollections that might render me less worthy of your future esteem.—Continue to love your Edward but a few hours, and you shall add the title to the affections of a wife: let the care and tenderness of a husband bring back its peace to your mind, and its bloom to your cheek. We will live for a while the wonder and envy of the fashionable circle here; we will restore your father to his native home; under that roof I shall once more be happy; happy without alloy, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on the cottage of Venoni.'

LA ROCHE.

(FROM THE MIRROR.)

An English philosopher, whose works have been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad; and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as Mr. H***'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are, in a great measure, extinguished by the exertion of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial; and in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter.—Our philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling: but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain, that if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the vil-

lage the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat; and he followed his gouvernante to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but yet a paltry one. Mr. H*** was obliged to stoop as he entered. It was floored with earth; and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs.—On a flock bed, at one end lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. H*** and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.—'Mademoiselle!' said the old woman, at last, in a soft tone.—She turned and shewed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled, with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time

tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. However, it was all sweetness; and our philosopher strongly felt it. It was not a time for *words*; he offered his *services*. 'Monsieur lies miserably ill here,' said the gouvernante; 'if he could possibly be moved any where.'—If he could be moved to our house,' said her master.—He had a spare bed for a friend; and there was a garret-room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could *look* scruples, though he could not *speak* them, were overcome; and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little; and nature did much for him: in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche; a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed; and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in.—Mr. H***, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.—His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanks-

givings which they put up on his recovery; for she too was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.—The philosopher walked out with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.—'My master,' said the old woman, 'alas! he is not a Christian; but he is the best of unbelievers.'—'Not a Christian?' exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche; 'yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for it; I would he were a Christian!'—'There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,' said her father, 'which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation: hence opposers of christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former; because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation.'—'But Mr. H***', said his daughter, 'alas! my father, he *shall* be a Christian before he dies.'—She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.—He took her hand with an air of kindness: she drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground; and left the room.—'I have been thanking God,' said the good La Roche, 'for my recovery.'—'That is right,' replied his landlord.—'I would not wish,' continued the old man, hesitatingly, 'to think otherwise: did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, perhaps, is not a real good:—alas! I may live to wish I had died; that you had left me to die, Sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. H***'s hand);

—but, when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment; my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him; it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure; and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror.'—'You say right, my dear Sir,' replied the philosopher: 'but you are not re-established enough to talk much; you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road; for as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure.'—La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord, not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard to him; their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with each other, and their friendship increased. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cul-

tivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy or religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manners of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishments of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid: every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those vallies of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose in quiet, and has inclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible.—A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house; and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. H*** enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost. The old man's sorrow was silent, his daughter sobbed and wept.

Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to Heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard.—They made some attempts at condolence;—it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part. 'It has pleased God,' said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven; and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. 'That is the signal,' said he, 'for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us;—if you chuse rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford some entertainment within.'—'By no means,' answered the philosopher, 'I will attend Ma'moiselle at her devotions.'—'She is our organist,' said La Roche; 'our

neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing.'—'Tis an additional inducement,' replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche: before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside: and placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. H*** was no musician; but he was not altogether insensible to music: this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. —The organ was touched with a hand less firm; —it paused; it ceased;—and the sobbing of Mademoiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved; and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners catched the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory; and his guest was averse from disputation: their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either, yet would the old

man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father who art in heaven!" might the good man say, for he felt it,—and all mankind were his brethren.

'You regret, my friend,' said he to Mr. H*** 'when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music; you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, but which from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful.—Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way: an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessoning my relish of the pleasures of life, I think I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me, and I have had my share, it confers a dignity on my affliction, and lifts me above the world. Man I know is but a worm,—yet methinks I am then allied to God.' It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded even with a doubt the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation

was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to disputation. With La Roche and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favorite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality or alternate advantage among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. H***, as a stranger, was shewn the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions, to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, 'which naturally,' said he, 'leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.'—'They are not seen in Flanders!' said Ma'moiselle, with a sigh. 'That's an odd remark,' said Mr. H***, smiling.—She blushed; and he enquired no farther.

It was with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy, but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence, and they took his promise, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was

on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter on his former visit, was recalled to his mind by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach too conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. H***'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiselle La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks,

when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him.—Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen; and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment.—After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road; and he found himself, at last, in view of the lake which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake; and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse, that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person cloathed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who,

like him, seem to have been employed in the rights of sepulture.

On Mr. H***'s making enquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, 'Then you knew not Mademoiselle, Sir?—you never beheld a lovelier'—'La Roche?' exclaimed he in reply—'Alas! it was she indeed!'—The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked.—He came up closer to Mr. H***. 'I perceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche.'—'Acquainted with her!—Heavens!—when—how—where did she die?—Where is her father?'—'She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe: the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion; and to whom, before their quarrel, he had done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian should: he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions; —Follow me, Sir; and you shall hear him.'—He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp,

placed near him, threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased, La Roche sat for a mo ment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. H*** was not less affected than they. La Roche arose. 'Father of mercies!' said he, 'forgive these tears: assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people!—My friends! it is good so to do: at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, "Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord." When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes men. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, I cannot, if I would' (his tears flowed afresh)—'I feel too much myself; and I am not ashamed of my feelings: but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed to God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experi-

ence; that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

'You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too!—It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy; ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then; ye will judge also of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God.—Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows; to pour it out with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and death; on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys; and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict!—For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth, that we shall live with him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect.—Go, then; mourn not for me: I have not lost my child: but a little while, and we shall meet again, never to be separated.—But ye are also my children: would ye that I should grieve without comfort?—So live as she lived; that when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his.'

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord;

his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope.—Mr. H*** followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was ceased; at sight of him past scenes rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with tears. The other was equally affected; they went together in silence into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight.—'Oh! my friend!' said he; and his tears burst forth again. Mr. H*** had now recollected himself; he stept forward and drew the curtain close—the old man wiped off his tears; and, taking his friend's hand, 'You see my weakness,' said he; 'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost.'—'I heard you,' said the other, 'in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is your's'.—'It is, my friend,' said he; 'and I trust I shall ever hold it fast. If there be any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness let them not take away the solace of our affliction.'

Mr. H***'s heart was smitten; and I have heard him long after confess, that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when midst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

GOLDSMITH.

CRITICAL ESSAY ON HIS WRITINGS AND GENIUS, *BY LEIGH HUNT.*

GOLDSMITH excelled all his contemporaries in variety of genius but VOLTAIRE. If he was less of the profound thinker than JOHNSON, who scarcely ever thought otherwise than profoundly, he was a greater humourist, and what is more, a greater poet. The author, whose pen can move from novel writing to history, from history to poetry, and from poetry to natural philosophy, always with elegance, if not always with felicity, will boast a greater number of readers and consequently of admirers than him, who is greatest of the great in only one species of writing.

Though the chief excellence of GOLDSMITH is in prose, yet his poetry is so happily adapted to general understandings, that it is more universally admired. It is not however of the highest class: it always pleases with delicacy, and sometimes elevates with grandeur, but it never astonishes with enthusiastic daring. Of his first composition, the *Traveller*, Dr. JOHNSON said that "there had not been so fine a poem since the

days of POPE:" but this word *fine* is of so vague a meaning, that it is difficult to comprehend what the critic intended by his panegyric, when THOMSON had published the *Seasons*, and COLLINS had produced an ode that rivalled DRYDEN: if he designed to say, that there had not been so fine a poem in POPE's style, the praise may be allowed; it has all the flow of thought and clear exposition of that exact poet; its style is generally vigourous and melodious, and its metaphorical allusion easy and appropriate; in the *application* of epithets, which are the touchstones of true poetry, it would be difficult to find a more skilful master: but these beauties are difficult of *creation*: the "*bleak Swiss*" is surely a very violent illustration; to apply the elementary effect of winds and storms to the inhabitants of a stormy region is little better than to call the African the *electrifying negro*, because it perpetually lightens in Africa. GOLDSMITH's figures of speech however seldom start into this violence, though they are powerful upon powerful occasions: there are few metaphors so happy as that picture of a factious state, when

> ——— overwrought, the gen'ral system feels
> Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

But no heroic versifier since the days of POPE has

been unchangeably vigourous in a long rhyming poem; SOUTHEY and COWPER, the most original poets of our time, are often unpardonably feeble in this respect, the one through an affectation of simplicity, and the other, singularly enough, of dignity. Metrical weakness is owing in most cases to paucity of emphasis; but GOLDSMITH in his *Traveller* is feeble in misplaced emphasis; for his words are of sufficient length and sound to be pompous in a better situation: he slides now and then into a kind of hurried halt, which is as lame as the feebleness of monosyllables: there are not many lines either in SOUTHEY or COWPER inferior to the following:

And yet perhaps if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share—

Till carried to excess in each domain—

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies—

That opulence departed leaves behind—

From these the feeble heart and *long-fall'n mind*
An easy compensation seem to find—

Yet let them only share the praises due—

> And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart,
> *Fall blunted from each indurated heart.*

These debilities of verse could not have been the effect of negligence; for GOLDSMITH, though he was rapid in prose composition, polished his verses with the slowest attention: they must be reckoned among those infelicities of composition, which sometimes escape the self-love of an author fond of his first ideas. No poet however should hesitate to blot such lines; for what he may gain in vigour of thought, he loses in feebleness of language.

There is something peculiarly beautiful in what may be called the plot of the poem: the *Traveller* seats himself on Alpine solitudes to moralize on the world beneath him; he takes a mental survey of the character as well as landscape of different nations, and in such a situation is naturally inspired with serious and pathetic reflections on human nature; but he has caught the general melancholy of moralists, and his conclusions, like those of all systematic complainers, are not invariably just: he laments every thing, advantageous or unprofitable, happy or unhappy; if a nation is poor, it has the vices of poverty; if it is rich, it has the vices of riches: first the Swiss is lucky in his want of refinement, then he is unlucky; the Hollander is industrious,

but then industry makes him avaricious; the Englishman is free, but then liberty makes him factious: thus in the first part of its character every nation is wise or happy, but in the next paragraph you find it both foolish and miserable. These descriptions of universal evil are always exaggerated; the generality of mankind will never think of their condition as irritable poets and gloomy philosophers chuse to think for them: at the very moment the author is endeavouring to prove that every man makes his own happiness, he judges of the happiness of others by his own idea of felicity, and pronounces them unhappy because he could not be easy in their condition. The fact is, that GOLDSMITH thought he was reasoning finely, when he was writing fine poetry only. It is the fault of poetical argument that the reasoner is apt to forget his logic in his fancy; he catches at a brilliant line, or a brilliant idea; his imagination fires; and his reason, that serves merely to overshadow its brightness, rolls from it like smoke. It is well for the generality of readers, that melancholy disquisitions in poetry have not the doleful effect of such disquisitions in prose. Poetry scatters so many flowers on the most rugged arguments, that the weariness of the road is insensibly beguiled. If the *Traveller* had been written in prose, or were stripped of its poetical ornament, it would allure

no readers at all; and I am much afraid, that with the same alteration many an argument in DRYDEN and POPE would share the same fate. The nearer logic is allied to poetry, the faster it loses its strength to the greater power. How poetical, how wild is PLATO! How unpoetical, how rational is LOCKE!

But GOLDSMITH was attached to fictitious sorrows, and he could not help fancying a new subject of complaint for his *Deserted Village*. In this poem he describes a village depopulated by the grasping luxury of the neighbouring gentry, a circumstance which was much disputed in the poet's time, and notwithstanding the frequent oppression of enclosures, has never since been proved. Poetically considered, the *Deserted Village* is a more beautiful production than the *Traveller*. It is more original, more vigourous, more characteristic in its description. The strength of the poetry is not suddenly lost in those feeble lines that give his *Traveller* the air of an interpolated copy: it is full of the natural domestic images which endear the author to us as a man, while they recommend him as an observer of life. The village landscape, its sports, its domestic sounds, and its snug alehouse shining in all the comforts of clean sand and furniture, with the exception perhaps of the rural dances, which are rather French than British, must be familiar to every body who has been

ten miles from London; the mock-heroic dignity of the schoolmaster, whose jokes are studiously laughed at by the boys, is superior to that of SHENSTONE's *Schoolmistress*, whose humour consists chiefly in externals. But the amiable cares of the parish curate compose the finest part of the poem. Though they occasionally rise into a grander spirit of poetry, they possess that simple pathos, which brings an unconscious smile upon the lips, while it reaches the heart. That affecting couplet,

> E'en children followed with endearing wile,
> And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile,

seems to me perfectly original; so does the noble simile that compares the holy preacher to a bird *tempting its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies.* But a critic should be cautious in bestowing the praise of poetical invention on GOLDSMITH. He has imitated all our best poets; and though he was indignant enough, when his ideas were copied without acknowledgment by others, he does not seem to have been eager in confessing his own imitations. The general idea of the parish priest is borrowed from DRYDEN, who improved it from CHAUCER; and the sublime comparison of the religious man to the mountain circled with clouds and topped with sunshine, is copied almost literally from CLAUDIAN. What he borrows however he

never degrades; it is always excellently adapted to the nature of the production. He has beauties of his own too that might have been imitated by the best poets; the aged widow who picks water-cresses, and is the only inhabitant left in the desolated village,

> The sad historian of the pensive plain,

is a novel and picturesque image; and the six lines beginning "Ill fares the land," and those in praise of retirement, are as vigorous as the best moral verses of POPE. No poem is at the same time more decidedly marked with the manner of its author. GOLDSMITH throughout his works was very fond of repeating what he thought his happiest ideas. He so often uses some peculiar turns of language in which he delighted, that the reader who has discovered the trick sometimes fancies he has discovered an old idea, when it is nothing but an old peculiarity of manner. But he was also fond, even to an unpardonable vanity, of repeating his sentiments almost word for word. Dr. JOHNSON objected to the *Deserted Village*, that it was too often an echo of the *Traveller*; but the fact is, that all his productions are in some degree echoes of each other. Of three comparisons in the *Essay on the State of Polite Learning* he appears to have been particularly fond, and has

introduced them with a trifling variation of phrase into three of his other works. GOLDSMITH should have been superior to this vain repetition, which is as little allowable to wit as it is to dullness. It is like one of those conversation humourists, who if they cannot labour a new pun or a new allusion to set your faculties at work, nail down your escape by some such recollection as "By the bye, let me remind you of a deuced good thing I said upon a former occasion."

Of his lesser poems the general character is tenderness and vivacity. The *Hermit* is admired by readers of every age and intellect; it is one of the very few modern ballads which possess simplicity without affectation. Compositions of this kind are generally either elevated into a dignity incompatible with the ballad, or incongruously sprinkled with old English phrases and expletives, with *dids* and with *doths*, that have the feebleness without the respectability of age, and are helps to nobody's understanding but the author's. The *Hermit*, TICKELL'S *Colin and Lucy*, and SHENSTONE'S *Jemmy Dawson*, are the three best ballads in the language; but the last is superior to the others; it is at once original, romantic, and true.

The *Stanzas on Woman* are exquisitely pathetic. Our language has no morsel that exhibits so true

a simplicity of taste, while its effect is heightened with such poetical artifice. The question and answer so equally divided, so apparently artless, and the beautiful climax in the second stanza, are managed with a felicity that turns criticism into mere praise. These stanzas seem to have attained perfection; they are short, but they leave us nothing to desire. Pathos as well as wit is always more effectual, in proportion as it is more concise.

It appears surprising that GOLDSMITH, whose prose works abound with humour, should in his poetry have been so sparing of his first talent. He seems to have laboured at a prologue or an epilogue, and to have lost his more elegant vivacity, in adapting himself to the manner of its speaker. The epilogue however, spoken by Mr. LEE LEWES in the character of Harlequin, is vigorous, and well adapted to the occasion. Of all our prologue writers DRYDEN seems to have been the most witty, FOOTE the most humourous, and GARRICK, whose profession taught him every artifice of theatrical effect, the most generally pleasing. But tasks like these require very little genius; the writer has nothing to do but to make an audience good-humoured, and wit on such occasions is lost on three parts of the theatre.

Our author's pieces in professed imitation of SWIFT, possess neither the wit nor the ease of his

model, whose social familiarity is more attained by the *Haunch of Venison,* which does not profess to imitate. But *Retaliation* would have been owned with pleasure by SWIFT himself; the style is perfectly easy, and the characters, especially that of GARRICK, exhibit much knowledge of human nature. The character of CUMBERLAND however, who is compared with TERENCE, and yet is said not to draw from nature, is dramatically inconsistent: GOLDSMITH disliked sentimental comedy, and therefore found it difficult to praise. The poem is also unfortunately divided into two characteristic descriptions, the one metaphorical, and the other personal; first his friends are dishes, then they are men. And lastly, it is still more unfortunate, that his company must be intoxicated before their epitaphs are written: the wise REYNOLDS, the good Dean, and CUMBERLAND, the mender of hearts, make very awkward figures *sunk under the table.* But the general manner of the poem is certainly original; and the imitations it has provoked sufficiently prove its claim to reputation.

I do not know why I should criticise the comedies of GOLDSMITH among his poetical works, nor how those familiar dramas, which are poetry neither to the eye nor the imagination, can be called poetical. The ancient comedians, and those of the English who wrote metrically, may claim the

title of poets; but if they who write mere prosaic dialogues for the stage are to be honoured with the appellation, you must call LE SAGE, RICHARDSON, and Miss EDGEWORTH poets, for some of their works are dialogues: upon this reasoning the *Devil upon Two Sticks* becomes a poem, for it is almost an entire drama, of which the Devil and the Student are the two persons. The only difference between such novels and most of our comedies is, that the former are never acted. If a work is not written in verse the only quality that can give it the name of a poem is imagination or poetical invention. Thus *Ossian* and *Telemachus* are called poems, because they want nothing but rhythm, which is the mere body, as imagination is the soul of poetry.

But the comedies of GOLDSMITH have nothing poetical about them: he seems to have avoided every studied ornament, in his dislike to sentimental comedy, from which he was anxious to divert the taste of the day. This taste however was so prevalent, that in his first comedy, the *Good-natured Man*, he restrained his acknowledged fondness for caricature and became more natural than I believe he was willing to be. There is much easy dialogue in this play, and most of the characters are to be found in nature; but the servant, Jarvis, like all dramatic servants, has too much sense and importance about him: from TERENCE down to

the huge farce-writers of the present day, a footman is a very different being in real life and on the stage. The character of Croaker, who is always anticipating misfortunes, is an imitation of Suspirius in the *Rambler:* both the imitation and the original are caricatures, but the dramatic one is certainly the least unnatural; for he does utter a sentence now and then without misery in it. No character in nature ever confined his speech like Suspirius to one passion or one subject: there must be a time, when the common interests of life will compel him to accommodate his speech to his society. In the picture of the *Good-natured Man,* which is drawn with correctness and vivacity, there may be distinguished the usual fondness of GOLDSMITH for introducing himself into his works; he had gathered much experience during the wandering life he originally led, and was very skilful in applying it in a literary, if not in a practical way. I have no doubt that the *Good-natured Man* was a personification of his own accommodating careless temper: in his principal poems he is always an actor as well as a speaker; the adventures of the *Vicar of Wakefield's* son George are supposed to comprehend some of his own; and a ludicrous mistake which he made in one of his Irish journies formed the plot of his next comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer,*

in which two gentlemen mistake an old country house for an inn, and are indulged in their error by the master of it, who is a humourist. Such a plot does not promise much nature either in the incidents or the characters, and in reality the production is merely a large farce with the name of comedy. Tony Lumpkin is certainly a most original personage; his subjection at home and his domination abroad, his uncouth bashfulness at the gallantries of his female cousin, and his love of mischievous fun, present an inimitable picture of broad rusticity: the natural contempt which he shews for his mother, who has indulged him till he is too old to play the child, enforces an excellent moral in the midst of the most laughable caricature. But the characters are exaggerated throughout, and most of the incidents are inconsistent and improbable. It is from this play and the grinning comedies of O'KEEFFE, have arisen those monstrous farces of the present stage, which may, for ought I know, attain the end of comedy, for they are certainly satires on human nature.

It is from his prose works that GOLDSMITH will obtain his best reputation with the critic. In these his judgment becomes more correct, and he adapts his fancy to his subject rather than his subject to his fancy. If his sentiments in verse are little better than vehicles for poetical ornament, they become their own ornament in prose; they want

no glare of dress to conceal poverty; their manner is chearful, their language unaffected and elegant. The style of almost every celebrated writer preceding GOLDSMITH is remarkable for some prominent quality, which is more immediately his own: thus SWIFT is plain, JOHNSON dignified, BOLINGBROKE ardent; and critics have said that a manner is as indicative of great authors as it is of great painters. But each of these writers wants the quality of the other, and certainly it were better to be distinguished by united than by individual excellence. ADDISON gained pre-eminence over all the writers of his age by an union of the qualities of style: he is deservedly celebrated for his simplicity; yet even ADDISON wants strength. It is most probable that his occasional weakness proceeded from affectation; for though his natural taste produced a style almost always unaffected, yet as he knew his talent, he might sometimes consider it too much, and the very wish to be artless would lead him into artifice: but a writer's artifice is always detected; if he escapes the criticism, he will be detected by the feelings of his reader. An author after all merely talks to his reader by signs instead of speech; and therefore the most perfect style seems to be that which avoids the negligence while it preserves the spirit of conversation. If no exclusive peculiarity of style would be proper in social intercourse,—if the

majesty of JOHNSON would only awe his hearers, and the short decision of SWIFT intimidate them, an union of the elegant and the vigourous, of the attractive and the unaffected, is necessary to the beauty and the end of writing. This end seems to have been attained more nearly by GOLDSMITH than by any single writer before or after him; and JOHNSON pronounced his own condemnation, when he characterised him as an author, "who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness." This is not mere eulogy; it is a criticism worthy its author and its subject. GOLDSMITH had united the chief beauties of his predecessors and contemporaries in a style the most adapted to miscellaneous writing: he had preserved all the ease of ADDISON, while he rejected his feebleness and indecision; he had shone in all the perspicuity of SWIFT, and added to perspicuity the ornament of elegance; and though his periods were sonorous and often grand, his friendship with JOHNSON had never led him to assume that studied loftiness which had become even fashionable. It was reserved for a future age however to conquer every minute feebleness of writing, to get rid of the *namelys* and *therebys*, of sentences ending with prepositions, and of relative pronouns that have no substantive relation. I

have never met with a single author, who was invariably right in placing the adverb *only:* BLAIR, who detects its dislocation in ADDISON, uses it most unmercifully himself.

The earliest production of GOLDSMITH, an *Enquiry into the State of Polite Learning* in 1759, introduced him to the public in all his beauties of style and original turns of thought. Perhaps there never was an author who united such liveliness of manner with so melancholy a system of opinion. His writings abound with complaints on the unsuccessful toils of genius, and on the general misery of human life; and he began a literary career, which was to confer new laurels on the age, by writing an essay on the universal decline of letters. Much of this decline seems to have been imaginary: perhaps the despondent fancy was natural to a writer, who with all the consciousness of merit was struggling in obscurity to procure his daily subsistence. GOLDSMITH, like most writers vain of their genius, and impatient of the idea of censure, indulged in a contemptuous dislike of critics, whom he represented as "the natural destroyers of polite learning:" but when he tells us that "critics are always more numerous as learning is more diffused," and that "an increase of criticism has always portended a decay" of literature, he becomes feeble and inconsistent. Would it not follow, that when learn-

ing is not diffused, criticism would not be diffused; and therefore that when the "natural destroyer of learning" no longer existed, the latter would revive in all its bloom? In his examples of this decline his reasoning is still more inconclusive. After a very proper ridicule of the systematic geniuses of Italy, who think as well as act by rule, after conferring high praise on two Italian poets, MAFFEI and METASTASIO, the latter of whom he represents as having "restored nature in all her simplicity," he tells us that "two poets in an age are not sufficient to revive the splendour of decaying genius," and that "our measures of literary reputation must be taken rather from that numerous class of men, who, placed above the vulgar, are yet beneath the great, and who confer fame on others *without receiving any portion of it themselves.*" This last assertion is not only inconsistent, but absurd: by such proofs of its genius any contemporary nation the most unheard of for its literature, America for instance, might claim the praise of polite learning; for if we are to judge of a people's literature by men, who *having no portion of fame* cannot reach our ears, how can we determine whether the people are literary or not? But it is the business of the author to complain, and complain he will, whether he contradicts others or himself. In his ire against criticism, he instances the decline of letters in Germany, which

has certainly been the very dormitory of commentators and reviewers; but this nation, both in his own and in the present age, instead of declining in genius, of which it had given scarcely a symptom before, has been rapidly rising in polite literature; there are no German names equal to those of KLOPSTOCK and HALLER in GOLDSMITH's time, and of SCHILLER, KOTZEBUE, WIELAND, BURGER, GOETHE, and ZIMMERMAN, in our own. In Holland indeed for a long series of years there seems to have been no sun either to set or to rise: the great ERASMUS and one or two other writers, who invariably used the Latin language, injured the genius of their country by the rejection of its dialect. That cold spirit of avarice, which has frozen the birth of genius in the United States, has been as ungenial in the dykes and marshes of the United Provinces. There appears something ludicrous in the very sound of *a poetical Dutchman*. In the total extinction of Spanish genius, every body will agree with GOLDSMITH: Spain is still more unfortunate in its reputation than Holland; for it had every thing to lose, and every thing it has lost. The school-divinity, which has been so strangely recommended by its poets, has done every thing in return to injure them, and seems to have monopolized the gift of fancy and invention: the bigotted Spanish critics, who complain of their country's decaying genius,

are little wiser than an ideot, who after he has put out his candle, grows impatient of being in the dark. Indeed the government of this nation seems anxious, by a strange fatality, to suppress the very name of reform: perhaps it is conscious that its eyes would be too weak to bear the light, and that when its feebleness is discovered, its slaves will revenge themselves on the puny tyranny, that has enchained both their personal and their mental liberty. The Marquis D'Ensanada and Father Feio, who in the time of Goldsmith attempted to loosen the chain of superstition and ignorance, were treated with contempt, the one banished by the king, the other hated by the priests; and we have been taught to admire the genius, only to lament the unsuccessful efforts at reformation of "Don Gaspar de Jovellanos, late minister of justice in Spain, a man who after having devoted the labours and even the amusements of his useful life to the improvement and happiness of his fellow-countrymen, is now languishing in the dungeons of Palma, imprisoned without an accusation, and condemned without the form of a trial."* Such is the country of Cervantes.

The literature of France and of England has

* Lord Holland's *Account of the Life and Writings of* Lope de Vega.---Appendix, page 271.

been retarded by political causes. During their late revolution, the French had little leisure for any study but that of their own safety; oratory was the only art in repute, because it spoke the passions of the times: a poet was nobody, unless he could write a factious song, or flatter a factious tyrant; and ROGER DE LILLE, who is said to have roused two hundred thousand soldiers by his Marseilles hymn, necessarily became a greater man than his uncle, the Abbé, whose timid retirement preserved the only living poet of his country for more genial times. The government of a nation must have been some time established, and the people accustomed to its political œconomy, before they can indulge a taste for literature; for the public safety must always precede the public pleasure. For this reason, polite learning will ever be found to have flourished most either under mixed monarchies, where the people feel themselves safe in their own moderate laws, or in an absolute government, where they think themselves secure in the strength of their monarch. History will never agree with our author, when he asserts the necessity of freedom to a literary nation; he will find as little liberty in the government that patronized CORNEILLE and BOILEAU, as in the court that bowed to VIRGIL and HORACE. Indeed there is scarcely a single Roman genius,

who did not adorn the most arbitrary times. Patronage depends on the rulers not on the constitution of a civilized nation; and wherever its sunshine darts, literature will revive and flourish. If an absolute monarch is successful in his ambition, his very pride will encourage the only art that can immortalize his exploits. It was this pride, flattered by literary ministers, that inspired AUGUSTUS and LEWIS the FOURTEENTH to patronize the writers of their celebrated ages: it was this pride that in the early ages of Europe threw the whole learning of the world into the hands of the Arabians, under the despotic HAROUN who was called Al Raschid, or the Just; and I have no doubt that the emperor NAPOLEON, if he has a soul beyond the ambition of immediate conquest, could revive all the literary genius of France, and give his name to a new age of polite learning.

England is perhaps of all countries the best adapted to vigourous knowledge. An Englishman not only thinks but speaks what he pleases; and therefore he excels in those arts which require a liberty of thought and speech, in political writing, in oratory, and particularly in logic: VOLTAIRE pronounced us the only nation in Europe who think profoundly. Such a nation wants nothing but the patronage of the great to excel in every department of literature; and GOLD-

SMITH might have allowed criticism a little respite from his rage, and attributed the decay of English genius to this simple deficiency. Some few of our latter writers indeed have received pensions from the state; but instead of receiving them as incentives to further exertion during the vigour of their health and powers, the money has dropped upon them when they have learnt to bear poverty and have almost lost both.

When literature wants patronage, men of taste become indolent and fall into imitation: from this cause has arisen that universal but elegant mediocrity of genius which characterises the present age. Every author imitates somebody's opinions or somebody's style; or if one more independent than the rest attempts to become original, he runs into the opposite extreme, and in his determination to remind us of no author good or bad, wanders into a vicious singularity. This is the case of SOUTHEY, who destroys the effect of a true poetical genius by dressing it in an affected homeliness; he is like a quaker in one of his stiffest coats and attitudes attempting an elegant animation. COWPER of all the poets of our age is the most correctly original; his thoughts were entirely his own, and therefore naturally produced a new style: he excels in domestic pathos; and in natural strength of reasoning may rank next to

DRYDEN and POPE. But in his contempt of imitation he has fallen into the error of SOUTHEY: that air of candid familiarity, which his heart led him to indulge, feeling itself sufficiently at ease out of the fetters of rhyme, relaxed too often into the prosaic; and he has furnished another hopeless instance of the inefficacy of blank-verse in artless composition. The productions of this poet however have not developed his powers in all their strength: the distempered severity of his religious doctrines, nourished by the bigotry of mistaken friends, was perpetually at variance with his philanthropic mildness of spirit, and the struggle injured his genius while it was fatal to his repose; if he had felt less acutely for the follies of mankind, he would have become a great satirist. SHERIDAN is the best dramatist since the days of CONGREVE; his comedy of the *Rivals* is perhaps the only instance of broad humour uninjuring and uninjured by nature. With the exception of this writer and MURPHY, whose farce of the *Citizen* is the best in the language, our stage is wretchedly degenerate; but this degeneracy exhibits itself in a manner the very reverse of that which GOLDSMITH lamented in his time. Instead of the everlasting revival of old plays and the total disregard of living authors which he so feelingly laments, we are presented with the hasty comedies, or rather with nothing but the bloated

farces of mercenary writers, who are in fact stipendiaries of the theatre, some of them being absolutely engaged by a permanent salary. Thus a modern dramatist, who has nothing in view but the service of his employers and his own payment, is in the situation of a journeyman mechanic, with this simple difference, that the manufacturer of clocks or of cupboards is of public utility, while the manufacturer of plays is the depraver of public taste, and consequently of public morals. The names of REYNOLDS, CHERRY, and DIBDIN, like those of SHADWELL and FLECKNOE, have become bye-words for want of genius. With respect to a tragic writer, the stage seems to be utterly hopeless: the dramas of Miss BAILLIE have much poetical dignity, both in language and sentiment; but they are poetical dialogues rather than tragedies; the incidents are generally confused and improbable; and therefore they are very naturally reckoned unfit for representation. The interest of a drama in the performance depends chiefly on the plot and the action: the characters however well drawn, can only dignify this interest; they cannot supply its deficiency.

Our prose writers cannot claim any superiority in genius over our poets, though they must be allowed the praise of much greater utility. Of political compilers from the newspapers we have

a sufficient number, but it will not be easy to find an historian. Horne Tooke is a host in philology: perhaps he is the first of our etymologists and grammarians who has boasted the union of correctness and originality, of deep learning and lively sagacity. In ethics and philosophical criticism, I do not know whether we have discovered many truths, but at least we have detected many falsehoods; and the good sense and experience of the age have utterly shaken off the dreams and visions of false morality, raised by the French revolution. In short, if we have not so many great authors as formerly, we have more men of taste capable of reading them; if the stream of literature does not flow so strongly, it is more diffused and more equally fertilizing. The fair sex have risen to a literary celebrity hitherto unknown to their domestic habits; if they do not display the useless Greek and Latin of Queen Elizabeth or of Sir Anthony Cooke's five learned daughters, they understand and amend the human heart; their literature is more adapted to that retired sphere of life in which they move; and Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth deserve the thanks of every parent in England for their happy adaptation of knowledge to the comprehension of children: they are truly the household deities of the nursery. Charlotte Smith must be praised for succeeding in the son-

net, a species of writing which has been considered as unattainable in the English language; she has managed it with a peculiar elegance and tenderness. Nor shall I hazard the imputation of trifling, when I claim the praise of original genius for Mrs. RADCLIFFE, who has united the romance and the novel, displaying the poetical dignity of the one with the observation and character of the other. Our nobility too have risen in a taste for letters as well as the ladies: perhaps the state never boasted so literary a peerage; many of them have written with no little skill on political œconomy, which ought to be the study of every nobleman in the legislature. It is astonishing, that these exalted lovers of literature are slow to patronize it.

As to the criticism of our reviews and magazines, which GOLDSMITH considers so alarming, the public do not rest so implicit a confidence in their authority as they used to do; a bad critic is as little regarded as a bad poet; we begin to judge by our feelings rather than our learning; and it is by appealing to taste and not to ARISTOTLE that the merits of a work are determined. At the same time, if the majority of our reviews are not worth attention, there have been lately some spirited attempts to rescue criticism from the charge of ignorance and corruption; it has lost much of that assertive and dogmatical tone

which disdains to give a reason for its decision, and has become more philosophical and enlarged in its views. Criticism like this promotes literature instead of retarding it; a hundred reviews, thus combined to praise genius and to ridicule folly, would be nothing but a hundred incentives to merit; for though applause be compared to air, yet it is the air necessary to an author's existence. Even this cheap encouragement however is rarely bestowed by the great: poor BURNS, I believe, was personally caressed by several Scotch lords; yes, they asked him to dinner, and made him an exciseman. In no country has genius risen so rapidly by its own unaided strength as in Great Britain; for it has rarely been favoured either with literary kings or literary ministers: the late Mr. PITT, who for many years was the fountain of places and pensions, never exhibited the least taste for polite letters; probably he did not think the arts of peace necessary to a state perpetually at war; if so, he forgot, like many other warlike ministers, that such arts make the best provision for the necessities of war. The literary world expected much from the known taste of Mr. Fox; but he did not live long enough to render his ministry worthy of celebrity.

The public spirit of high life is a most imitative virtue: it is with patronage as with the tye of a neckcloth or the cut of a sleeve; some-

body must set the fashion. The example however, has at length been begun by three of our nobility the most eminent both for private and public virtue: Lord MOIRA is courted in almost as many dedications as SOMERS or HALIFAX: Lord SPENCER presides over that spirited institution the Literary Fund, and presides, I am told, for something more than to grace an annual dinner, or to gain a reputation for taste by bestowing an annual *charity:* of another noble lord, now at the head of his Majesty's privy-council, I could indulge myself in a grateful panegyric; I could praise the disinterestedness that has attended even to the glimmerings of boyish genius, and the delicate encouragement that has enlivened early despondency; but my gratitude, or perhaps my readers will say, my vanity, would not easily be satisfied with its expression, and his lordship's heart has already thanked him in a nobler language than critic ever fancied. To these encouragers of literature the following picture of an unpatronized author in the Essay before me will be less melancholy than to the generality of readers, for they have exerted themselves to enliven the canvas: from its touches of obscure misery and that feeling of hopeless resentment that darkens the description, it is undoubtedly the picture of GOLDSMITH himself, who at the time of its com-

position toiled for existence in a miserable court in the Old Bailey:—

"The author, when unpatronized by the great, has naturally recourse to the bookseller. There cannot be perhaps imagined a combination more prejudicial to taste than this. It is the interest of the one to allow as little for writing, and of the other to write as much as possible; accordingly tedious compilations and periodical magazines are the result of their joint endeavours. In these circumstances the author bids adieu to fame, writes for bread, and for that only; imagination is seldom called in; he sits down to address the venal muse with the most phlegmatic apathy; and as we are told of the Russian, courts his mistress by falling asleep in her lap. His reputation never spreads in a wider circle than that of the trade, who generally value him, not for the fineness of his compositions, but the quantity he works off in a given time.

"A long habit of writing for bread thus turns the ambition of every author at last into avarice. He finds that he has written many years, that the public are scarcely acquainted even with his name; he despairs of applause, and turns to profit which invites him. He finds that money procures him all those advantages, that respect, and that ease, which he vainly

expected from fame. Thus the man who, under the protection of the great, might have done honour to humanity, when only patronized by the bookseller, [patronized by the bookseller only] becomes a thing little superior to the fellow who works at the press."

I have been thus diffuse in criticising the *Essay on the State of Polite Learning*, because it was in some measure prophetically addressed to our own times. It possesses many individual beauties both of language and thought; its figures of speech are generally strong and well chosen; and that dry humour, which has so peculiar an effect in its own apparent unconsciousness, and which was afterwards proved to be GOLDSMITH'S best originality, always catches at the proper objects of ridicule, and sparkles with ready illustration. The chapter on universities is full of judicious observation; it is almost a string of aphorisms, the more valuable as they were formed by experience, which is the logic of fact. It will be seen however that the prophetic warnings of the Essay have not generally become true, and that the effects which the author deplores are not always deduced from their real causes. His temper too often betrays itself, and leads him into conclusions without conclusion; he is too apt to confound false criticism with true, and decides too strongly from conjecture. In fact

it is a very difficult, not to say an impossible task to settle the literary merits of contemporary nations, whose writers are often unknown beyond their native country; and the consciousness of this difficulty led the author into that unlucky assertion, which measured a country's *reputation* by writers who confer *fame on others without receiving any portion of it themselves.* GOLDSMITH by his own unconscious acknowledgement could no more pronounce on the contemporary literature of Italy or Germany than LOPE DE VEGA could have pronounced on the literature of the contemporary English poets, of whom he knew nothing. Yet SHAKSPEARE was the contemporary of LOPE; and the age of Queen ELIZABETH sends longer rays to posterity than that of the gloomy PHILIP the SECOND.

GOLDSMITH does not appear to have possessed an attention sufficiently persevering to pursue one individual subject through a long maze of reasoning. Hence he was fond of detached essays, into which he could throw the result of his meditations and his experience without tiring himself or his readers. Though he had such a host of predecessors in this species of writing, he seems to have imitated nothing either of their sentiment or style: in style he excelled them all; in sentiment he was sprightly yet sententious; and perhaps he is the only successor of ADDISON

who indulges his readers in broad laughter while he gives them sound reason. The *Citizen of the World*, or as it was originally entitled, *Letters from a Chinese Philosopher in London to his Friends in the East*, affords the best specimen of GOLDSMITH's genius, both as an observer and a man of wit. The letters are upon the manners of the English; and in fact are merely a set of essays slightly connected by the supposition of an epistolary correspondence. Some of them possess nothing of the Chinese writer, and little of the epistolary form but the *address* at the beginning, and the *farewell* at the end; consequently the author, who was fond of seeing himself reflected in all his publications, printed many of them at various times, under the title of *Essays*. These volumes of *Essays* I therefore think it unnecessary to criticise: they contain little novelty but some feeble or fastidious attempts at poetical criticism, a subject which he might have been expected to handle better. The idea of letters written by an observer in a foreign nation to his countrymen, is not new: GOLDSMITH had for his models the *Persian Letters* of MONTESQUIEU and LYTTLETON, and the *Peruvian Letters* of Madame GRAFIGNY. But he improved upon them all. The *Citizen of the World* is a more accurate observer than either the Persian or the

Peruvian: he not only describes the manners, but developes the minds of the people about him; he studies them in their private as well as their public character; and though he is not without his nationalities, yet like a sensible man he never forgets the ridiculous in his own nation, while he laughs at the absurdities in another. Letters of this kind are too apt to confound what is strange in a strange people with what is ridiculous; the writer wishes to satirise his own country, and therefore he makes his foreigner astonished and ashamed at all he sees; but this propensity to amazement is not the part of a philosophic traveller; nobody but a fool is always wondering. The use of such a work is to teach a polished nation that it may *equal* an unpolished people in various absurd customs, and in the general follies of human nature: but it is useless to tell us that we are more absurd than any other people; if a Hottentot were to come into an European city and ridicule the gentry for plaistering their hair with a sort of white dust and grease, forgetful of the red powder on his own and the grease all over his body, his self-partiality would turn the laugh entirely upon himself, and the contrast would do nothing but divert our eye from our own less glaring singularities. The sameness of a series of letters upon one subject GOLDSMITH has very properly relieved by generalizing many of

them, as a *Citizen of the World* who possessed an enlargement and freedom of ideas naturally would. The adventures however of the philosopher's son Hingpo might well have been omitted; they enter at abrupt intervals, and are forgotten the instant they depart. If the author has not always been exact in the costume of Chinese manners, it must be attributed to the barren and confused accounts of the Jesuit missionaries and other prejudiced travellers, and to the want of an English embassy, which has since given us the most probable picture of this nation, whose politic reserve still refuses the Europeans a more intimate acquaintance.

The lesser tales and characters scattered through the work possess the happiest humour and application. GOLDSMITH rarely laughs to make others laugh; he knew that contrast is one of the most powerful sources of humour, and in most cases therefore he either elevates a ludicrous story into mock-heroic dignity or by a grave simplicity avoids that appearance of design which renders us less willing to be pleased with one who comes prepared to make us laugh. If he approach any other writer in this species of humour it is VOLTAIRE, from whom he has borrowed without acknowledgment more than once; but his satire is more good tempered and renders its objects less

contemptible in their ridiculousness. The story of the Disabled Soldier, whose disposition was always chearful, who made little of his misfortunes and much of his petty comforts, is told with a dry simplicity perfectly original, and forms an excellent moral lesson on the comparative nature of happiness. The Description of Westminster Abbey and of a Visitation Dinner are strongly satirical by the mere force of description; there are some absurdities which want nothing but their own natural light, to be placed in the most ridiculous point of view possible: the patient expectation of the Chinese traveller and his disappointment and surprize at the epicurean colloquy of the clergy feast are exquisitely humourous; but I am afraid he might have expected less after residing so long in England. The character of the shabby beau Tibbs is superior to any thing of the kind since ADDISON's Will Honeycomb, and its originality is the more extraordinary on account of the stale and everlasting ridicule cast upon fops and coxcombs from time immemorial: perhaps the great novelty of the character arises from the beau's apparent unconsciousness of his own poverty and affectation. No doubt this was a very favorite personage with GOLDSMITH, who in his old anxiety lest we should lose his least atom of humour, has repeated the name of Tibbs three times in the

same publication, firstly, the aforesaid Beau Tibbs, secondly Mr. Tibbs of the Club of Authors, and thirdly Bill Tibbs *of our regiment* in the story of the Disabled Soldier. Thus also we have Bill Squash the Creolian, and Lord Squash the Creolian; and with the same anxiety he could not forbear to remind us of the facetious combination in the name of the beau's daughter Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, who possesses a very remarkable namesake in the person of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, in the Vicar of Wakefield.

The *Citizen of the World* is undoubtedly the best work of GOLDSMITH; its style is enchanting, perfectly natural, and almost perfectly elegant; the manners of the English are described not with that half-sighted observation which cannot look beyond local and temporal absurdities, and therefore describes little for a future age, but with that deeper insight into human nature which regards a people's character as it is influenced by popular habits and nationalities, and renders the picture of their absurdities a lasting portrait in which ages may contemplate their features. If the *Citizen of the World* were stripped of its humour it would still be valuable for its instruction, and it is curious to consider how few are the works decidedly humourous that deserve this praise.

I say little, for I have read little, of the various abridgments and compilations of GOLDSMITH, which he published under the title of Histories and Natural Histories; nobody I believe will read the former when their originals can be read, or the latter, when he can procure BUFFON. The more excellent a work is, the less willing we shall be to see it abridged, for it is a great hazard some excellencies will be omitted. The praise of elegance however is always allowed GOLDSMITH's abridgments, and probably of fidelity, except perhaps in his *Natural History*, in which he is supposed to have augmented rather than abridged the fancifulness of the lively Frenchman. When JOHNSON heard that he intended a publication of this kind, he said with his usual sly praise, "There is our friend GOLDSMITH writing a Natural History, which he will make as entertaining as a Persian tale."

The lives of PARNELL and Lord BOLINGBROKE possess the chief qualities of excellent biography; they are elegant, animated, concise, attentive to what is interesting only, and never exciting interest at the expence of impartiality. Had GOLDSMITH written many lives, he would have been a more valuable biographer than JOHNSON: the best biographical piece of the latter, the account of *his friend* SAVAGE, is an eloquent attempt to pal-

liate rather than to illustrate the life of that unfortunate genius.

As a Novelist GOLDSMITH has less faults perhaps than in any other species of writing. He seems to have introduced among us a new species of novel, the simple domestic: in no novel indeed is there an assemblage of characters so equally natural as in the *Vicar of Wakefield:* if there is a degree of romance about the pretended Mr. Burchell, it is well repaid by little touches of natural amiableness which endear this character almost as much to his readers as to the Vicar's little children. The contented liveliness, credulity, and good-natured disputes of the venerable pair, the Vicar's patient philanthropy and the wife's holiday vanity, the credulous importance of his logical son Moses, and the manly frankness equally credulous of George, with the beautiful contrast of the two sisters, the one overpowering with gaiety, the other winning with modest sensibility, compose a family picture unequalled in lively nature. The two first pages of the book present one of the best specimens of the author's dry simplicity of style, and the latter chapters abound with a domestic pathos, the more powerful as the writer seems unconscious of his powers, and we are reminded by no artifice of language or sentiment to keep our tears for a less designing pathos. The morality is unexceptionable: I know not a single

novel, which could give young readers a better insight into the habits and follies of human life with less danger in the disclosure.

If GOLDSMITH were characterised in a few words, I would describe him as a writer generally original yet imitative of the best models; from these he gathered all the chief qualities of style, and became elegant and animated in his language while from experience rather than from books he obtained his knowledge, and became natural and original in his thoughts. His poetry has added little to English literature, because nothing that is not perfectly and powerfully original can be said to add to the poetical stock of a nation; but his prose exhibits this quality in the highest degree: if he was more of the humourist than the wit, it was not for want of invention; humour was the familiar delight, wit the occasional exercise of his genius. In short he is one of those happy geniuses who are welcome to a reader in every frame of mind, for his seriousness and his gaiety are equally unaffected and equally instructive.

THE DISABLED SOLDIER.

(FROM THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.)

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely even from motives of vanity: but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our

common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness. Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:—

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain. There is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old, so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved at least to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well; and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to town,

worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none; when, happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my stick at it.—Well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher and a villain, and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at the sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board of ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for being all confined in the hold, more than an hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England

again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang. I was carried before the justice, and as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter, and in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

"When the peace came on I was discharged; and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India Company's service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the Government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor, before ever I could set a foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood

my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, to be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still however my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

"Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentry's brains?' I don't care, says I, striving to keep myself awake, if I lend a hand. 'Then, follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchman. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

"Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door where both the sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we

expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three, so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but unfortunately we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but by good fortune we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to cloathing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, Property, and Old England, for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

THE STROLLING PLAYER.

(*FROM A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS.*)

I am fond of amusement in whatever company it is to be found; and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St. James's park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who staid seemed by their looks rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby clothes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as is usual upon such occasions; and at last ventured upon conversation. "I beg pardon, Sir," cried I, "but I think I have seen you before; your face is familiar to me." "Yes, Sir," replied he, "I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England as the dromedary or live crocodile. You must understand, Sir, that I have been these sixteen years Merry Andrew to a puppet-show. Last Bartholomew-fair my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted; he to sell his puppets to the pincushion-makers in Rosemary-lane, and I to starve in St. James's-park."

"I am sorry, Sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under such difficulties." "O, Sir," returned he, "my appearance is very much at your service: but though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier: if I

had twenty thousand a year, I should be very merry: and thank the fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have threepence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my threehalfpence; and if I have no money, I never scorn to be treated by any who are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, Sir, of a steak and a tankard? You shall treat me now, and I will treat you again when I find you in the park in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner."

As I never refuse a small expence for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neighbouring ale-house; and in a few moments had a frothing tankard and a smoking steak spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. "I like this dinner, Sir," says he, "for three reasons: first, because I am naturally fond of beef; secondly, because I am hungry; and thirdly and lastly, because I get it for nothing: no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay."

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough; "and yet, Sir," returns he, "bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. O, the delights of poverty, and a good appetite! We beggars are the very foundlings of nature. The rich she treats like an arrant step-mother; they are pleased with nothing; cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough; dress it up with pickles, even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the

beggar. Calvert's butt out-tastes Champaigne, and Sedgeley's home-brewed excels Tokay. Joy, joy, my blood! though our estates lie nowhere, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall, I am content; I have no lands there: if the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness; I am no Jew." The fellow's vivacity joined to his poverty, I own, raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances; and I entreated that he would indulge my desire;—"That I will, Sir," said he, "and welcome; only let us drink, to prevent our sleeping; let us have another tankard while we are awake; let us have another tankard; for ah! how charming a tankard looks when full!

"You must know, then, that I am very well descended; my ancestors have made some noise in the world; for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum: I am told we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot shew so respectable a genealogy: but that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child, my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of a drummer to a puppet-show. Thus the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch and King Solomon in all his glory. But though my father was very fond of instructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music: so, at the age of fifteen, I went and listed for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musket also; neither the one trade nor the other were to my taste, for I was by nature

fond of being a gentleman: besides, I was obliged to obey my captain; he has his will, I have mine, and you have your's: now I very reasonably concluded, that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

"The life of a soldier soon therefore gave me the spleen. I asked leave to quit the service; but as I was tall and strong, my captain thanked me for my kind intentions, and said, because he had a regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my father a very dismal penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge; but the good man was as fond of drinking as I was (Sir, my service to you); and those who are fond of drinking never pay for other people's discharges: in short, he never answered my letter. What could be done? If I have not money, said I to myself, to pay for my discharge, I must find an equivalent some other way; and that must be by running away. I deserted; and that answered my purpose every bit as well as if I had bought my discharge.

"Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment; I sold my soldier's clothes, and bought worse; and, in order not to be overtaken, took the most unfrequented roads possible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found to be the curate of the parish, thrown from his horse in a miry road, and almost smothered in the mud. He desired my assistance; I gave it, and drew him out with some difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off; but I followed him home; for I loved always to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate asked an hundred questions; as whose

son I was, from whence I came, and whether I would be faithful? I answered him greatly to his satisfaction, and gave myself one of the best characters in the world for sobriety (Sir, I have the honour of drinking your health), discretion, and fidelity. To make a long story short, he wanted a servant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months; we did not much like each other; I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat; I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow-servant, was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavoured to starve me between them, I made a pious resolution to prevent their committing murder; I stole the eggs as soon as they were laid; I emptied every unfinished bottle that I could lay hands on; whatever eatable came in my way was sure to disappear: in short, they found I would not do: so I was discharged one morning, and paid three shillings and sixpence for two months wages.

"While my money was getting ready, I employed myself in making preparations for my departure; two hens were hatching in an out-house; I went and habitually took the eggs; and, not to separate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapsack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money; and, with my knapsack on my back, and a staff in my hand, I bid adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not got far from the house, when I heard behind me the cry of stop thief! but this only increased my dispatch; it would have been foolish to stop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me. But hold, I think I passed those two months at the curate's without

drinking. Come, the times are dry; and may this be poison if ever I spent two more pious stupid months in all my life.

"Well, after travelling some days, whom should I light upon but a company of strolling players. The moment I saw them at a distance my heart warmed to them; I had a sort of natural love for every thing of the vagabond order; they were employed in settling their baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow way. I offered my assistance, which they accepted; and we soon became so well acquainted, that they took me as a servant. This was a paradise to me; they sung, danced, drank, eat, and travelled, all at the same time; by the blood of the Mirabels, I thought I had never lived till then; I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every word that was spoken. They liked me as much as I liked them; I was a very good figure as you see; and, though I was poor, I was not modest.

"I love a straggling life above all things in the world; sometimes good, sometimes bad; to be warm to-day, and cold to-morrow; to eat when one can get it, and drink when (the tankard is out) it stands before me. We arrived that evening at Tenderden, and took a large room at the Greyhound, where we resolved to exhibit Romeo and Juliet, with the funeral procession, the grave, and the garden scene. Romeo was to be performed by a gentleman from the Theatre-Royal in Drury-lane; Juliet by a lady who had never appeared on any stage before; and I was to snuff the candles: all excellent in our way. We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served Romeo, turned with the blue

lining outwards, served for his friend Mercutio: a large piece of crape sufficed at once for Juliet's petticoat and pall: a pestle and mortar, from a neighbouring apothecary's, answered all the purposes of a bell; and our landlord's own family wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession: in short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety; I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary, and myself. Our performance gave universal satisfaction; the whole audience were enchanted with our powers, and Tenderden is a town of taste.

"There is one rule by which a strolling player may be ever secure of success; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life is not playing, nor is it what people come to see: natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please the town or country, the way is, to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the pockets, and labour like one in the falling-sickness: that is the way to work for applause, that is the way to gain it.

"As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition, it was but natural for me to ascribe part of the success to myself: I snuffed the candles; and let me tell you, that, without a candle-snuffer, the piece would lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houses; but, the even-

ing before our intended departure, we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices, when behold one of the principal actors fell ill of a violent fever. This was a stroke like thunder to our little company: they were resolved to go in a body to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that too of a disorder that threatened to be expensive. I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself in his stead. The case was desperate; they accepted my offer; and I accordingly sat down, with the part in my hand, and the tankard before me (Sir, your health) and studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next day, and played soon after.

"I found my memory excessively helped by drinking: I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bid adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that nature had designed me for more noble employments, and I was resolved to take her when in the humour. We got together in order to rehearse; and I informed my companions, masters now no longer, of the surprising change I felt within me. Let the sick man, said I, be under no uneasiness to get well again; I'll fill his place to universal satisfaction: he may even die, if he thinks proper; I'll engage that he shall never be missed. I rehearsed before them, strutted, ranted, and received applause. They soon gave out that a new actor of eminence was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places were bespoke. Before I ascended the stage, however, I concluded within myself, that, as I brought money to the house, I ought to have my share in the profits.

Gentlemen, said I, addressing our company, I don't pretend to direct you; far be it from me to treat you with so much ingratitude: you have published my name in the bills with the utmost good-nature; and, as affairs stand, cannot act without me; so, gentlemen, to show you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for my acting as much as any of you, otherwise I declare off: I'll brandish my snuffers, and clip candles as usual. This was a very disagreeable proposal, but they found that it was impossible to refuse it; it was irresistible, it was adamant: they consented, and I went on in King Bajazet; my frowning brows bound with a stocking stuffed into a turban, while on my captiv'd arms I brandished a jack chain. Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part: I was tall, and had a loud voice; my very entrance excited universal applause; I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated my spirits with three full glasses (the tankard is almost out) of brandy. By Alla! it is almost inconceivable how I went through it! Tamerlane was but a fool to me; though he was sometimes loud enough too, yet I was still louder than he: but, then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance: in general, I kept my arms folded up thus upon the pit of my stomach; it is the way at Drury-lane, and has always a fine effect. The tankard would sink to the bottom before I could get through the whole of my merits: in short, I came off like a prodigy; and such was my success, that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the

town came to me, after the play was over, to compliment me upon my success: one praised my voice, another my person. Upon my word, says the squire's lady, he will make one of the finest actors in Europe; I say it, and I think I am something of a judge.—Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour: but when it comes in great quantities, we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort: instead of thanking them, I internally applauded myself. We were desired to give our piece a second time; we obeyed, and I was applauded even more than before.

"At last we left the town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of Tenderden without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors. Come, let us drink their healths, if you please, Sir. We quitted the town, I say; and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out: I entered the town a candle-snuffer, and quitted it an hero!—Such is the world; little to-day, and great to-morrow. I could say a great deal more upon that subject; something truly sublime upon the ups and downs of fortune; but it will give us both the spleen, and so I shall pass it over.

"The races were ended before we arrived at the next town, which was no small disappointment to our company; however, we were resolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my usual brilliancy. I sincerely believe I should have been the first

actor of Europe, had my growing merit been properly cultivated; but there came an unkindly frost, which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me once more down to the common standard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair; all the country ladies were charmed: if I but drew out my snuff-box, the whole house was in a roar of rapture; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

"There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London; and this gave her pretensions to taste, which rendered her the indisputable mistress of the ceremonies where-ever she came. She was informed of my merits; every body praised me; yet she refused at first going to see me perform: she could not conceive, she said, any thing but stuff from a stroller; talked something in praise of Garrick, and amazed the ladies with her skill in enunciations, tones, and cadences; she was at last, however, prevailed upon to go; and it was privately intimated to me what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition; however, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches, and the other in my bosom, as usual at Drury-lane; but, instead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London; from her they expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hand, or sink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my snuff-box, took snuff: the lady was solemn; and so were the rest. I broke the cudgel on Alderman Smuggler's back; still gloomy, melancholy, all: the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders. I

attempted, by laughing myself, to excite at least, a smile; but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy. I found it would not do: all my good-humour now became forced; my laughter was converted into hysteric grinning; and, while I pretended spirits, my eye showed the agony of my heart; in short, the lady came with an intention to be displeased, and displeased she was; my fame expired, I am here, and (the tankard is no more!")

THE MAN IN BLACK.

(FROM THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.)

From Lien Chi Altangi, in London, to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy, at Pekin, in China.

Though fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The man in black, who I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies; and he may be justly termed an humourist in a nation of humourists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-

hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness; others boast of having such dispositions from nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings, as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. In every parish house, (says he) the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious: I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible, that it in some measure encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences; let me assure you, Sir, they are impostors every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief.

He was proceeding in this strain, earnestly to

dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty; when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us, that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the man in black; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five children; but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time (in order that I should hear) go work for his bread, and not teaze passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before; he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate; hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception; and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar-men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg, once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going

on without taking any notice; but my friend looking wishfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would shew me with how much ease, he could, at any time, detect an impostor.

He now therefore assumed a look of importance; and, in an angry tone, began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled, and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand; but soon recollecting himself, and presenting his whole bundle, here, master, says he, take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain.

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me that he was firmly of opinion, that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value: he informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiat-

ed largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match, instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred, that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to these vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice, that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch who, in the deepest distress, still aimed at good humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding: his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence, he immediately applied his hands to his pockets in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion, when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose; till at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

From Lien Chi Altangi, in London, to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy, at Pekin, in China.

As there appeared something reluctantly good in the character of my companion, I must own it surprised me, what could be his motives for thus concealing virtues, which others take such pains to display. I was unable to repress my desire of knowing the history of a man, who thus seemed to act under continual restraint, and whose benevolence was rather the effect of appetite than reason.

It was not, however, till after repeated solicitations he thought proper to gratify my curiosity.—"If you are fond (says he) of hearing hair-breadth escapes, my history must certainly please; for I have been for twenty years upon the very verge of starving without ever being starved.

"My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers still poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them, they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of an army, influenced my father at the head of his table: he told the story of the Ivy Tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the Two Scholars and one

Pair of Breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan-chair, was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave: he loved all the world, and fancied all the world loved him.

"As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it; he had no intentions of leaving his children money, for that was dross; he was resolved they should have learning; for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose he undertook to instruct us himself; and took as much pains to form our morals, as to improve our understanding. We were told, that universal benevolence was what first cemented society: we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as of our own; to regard the human face divine with affection and esteem; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse, made either by real or fictitious distress; in a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing.

"I cannot avoid imagining, that thus refined by his lessons out of all my suspicion, and divested of even all the little cunning which nature had given me, I resembled upon my first entrance into the busy and insidious world, one of those gladiators who were exposed without armour in the amphitheatre of Rome. My father, however, who had only seen the world on one side, seemed to triumph in my superior discernment, though my whole stock of wisdom consisted in being able to

talk like himself upon subjects that once were useful, because they were then topics of the busy world; but that now were utterly useless, because connected with the busy world no longer.

"The first opportunity he had of finding his expectation disappointed, was at the very middling figure I made in the university: he had flattered himself that he should soon see me rising into the foremost rank in literary reputation; but was mortified to find me utterly unnoticed and unknown. His disappointment might have been partly ascribed to his having over-rated my talents, and partly to my dislike of mathematical reasonings, at a time when my imagination and memory, yet unsatisfied, were more eager after new objects, than desirous of reasoning upon those I knew. This did not, however, please my tutors, who observed, indeed, that I was a little dull: but at the same time allowed, that I seemed to be very good-natured, and had no harm in me.

"After I had resided at college seven years, my father died, and left me—his blessing. Thus shoved from shore without ill-nature to protect or cunning to guide, or proper stores to subsist me in so dangerous a voyage, I was obliged to embark in the wide world at twenty-one. But in order to settle in life, my friends advised (for they always advise when they begin to despise us) they advised me, I say, to go into orders.

"To be obliged to wear a long wig, when I liked a short one, or a black coat, when I generally dressed in brown, I thought was such a restraint upon my liberty, that I absolutely rejected the proposal. A priest in England is not the same mortified creature with a bonze in China;

with us, not he that fasts best, but eats best, is reckoned the best liver; yet I rejected a life of luxury, indolence, and ease, from no other consideration, but that boyish one of dress. So that my friends were now perfectly satisfied I was undone, and yet they thought it a pity for one who had not the least harm in him, and was so very good-natured.

"Poverty naturally begets dependence, and I was admitted as flatterer to a great man. At first I was surprised, that the situation of a flatterer at a great man's table could be thought disagreeable; there was no great trouble in listening attentively when his lordship spoke, and laughing when he looked round for applause. This, even good manners might have obliged me to perform. I found, however, too soon, that his lordship was a greater dunce than myself; and from that very moment my power of flattery was at an end. I now rather aimed at setting him right, than at receiving his absurdities with submission: to flatter those we do not know, is an easy task; but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, all whose foibles are strongly in our eye, is drudgery insupportable. Every time I now opened my lips in praise, my falsehood went to my conscience; his lordship soon perceived me to be unfit for service; I was therefore discharged; my patron at the same time being graciously pleased to observe, that he believed I was tolerable good-natured, and had not the least harm in me.

"Disappointed in ambition, I had recourse to love. A young lady, who lived with her aunt, and was possessed of a very pretty fortune at her own disposal, had given me, as I fancied, some

reasons to expect success. The symptoms by which I was guided were striking; she had always laughed with me at her awkward acquaintances, and at her aunt's, among the number; she always observed, that a man of sense would make a better husband than a fool, and I as constantly applied the observation in my own favour. She continually talked, in my company, of friendship, and the beauties of the mind, and spoke of Mr. Shrimp's (my rival) high-heeled shoes, with detestation. These were circumstances which I thought strongly in my favour; so, after resolving and re-resolving, I had courage enough to tell her my mind. Miss heard my proposal with serenity, seeming at the same time to study the figures of her fan. Out at last it came. There was but one small objection to complete our happiness; which was no more than—that she was married three months before to Mr. Shrimp with high-heeled shoes! By way of consolation, however, she observed, that though I was disappointed in her, my addresses to her aunt would probably kindle her into sensibility; as the old lady always allowed me to be very good-natured, and not to have the least share of harm in me.

"Yet still I had friends, numerous friends, and to them I was resolved to apply. O friendship! thou fond soother of the human breast! to thee we fly in every calamity; to thee the wretched seek for succour: on thee, the care-tired son of misery fondly relies; for thy kind assistance the unfortunate always hopes for relief, and may be ever sure of—disappointment! My first application was to a city scrivener, who had frequently offered to lend me money when he knew I did not

want it. I informed him, that now was the time to put his friendship to the test; that I wanted to borrow a couple of hundreds for a certain occasion, and was resolved to take it up from him.—And pray, Sir, cried my friend, do you want all this money?—Indeed I never wanted it more, returned I.—I am sorry for that, cries the scrivener, with all my heart; for they who want money when they come to borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay.

"From him I flew with indignation to one of the best friends I had in the world, and made the same request.—Indeed, Mr. Drybone, cries my friend, I always thought it would come to this. You know, Sir, I would not advise you but for your own good; but your conduct has hitherto been ridiculous in the highest degree, and some of your acquaintance always thought you a very silly fellow. Let me see, you want two hundred pounds; do you want only two hundred, Sir, exactly?—To confess a truth, returned I, I shall want three hundred; but then I have another friend from whom I can borrow the rest.—Why then, replied my friend, if you would take my advice, and you know I should not presume to advise you but for your own good; I would recommend it to you, to borrow the whole sum from that other friend, and then one note will serve for all, you know.

"Poverty now began to come fast upon me: yet instead of growing more provident or cautious as I grew poor, I became every day more indolent and simple. A friend was arrested for fifty pounds; I was unable to extricate him, except by

becoming his bail. When at liberty, he fled from his creditors, and left me to take his place. In prison I expected greater satisfactions than I had enjoyed at large. I hoped to converse with men in this new world, simple and believing like myself; but I found them as cunning and as cautious as those in the world I had left behind. They spunged upon my money whilst it lasted, borrowed my coals and never paid them, and cheated me when I played at cribbage. All this was done, because they believed me to be very good-natured, and knew that I had no harm in me.

"Upon my first entrance into this mansion, which is to some the abode of despair, I felt no sensations different from those I experienced abroad. I was now on one side of the door, and those who were unconfined were on the other; this was all the difference between us. At first, indeed, I felt some uneasiness, in considering how I should be able to provide this week for the wants of the week ensuing; but after some time, if I found myself sure of eating one day, I never troubled myself how I was to be supplied another. I seized every precarious meal with the utmost good humour, indulged no rants of spleen at my situation, never called down heaven and all the stars to behold me dining upon a half-pennyworth of radishes; my very companions were taught to believe that I liked sallad better than mutton. I contented myself with thinking, that all my life I should either eat white bread or brown; considered that all that happened was best, laughed when I was not in pain, took the world as it went, and read Tacitus often, for want of more books and company.

"How long I might have continued in this torpid state of simplicity I cannot tell, had I not been roused by seeing an old acquaintance, whom I knew to be a prudent blockhead, preferred to a place in the government. I now found that I had pursued a wrong track, and that the true way of being able to relieve others, was first to aim at independence myself. My immediate care, therefore, was to leave my present habitation, and make an entire reformation in my conduct and behaviour. For a free, open, undesigning deportment, I put on that of closeness, prudence, and economy. One of the most heroic actions I ever performed, and for which I shall praise myself as long as I live, was the refusing half-a-crown to an old acquaintance, at the time when he wanted it, and I had it to spare; for this alone, I deserved to be decreed an ovation.

"I now therefore pursued a course of uninterrupted frugality, seldom wanted a dinner, and was consequently invited to twenty. I soon began to get the character of a saving hunks that had money; and insensibly grew into esteem. Neighbours have asked my advice in the disposal of their daughters, and I have always taken care not to give any. I have contracted a friendship with an alderman, only by observing that if we take a farthing from a thousand pound, it will be a thousand pound no longer. I have been invited to a pawnbroker's table by pretending to hate gravy; and am now actually upon treaty of marriage with a rich widow, for only having observed that the bread was rising. If ever I am asked a question, whether I know it or not, instead of answering, I

only smile and look wise. If a charity is proposed, I go about with my hat, but put nothing in myself. If a wretch solicits my pity, I observe that the world is filled with impostors, and take a certain method of not being deceived, by never relieving. In short, I now find the truest way of finding esteem even from the indigent, is to give away nothing, and thus have much in our power to give."

THE CHINESE PHILOSOPHER'S SON.

(FROM THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.)

From Lien Chi Altangi, in London, to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy, at Pekin, in China.

The letter which came by the way of Smyrna, and which you sent me unopened, was from my son. As I have permitted you to take copies of all those I send to China, you might have made no ceremony in opening those directed to me. Either in joy or sorrow, my friend should participate in my feelings. "It would give pleasure to see a good man pleased at my success; it would give almost equal pleasure to see him sympathize at my disappointment."

Every account I receive from the East, seems to come loaded with some new affliction. My

wife and daughter were taken from me, and yet I sustained the loss with intrepidity; my son is made a slave among barbarians, which was the only blow that could have reached my heart; yes, I will indulge the transports of nature for a little, in order to shew I can overcome them in the end. "True magnanimity consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."

When our mighty emperor had published his displeasure at my departure, and seized upon all that was mine, my son was privately secreted from his resentment. Under the protection and guardianship of Fum Hoam, the best and wisest of all the inhabitants of China, he was for some time instructed in the learning of the missionaries, and the wisdom of the East; but hearing of my adventures, and incited by filial piety, he was resolved to follow my fortunes, and share my distress.

He passed the confines of China in disguise; hired himself as a camel-driver to a caravan that was crossing the deserts of Thibet, and was within one day's journey of the river Laur, which divides that country from India, when a body of wandering Tartars, falling unexpectedly upon the caravan, plundered it, and made those who escaped their first fury slaves. By those he was led into the extensive and desolate regions that border on the shores of the Aral lake.

Here he lived by hunting; and was obliged to supply every day a certain proportion of the spoil to regale his savage masters; his learning, his virtues, and even his beauty, were qualifications that no way served to recommend him; they

knew no merit, but that of providing large quantities of milk and raw flesh; and were sensible of no happiness but that of rioting on the undressed meal.

Some merchants from Mesched, however, coming to trade with the Tartars for slaves, he was sold among the number, and led into the kingdom of Persia, where he is now detained. He is there obliged to watch the looks of a voluptuous and cruel master; a man fond of pleasure, yet incapable of refinement, whom many years service in war has taught pride, but not bravery.

That treasure which I still kept within my bosom, my child, my all that was left to me, is now a slave*. Good heavens! why was this? why have I been introduced into this mortal apartment, to be a spectator of my own misfortunes, and the misfortunes of my fellow creatures? wherever I turn, what a labyrinth of doubt, error, and disappointment appears? why was I brought into being? for what purpose made? from whence have I come? whither strayed? or to what regions am I hastening? Reason cannot resolve. It lends a ray to shew the horrors of my prison, but not a light to guide me to escape them. Ye boasted revelations of the earth, how little do you aid the inquiry!

How am I surprised at the inconsistency of the magi; their two principles of good and evil affright me. The Indian who bathes his visage in urine, and calls it piety, strikes me with astonish-

* Th s whole apostrophe seems most literally translated from Ambulaaohaamed, the Arabian poet.

ment. The Christian, who believes in three gods, is highly absurd. The Jews, who pretend that deity is pleased with the effusion of blood, are not less displeasing. I am equally surprised, that rational beings can come from the extremities of the earth, in order to kiss a stone, or scatter pebbles. How contrary to reason are those; and yet all pretend to teach me to be happy.

Surely all men are blind and ignorant of truth. Mankind wanders, unknowing his way, from morning till the evening. Where shall we turn after happiness; or is it wisest to desist from the pursuit? Like reptiles in the corner of some stupendous palace, we peep from our holes, look about us, wonder at all we see, but are ignorant of the great Architect's design: O for a revelation of himself! for a plan of his universal system! O for the reasons of our creation; or why we were created to be thus unhappy. If we are to experience no other felicity but what this life affords, then are we miserable indeed. If we are born only to look about us, repine and die, then has Heaven been guilty of injustice. If this life terminates my existence, I despise the blessings of Providence, and the wisdom of the giver. If this life be my all, let the following epitaph be written on the tomb of Altangi;—"By my father's crimes, I received this. By my own crimes, I bequeath it to posterity."

From Hingpo, a Slave in Persia, to Altangi, a Travelling Philosopher of China, by the way of Moscow.

Fortune has made me the slave of another, but nature and inclination render me entirely subservient to you; a tyrant commands my body, but you are master of my heart. And yet let not thy inflexible nature condemn me, when I confess that I find my soul shrink with my circumstances. I feel my mind, not less than my body, bend beneath the rigours of servitude; the master whom I serve grows every day more formidable. In spite of reason, which should teach me to despise him, his hideous image fills even my dreams with horror.

A few days ago a Christian slave, who wrought in the garden, happening to enter an arbour where the tyrant was entertaining the ladies of his Haram with coffee, the unhappy captive was instantly stabbed to the heart for his intrusion. I have been preferred to his place; which, though less laborious than my former station, is yet more ungrateful, as it brings me nearer him, whose presence excites sensations at once of disgust and apprehension.

Into what a state of misery are the modern Persians fallen: a nation once famous for setting the world an example of freedom, is now become a land of tyrants, and a den of slaves. The houseless Tartar of Kamkatsha, who enjoys his herbs and his fish in unmolested freedom, may be envied, if compared to the thousands who pine

here in hopeless servitude, and curse the day that gave them being. Is this just dealing, Heaven! to render millions wretched to swell up the happiness of a few! cannot the powerful of this earth be happy without our sighs and tears; must every luxury of the great be woven from the calamities of the poor! It must, it must surely be, that this jarring discordant life is but the prelude to some future harmony; the souls attuned to virtue here, shall go from hence to fill up the universal choir where Tien presides in person; where there shall be no tyrants to frown, no shackles to bind, and no whips to threaten! where I shall once more meet my father with rapture, and give a loose to filial piety; where I shall hang on his neck, and hear the wisdom of his lips, and thank him for all the happiness to which he has introduced me.

The wretch whom fortune has made my master, has lately purchased several slaves of both sexes; among the rest, I hear a Christian captive talked of with admiration. The eunuch who bought her, and who is accustomed to survey beauty with indifference, speaks of her with emotion. Her pride, however, astonishes her attendant slaves not less than her beauty; it is reported that she refuses the warmest solicitations of her haughty lord: he has even offered to make her one of his four wives, upon changing her religion, and conforming to his. It is probable she cannot refuse such extraordinary offers, and her delay is perhaps intended to enhance her favours.

I have just now seen her; she inadvertently approached the place without a veil where I sat waiting. She seemed to regard the heavens alone

with fixed attention; there her most ardent gaze was directed. Genius of the Sun! what unexpected softness! what animated grace! her beauty seemed the transparent covering of virtue. Celestial beings could not wear a look of more perfection, while sorrow humanized her form, and mixed my admiration with pity. I rose from the bank on which I sat, and she retired; happy that none observed us, for such an interview might have been fatal.

I have regarded, till now, the opulence and the power of my tyrant without envy; I saw him with a mind incapable of enjoying the gifts of fortune, and consequently regarded him as one loaded, rather than enriched with its favours. But at present, when I think that so much beauty is reserved only for him, that so many charms shall be lavished on a wretch incapable of feeling the greatness of the blessing, I own I feel a reluctance to which I have hitherto been a stranger.

But let not my father impute these uneasy sensations to so trifling a cause as love. No, never let it be thought, that your son, and the pupil of the wise Fum Hoam, could stoop to so degrading a passion. I am only displeased at seeing so much excellence so unjustly disposed of.

The uneasiness which I feel is not for myself, but for the beautiful Christian. When I reflected on the barbarity of him for whom she is designed, I pity, indeed I pity her. When I think that she must only share one heart, who deserves to command a thousand, excuse me, if I feel an emotion which universal benevolence extorts from me. As I am convinced that you take a pleasure in those sallies of humanity, and are particularly pleased

with compassion, I could not avoid discovering the sensibility with which I felt this beautiful stranger's distress. I have for a while forgot in her's the miseries of my own hopeless situation. Our tyrant grows every day more severe; and love, which softens all other minds into tenderness, seems only to have increased his severity. Adieu.

From Hingpo, a Slave in Persia, to Altangi, a Travelling Philosopher of China, by the way of Moscow.

The whole Haram is filled with a tumultuous joy; Zelis, the beautiful captive, has consented to embrace the religion of Mahomet, and become one of the wives of the fastidious Persian. It is impossible to describe the transport that sits on every face on this occasion. Music and feasting fill every apartment; the most miserable slave seems to forget his chains, and sympathizes with the happiness of Mostadad. The herb we tread beneath our feet, is not made more for our use than every slave around him for their imperious master; mere machines of obedience, they wait with silent assiduity, feel his pains, and rejoice in his exultation. Heavens! how much is requisite to make one man happy!

Twelve of the most beautiful slaves, and I among the number, have got orders to prepare for carrying him in triumph to the bridal apartment. The blaze of perfumed torches are to imitate the day; the dancers and singers are hired at a vast expence. The nuptials are to be celebrated on the approaching feast of Barboura, when an hun-

dred taels in gold are to be distributed among the barren wives, in order to pray for fertility from the approaching union.

What will not riches procure! an hundred domestics, who curse the tyrant in their souls, are commanded to wear a face of joy, and they are joyful. An hundred flatterers are ordered to attend, and they fill his ears with praise. Beauty, all-commanding beauty, sues for admittance, and scarcely receives an answer; even love itself seems to wait upon fortune, or though the passion be only feigned, yet it wears every appearance of sincerity; and what greater pleasure can even true sincerity confer, or what would the rich have more?

Nothing can exceed the intended magnificence of the bridegroom, but the costly dresses of the bride; six eunuchs, in the most sumptuous habits, are to conduct him to the nuptial couch, and wait his orders. Six ladies, in all the magnificence of Persia, are directed to undress the bride. Their business is to assist, to encourage her, to divest her of every encumbering part of her dress, all but the last covering; which, by an artful complication of ribbons, is purposely made difficult to unloose, and with which she is to part reluctantly even to the joyful possessor of her beauty.

Mostadad, O my father, is no philosopher; and yet he seems perfectly contented with his ignorance. Possessed of numberless slaves, camels, and women, he desires no greater possession. He never opened the page of Mentius, and yet all the slaves tell me that he is happy.

Forgive the weakness of my nature, if I sometimes feel my heart rebellious to the dictates of

wisdom, and eager for happiness like his. Yet why wish for his wealth with his ignorance; to be like him, incapable of sentimental pleasure, incapable of feeling the happiness of making others happy, incapable of teaching the beautiful Zelis philosophy.

What, shall I, in a transport of passion, give up the golden mean, the universal harmony, the unchanging essence, for the possession of an hundred camels, as many slaves, thirty-five beautiful horses, and seventy-three fine women? First blast me to the centre! degrade me beneath the most degraded! pare my nails, ye powers of heaven! ere I would stoop to such an exchange. What, part with philosophy, which teaches me to suppress my passions instead of gratifying them; which teaches me even to divest my soul of passion; which teaches serenity in the midst of tortures; philosophy, by which even now I am so very serene, and so very much at ease, to be persuaded to part with it for any other enjoyment? Never, never, even though persuasion spoke in the accents of Zelis!

A female slave informs me that the bride is to be arrayed in a tissue of silver, and her hair adorned with the largest pearls of Ormus. But why teaze you with particulars in which we both are so little concerned. The pain I feel in separation throws a gloom over my mind, which in this scene of universal joy I fear may be attributed to some other cause. How wretched are those who are, like me, denied even the last resource of misery, their tears.' Adieu.

From Hingpo, a Slave in Persia, to Altangi, a Travelling Philosopher of China, by the way of Moscow.

I begin to have doubts, whether wisdom be alone sufficient to make us happy. Whether every step we make in refinement is not an inlet to new disquietudes. A mind too vigorous and active, serves only to consume the body to which it is joined, as the richest jewels are soonest found to wear their settings.

When we rise in knowledge, as the prospect widens, the objects of our regard become more obscure, and the unlettered peasant, whose views are only directed to the narrow sphere around him, beholds nature with a finer relish, and tastes her blessings with a keener appetite, than the philosopher, whose mind attempts to grasp an universal system.

As I was some days ago pursuing this subject among a circle of my fellow slaves, an ancient Guebre of the number, equally remarkable for his piety and wisdom, seemed touched with my conversation, and desired to illustrate what I had been saying with an allegory, taken from the Zendavesta of Zoroaster; by this we shall be taught (says he) that they who travel in pursuit of wisdom walk only in a circle; and after all their labour, at last return to their pristine ignorance: and in this also we shall see, that enthusiastic confidence, or unsatisfying doubts, terminate all our inquiries.

In early times, before myriads of nations co-

vered the earth, the whole human race lived together in one valley. The simple inhabitants, surrounded on every side by lofty mountains, knew no other world but the little spot to which they were confined. They fancied the heavens bent down to meet the mountain tops, and formed an impenetrable wall to surround them. None had ever yet ventured to climb the steepy cliff, in order to explore those regions that lay beyond it; they knew the nature of the skies only from a tradition which mentioned their being made of adamant; traditions make up the reasonings of the simple, and serve to silence every inquiry.

In this sequestered vale, blessed with all the spontaneous productions of nature, the honeyed blossom, the refreshing breeze, the gliding brook, and golden fruitage, the simple inhabitants seemed happy in themselves, in each other; they desired no greater pleasures, for they knew of none greater; ambition, pride, and envy, were vices unknown among them; and from this peculiar simplicity of its possessors the country was called the valley of Ignorance.

At length, however, an unhappy youth, more aspiring than the rest, undertook to climb the mountain's side, and examine the summits which were hitherto deemed inaccessible. The inhabitants from below gazed with wonder at his intrepidity; some applauded his courage, others censured his folly; still however he proceeded towards the place where the earth and heavens seemed to unite, and at length arrived at the wished for height, with extreme labour and assiduity.

His first surprise was, to find the skies, not as he expected within his reach, but still as far off as before; his amazement increased when he saw a wide extended region lying on the opposite side of the mountain; but it rose to astonishment, when he beheld a country at a distance, more beautiful and alluring than even that he had just left behind.

As he continued to gaze with wonder, a genius, with a look of infinite modesty, approaching, offered to be his guide and instructor. The distant country which you so much admire, says the angelic being, is called the Land of Certainty; in that charming retreat, sentiment contributes to refine every sensual banquet; the inhabitants are blessed with every solid enjoyment, and still more blessed in a perfect consciousness of their own felicity: ignorance in that country is wholly unknown; all there is satisfaction without alloy, for every pleasure first undergoes the examination of reason. As for me, I am called the Genius of Demonstration, and am stationed here in order to conduct every adventurer to that land of happiness through those intervening regions you see over-hung with fogs and darkness, and horrid with forests, cataracts, caverns, and various other shapes of danger. But follow me, and in time I may lead you to that distant desirable land of tranquillity.

The intrepid traveller immediately put himself under the direction of the genius; and both journeying on together with a slow but agreeable pace, deceived the tediousness of the way by conversation. The beginning of the journey seemed to promise true satisfaction; but as they pro-

ceeded forward, the skies became more gloomy, and the way more intricate; they often inadvertently approached the brow of some frightful precipice, or the brink of a torrent, and were obliged to measure back their former way; the gloom increasing as they proceeded, their pace became more slow; they paused at every step, frequently stumbled, and their distrust and timidity increased. The Genius of Demonstration now therefore advised his pupil to grope upon hands and feet, as a method though more slow, yet less liable to error.

In this manner they attempted to pursue their journey for some time, when they were overtaken by another genius, who, with a precipitate pace, seemed travelling the same way. He was instantly known by the other to be the Genius of Probability. He wore two wide extended wings at his back, which incessantly waved, without increasing the rapidity of his motion; his countenance betrayed a confidence that the ignorant might mistake for sincerity, and he had but one eye, which was fixed in the middle of his forehead.

—Servant of Hormizda, cried he, approaching the mortal pilgrim, if thou art travelling to the Land of Certainty, how is it possible to arrive there under the guidance of a genius who proceeds forward so slowly, and is so little acquainted with the way? Follow me, we shall soon perform the journey to where every pleasure awaits our arrival.

The peremptory tone in which this genius spoke, and the speed with which he moved for-

ward, induced the traveller to change his conductor; and leaving his modest companion behind; he proceeded forward with his more confident director, seeming not a little pleased at the increased velocity of his motion.

But soon he found reasons to repent. Whenever a torrent crossed their way, his guide taught him to despise the obstacle, by plunging him in; whenever a precipice presented, he was directed to fling himself forward. Thus, each moment miraculously escaping, his repeated escapes only served to increase his guide's temerity. He led him therefore, forward amidst infinite difficulties, till they arrived at the borders of an ocean, which appeared unnavigable from the black mists that lay upon its surface. Its unquiet waves were of the darkest hue, and gave a lively representation of the various agitations of the human mind.

The Genius of Probability now confessed his temerity, owned his being an improper guide to the Land of Certainty, a country where no mortal had ever been permitted to arrive; but at the same time offered to supply the traveller with another conductor, who should carry him to the Land of Confidence, a region where the inhabitants lived with the utmost tranquillity, and tasted almost as much satisfaction as if in the Land of Certainty. Not waiting for a reply, he stamped three times on the ground, and called forth the Dæmon of Error, a gloomy fiend of the servants of Arimanes. The yawning earth gave up the reluctant savage, who seemed unable to bear the light of the day. His stature was enormous, his colour black and hideous, his aspect betrayed a thousand varying passions, and he spread forth pinions that

were fitted for the most rapid flight. The traveller at first was shocked at the spectre; but finding him obedient to superior power, he assumed his former tranquillity.

I have called you to duty, cries the genius to the dæmon, to bear on your back a son of mortality over the Ocean of Doubts into the Land of Confidence. I expect you'll perform your commission with punctuality.—And as for you, continued the genius, addressing the traveller, when once I have bound this fillet round your eyes, let no voice of persuasion, nor threats the most terrifying, persuade you to unbind it in order to look round; keep the fillet fast, look not at the ocean below, and you may certainly expect to arrive at a region of pleasure.

Thus saying, and the travellers eyes being covered, the dæmon muttering curses, raised him on his back, and instantly upborne by his strong pinions, directed his flight among the clouds. Neither the loudest thunder, nor the most angry tempest, could persuade the traveller to unbind his eyes. The dæmon directed his flight downwards, and skimmed the surface of the ocean; a thousand voices, some with loud invective, others in the sarcastic tones of contempt, vainly endeavoured to persuade him to look round; but he still continued to keep his eyes covered, and would in all probability have arrived at the happy land, had not flattery effected what other means could not perform. For now he heard himself welcomed on every side to the promised land, and an universal shout of joy was sent forth at his safe arrival; the wearied traveller, desirous of seeing the long-wished for country, at length pulled the

fillet from his eyes, and ventured to look round him. But he had unloosed the band too soon, he was not above half-way over. The dæmon who was still hovering in the air, and had produced those sounds only in order to deceive, was now freed from his commission, wherefore throwing the astonished traveller from his back, the unhappy youth fell headlong into the subjacent Ocean of Doubts, from whence he never was after seen to arise.

From Hingpo, a Slave in Persia, to Altangi, a Travelling Philosopher of China, by the way of Moscow.

You will probably be pleased to see my letter dated from Terki, a city which lies beyond the bounds of the Persian empire: here, blessed with security, with all that is dear, I double my raptures by communicating them to you; the mind sympathizing with the freedom of the body, my whole soul is dilated in gratitude, love, and praise.

Yet were my own happiness all that inspired my present joy, my raptures might justly merit the imputation of self-interest; but when I think that the beautiful Zelis is also free, forgive my triumph, when I boast of having rescued from captivity the most deserving object upon earth.

You remember the reluctance she testified at being obliged to marry the tyrant she hated. Her compliance at last was only feigned, in order to gain time to try some future means of escape. During the interval between her promise and the intended performance of it, she came undiscovered

one evening to the place where I generally retired after the fatigues of the day; her appearance was like that of an aerial genius, when it descends to minister comfort to undeserved distress; the mild lustre of her eye served to banish my timidity; her accents were sweeter than the echo of some distant symphony. "Unhappy stranger," said she, in the Persian language, "you here perceive one more wretched than thyself; all this solemnity of preparation, this elegance of dress, and the number of my attendants, serve but to increase my miseries; if you have courage to rescue an unhappy woman from approaching ruin, and our detested tyrant, you may depend upon my future gratitude." I bowed to the ground, and she left me, filled with rapture and astonishment. Night brought no rest, nor could the ensuing morning calm the anxieties of my mind. I projected a thousand methods for her delivery; but each, when strictly examined, appeared impracticable; in this uncertainty, the evening again arrived, and I placed myself on my former station, in hopes of a repeated visit. After some short expectation, the bright perfection again appeared; I bowed, as before, to the ground; when raising me up, she observed, that the time was not to be spent in useless ceremony; she observed, that the day following was appointed for the celebration of her nuptials, and that something was to be done that very night for our mutual deliverance. I offered, with the utmost humility, to pursue whatever scheme she should direct; upon which she proposed that instant to scale the garden wall, adding, that she had prevailed upon a

female slave, who was now waiting at the appointed place, to assist her with a ladder.

Pursuant to this information, I led her trembling to the place appointed; but, instead of the slave we expected to see, Mostadad himself was there awaiting our arrival; the wretch in whom we confided, it seems, had betrayed our design to her master, and he now saw the most convincing proofs of her information. He was just going to draw his sabre, when a principle of avarice repressed his fury, and he resolved, after a severe chastisement, to dispose of me to another master; in the mean time, ordering me to be confined in the strictest manner, and next day to receive an hundred blows on the soles of my feet.

When the morning came, I was led out in order to receive the punishment, which, from the severity with which it is generally inflicted upon slaves, is worse even than death.

A trumpet was to be the signal for the solemnization of the nuptials of Zelis, and for the infliction of my punishment. Each ceremony to me equally dreadful, was just going to begin, when we were informed that a large party of Circassian Tartars had invaded the town, and were laying all in ruin. Every person now thought of saving himself; I instantly unloosed the cords with which I was bound, and seizing a scymetar from one of the slaves who had not courage to resist me, flew to the woman's apartment where Zelis was confined, dressed out for the intended nuptials. I bade her follow me without delay; and going forward, cut my way through eunuchs, who made but a faint resistance. The whole city was now a scene of conflagration and terror; every person

was willing to save himself, unmindful of others. In this confusion, seizing upon two of the fleetest coursers in the stables of Mostadad, we fled northwards towards the kingdom of Circassia. As there were several others flying in the same manner, we passed without notice, and in three days we arrived at Terki, a city that lies in a valley within the bosom of the frowning mountains of Caucasus.

Here, free from every apprehension of danger, we enjoy all those satisfactions which are consistent with virtue: though I find my heart, at intervals, give way to unusual passions; yet such is my admiration for my fair companion, that I lose even tenderness in distant respect. Though her person demands particular regard, even among the beauties of Circassia, yet is her mind far more lovely. How very different is a woman, who thus has cultivated her understanding, and been refined into delicacy of sentiment, from the daughters of the east, whose education is only formed to improve the person, and make them more tempting objects of prostitution! Adieu.

From Hingpo, in Terki, to Altangi, a Travelling Philosopher of China, by the way of Moscow.

When sufficiently refreshed after the fatigues of our precipitate flight, my curiosity, which had been restrained by the appearance of immediate danger, now began to revive: I longed to know, by what distressful accidents my fair fugitive became a captive, and could not avoid testifying a surprize, how so much beauty could be involved

in the calamities from whence she had been so lately rescued.

Talk not of personal charms, cried she with emotion, since to them I owe every misfortune: look round on the numberless beauties of the country where we are; and see how nature has poured its charms upon every face, and yet by this profusion heaven would seem to shew how little it regards such a blessing, since the gift is lavished upon a nation of prostitutes.

I perceive you desire to know my story, and your curiosity is not so great as my impatience to gratify it: I find a pleasure in telling past misfortune to any; but when my deliverer is pleased with the relation, my pleasure is prompted by duty.

"* I was born in a country far to the west, where the men are braver, and the women more fair than those of Circassia; where the valour of the hero is guided by wisdom, and where delicacy of sentiment points the shafts of female beauty. I was the only daughter of an officer in the army, the child of his age, and as he used fondly to express it, the only chain that bound him to the world, or made his life pleasing. His station procured him an acquaintance with men of greater rank and fortune than himself; and his regard for me induced him to bring me into every family where he was acquainted: thus I was early

* This story bears a striking similitude to the real history of Miss S——d, who accompanied Lady W———e, in her retreat near Florence, and which the editor had from her own mouth.

taught all the elegancies and fashionable foibles of such as the world calls polite, and though without fortune myself, was taught to despise those who lived as if they were poor.

"My intercourse with the great, and my affectation of grandeur, procured me many lovers: but want of fortune deterred them all from any other views than those of passing the present moment agreeably, or of meditating my future ruin. In every company I found myself addressed in a warmer strain of passion, than other ladies who were superior in point of rank and beauty; and this I imputed to an excess of respect, which in reality proceeded from very different motives.

"Among the number of such as paid me their addresses, was a gentleman, a friend of my father, rather in the decline of life, with nothing remarkable either in his person or address to recommend him. His age, which was about forty, his fortune, which was moderate, and barely sufficient to support him, served to throw me off my guard; so that I considered him as the only sincere admirer I had.

"Designing lovers in the decline of life are ever most dangerous. Skilled in all the weaknesses of the sex, they seize each favourable opportunity, and by having less passion than youthful admirers, have less real respect, and therefore less timidity. This insidious wretch used a thousand arts to succeed in his base designs; all which I saw, but imputed it to different views, because I thought it absurd to believe the real motives.

"As he continued to frequent my father's, the friendship between them became every day greater; and at last, from the intimacy with which he was received, I was taught to look upon him as a guardian and a friend. Though I never loved, yet I esteemed him; and this was enough to make me wish for an union, for which he seemed desirous, but to which he feigned several delays; while in the mean time, from a false report of our being married, every other admirer forsook me.

"I was at last, however, awakened from the delusion, by an account of his being just married to another young lady with a considerable fortune. This was no great mortification to me, as I had always regarded him merely from prudential motives; but it had a very different effect on my father, who, rash and passionate by nature, and besides stimulated by a mistaken notion of military honour, upbraided his friend in such terms, that a challenge was soon given and accepted.

"It was about midnight, when I was awakened by a message from my father, who desired to see me that moment. I rose with some surprise, and following the messenger, attended only by another servant, came to a field not far from the house, where I found him, the assertor of my honour, my only friend and supporter, the tutor and companion of my youth, lying on one side covered over with blood, and just expiring. No tears streamed down my cheeks, nor sigh escaped from my breast, at an object of such terror. I sat down and supporting his aged head in my lap, gazed upon the ghastly visage with an agony more poignant even than despairing madness. The servants were gone

for more assistance. In this gloomy stillness of the night, no sounds were heard but his agonizing respirations; no object was presented but his wounds, which still continued to stream. With silent anguish I hung over his dear face, and with my hands strove to stop the blood as it flowed from his wounds. He seemed at first insensible, but at last turning his dying eyes upon me, 'My dear, dear child (cried he,) dear, though you have forgotten your own honour and stained mine, I will yet forgive you; by abandoning virtue, you have undone me and yourself; yet take my forgiveness with the same compassion I wish Heaven may pity me.' He expired. All my succeeding happiness fled with him. Reflecting that I was the cause of his death whom only I loved upon earth; accused of betraying the honour of his family with his latest breath; conscious of my own innocence, yet without even a possibility of vindicating it; without fortune or friends to relieve or pity me, abandoned to infamy, and the wide censuring world, I called out upon the dead body that lay stretched before me; and in the agony of my heart, asked why he could have left me thus? Why, my dear, my only papa, why could you ruin me thus and yourself for ever! O pity, and return, since there is none but you to comfort me!

"I soon found that I had real cause for sorrow; that I was to expect no compassion from my own sex, nor assistance from the other; and that reputation was much more useful in our commerce with mankind, than really to deserve it. Wherever I came, I perceived myself received either with

contempt or detestation; or whenever I was civilly treated, it was from the most base and ungenerous motives.

"Thus driven from the society of the virtuous, I was at last, in order to dispel the anxieties of insupportable solitude, obliged to take up with the company of those whose character were blasted like my own; but who perhaps deserved their infamy. Among this number was a lady of the first distinction, whose character the public thought proper to brand even with greater infamy than mine. A similitude of distress soon united us; I knew that general reproach had made her miserable; and I had learned to regard misery as an excuse for guilt. Though this lady had not virtue enough to avoid reproach, yet she had too much delicate sensibility not to feel it. She therefore proposed our leaving the country where we were born, and going to live in Italy, where our characters and misfortunes would be unknown. With this I eagerly complied; and we soon found ourselves in one of the most charming retreats in the most beautiful province of that enchanting country.

"Had my companion chosen this retreat for injured virtue, an harbour where we might look with tranquillity on the distant angry world, I should have been happy; but very different was her design; she had pitched upon this situation only to enjoy those pleasures in private, which she had not sufficient effrontery to satisfy in a more open manner. A nearer acquaintance soon shewed me the vicious part of her character; her mind as well as her body seemed formed only for pleasure; she was sentimental only as it served to protract

the immediate enjoyment. Formed for society alone, she spoke infinitely better than she wrote, and wrote infinitely better than she lived. A person devoted to pleasure often leads the most miserable life imaginable; such was her case; she considered the natural moments of languor as insupportable, passed all her hours between rapture and anxiety, ever in an extreme of agony or bliss. She felt a pain as sincere for want of appetite, as the starving wretch who wants a meal. In those intervals she usually kept her bed, and rose only when in expectation of some new enjoyment. The luxuriant air of the country, the romantic situation of her palace, and the genius of a people whose only happiness lies in sensual retirement, all contributed to banish the remembrance of her native country.

"But though such a life gave her pleasure, it had a very different effect upon me; I grew every day more pensive, and my melancholy was regarded as an insult upon her good humour: I now perceived myself entirely unfit for all society; discarded from the good, and detesting the infamous, I seemed in a state of war with every rank of people; that virtue which should have been my protection in the world, was here my crime: in short, detesting life, I was determined to become a recluse, to leave a world where I found no pleasure that could allure me to stay. Thus determined, I embarked in order to go by sea to Rome, where I intended to take the veil; but even in so short a passage my hard fortune still attended me; our ship was taken by a Barbary corsair; the whole crew, and I among the number, being

made slaves. It carries too much the air of romance, to inform you of my distresses or obstinacy in this miserable state; it is enough to observe, that I have been bought by several masters; each of whom perceiving my reluctance, rather than use violence, sold me to another, till it was my happiness to be at last rescued by you."

Thus ended her relation, which I have abridged: but as soon as we arrived at Moscow, for which we intend to set out shortly, you shall be informed of all more particularly. In the mean time, the greatest addition to my happiness will be to hear of yours. Adieu.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo.

The news of your freedom lifts the load of former anxiety from my mind; I can now think of my son without regret, applaud his resignation under calamity, and his conduct in extricating himself from it.

"You are now free, just let loose from the bondage of an hard master:" This is the crisis of your fate; and as you now manage fortune, succeeding life will be marked with happiness or misery; a few years perseverance in prudence, which at your age is but another name for virtue, will ensure comfort, pleasure, tranquillity, esteem; too eager an enjoyment of every good that now offers will reverse the medal, and present you poverty, anxiety, remorse, and contempt.

As it has been observed, that none are better qualified to give others advice, than those who

have taken the least of it themselves; so in this respect I find myself perfectly authorised to offer mine, even though I should wave my paternal authority upon this occasion.

The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third, still unsteady, always changing. However, be assured, that every change of this nature is for the worse; people may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life: but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth, and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice; even if the mind be a little balanced with stupidity, it may in this case be useful. Great abilities have always been less serviceable to the possessors than moderate ones. Life has been compared to a race, but the allusion still improves, by observing, that the most swift are ever the least manageable.

To know one profession only is enough for one man; and this (whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary) is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A conjurer and a taylor once happened to converse together. Alas! cries the taylor, what an unhappy poor creature am I; if people should ever take it in their heads to live without cloaths I am undone; I have no other trade to have re-

course to.—Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely, replies the conjuror; but, thank Heaven, things are not quite so bad with me; for if one trick should fail, I have an hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you. A famine overspread the land; the taylor made a shift to live, because his customers could not do without cloaths; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away; it was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him, till at last he was obliged to beg from the very taylor whose calling he had formerly despised.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation until you become rich, and then shew away: the resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces?

Once upon a time, a goose fed its young by a pond side; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always extremely proud, and excessive punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at him. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain a right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no

harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and flapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, had twenty times a good mind to give her a sly snap; but suppressing his indignation, because his master was nigh; "A pox take thee," cries he, "for a fool, sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight at least should be civil; that fluttering and hissing of thine may one day get thine head snapt off, but it can neither injure thine enemies, or ever protect thee." So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving none offence. From hence the endeavour to please all, comply with every request, attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own, but like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed; to bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which would please the whole world. When, therefore he had drawn a picture in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, which lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each willing to shew his

talent at criticism, marked whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the whole picture one universal blot; not a single stroke that was not stigmatized with marks of disapprobation: not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied; and the artist returning, found his picture replete with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. "Well (cries the painter) I now find, that the best way to please one half of the world is not to mind what the other half says; since what are faults in the eyes of these shall be by those regarded as beauties." Adieu.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo.

A character such as you have represented that of your fair companion, which continues virtuous though loaded with infamy, is truly great. Many regard virtue, because it is attended with applause; your favourite only for the internal pleasure it confers. I have often wished that ladies like her were proposed as models for female imitation, and not such as have acquired fame by qualities repugnant to the natural softness of the sex.

Women famed for their valour, their skill in politics, or their learning, leave the duties of their own sex, in order to invade the privileges of ours I can no more pardon a fair one endeavouring to

wield the club of Hercules, than I could him for attempting to twirl her distaff.

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life, than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.

Women, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the fatigues of intense application. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic assiduity; and when they stray beyond them, they move beyond their sphere, and consequently without grace.

Fame, therefore, has been very unjustly dispensed among the female sex. Those who least deserved to be remembered, meet our admiration and applause; while many, who have been an honour to humanity, are passed over in silence. Perhaps no age has produced a stronger instance of misplaced fame than the present; the Semiramis and the Thalestris of antiquity are talked of, while a modern character, infinitely greater than either, is unnoticed and unknown.

Catharina Alexowna*, born near Derpat, a little

* This account seems taken from the manuscript memoirs of H. Spilman, Esq.

city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother in their cottage covered with straw; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands, she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catharina spun, the old woman would sit by, and read some books of devotion. Thus, when the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by their fire-side, and enjoy the frugal meal with vacant festivity.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind; her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready but a solid turn of thought, not only with a strong but a right understanding. Such truly female accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage from the peasants of the country; but their offers were refused: for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

Catharina was fifteen when her mother died; she now therefore left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music by the masters who attended the rest of his

family. Thus she continued to improve till he died; by which accident, she was once more reduced to pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catharina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot; she was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion; but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way-side, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, to follow the camp. They might probably have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come to her assistance: upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was an happy interview for Catharina; the

little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her cloaths were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses; her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare, to buy cloaths, furnished her with an horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Gluck, a faithful friend of his fathers, and superintendant at Marienburgh.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear to be well received; she was immediately admitted into the superintendant's family, as governess to his two daughters; and though yet but seventeen, shewed herself capable of instructing her sex not only in virtue, but politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that her master himself in a short time offered her his hand, which to his great surprize she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, even though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds in the service.

In order, therefore, to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her person; which he accepted with transport, and their nuptials were solemnized as usual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking; the very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburgh; the unhappy soldier had now no time to enjoy the well earned pleasures of matrimony; he was called off before consummation to an attack, from which he was never after seen to return.

In the mean time, the siege went on with fury,

aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge. This war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous; the innocent peasant, and the harmless virgin, often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword; at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but still was free: she had now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave; in this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even Prince Menzikoff, the Russian general; he desired to see her, was struck with her beauty, bought her from the soldier her master, and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great paying the Prince a visit, Catharina happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He had been forced when young to marry from motives of interest; he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately inquired the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design; their nuptials were solemnized in private; the prince assuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the properest ladder to a throne.

We now see Catharina, from the low mud-walled cottage, empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more.

She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary prince, her husband, laboured for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied, in her turn, the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dress, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female knighthood; and at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret, regretted by all. Adieu.

From Hingpo to Lien Chi Altangi.

I still remain at Terki, where I have received that money which was remitted here in order to release me from captivity. My fair companion still improves in my esteem; the more I know her mind, her beauty becomes more poignant; she appears charming, even among the daughters of Circassia.

Yet were I to examine her beauty with the art of a statuary, I should find numbers here that far surpass her; nature has not granted her all the boasted Circassian regularity of feature, and yet she greatly exceeds the fairest of the country, in the art of seizing the affections. Whence, have I often said to myself, this resistless magic that attends even moderate charms: though I regard the beauties of the country with admiration, every interview weakens the impression, but the form of Zelis grows upon my imagination; I never behold her without an increase of tenderness and respect. Whence this injustice of the mind in preferring imperfect beauty to that which nature seems to have finished with care? whence the infatuation that he whom a comet could not amaze, should be astonished at a meteor? When reason was thus fatigued to find an answer, my imagination pursued the subject, and this was the result.

I fancied myself placed between two landscapes, this called the region of beauty, and that the valley of the graces; the one embellished with all that luxuriant nature could bestow; the

fruits of various climates adorned the trees, the grove resounded with music, the gale breathed perfume, every charm that could arise from symmetry and exact distribution were here conspicuous, the whole offering a prospect of pleasure without end. The valley of the graces on the other hand, seemed by no means so inviting: the streams and the groves appeared just as they usually do in frequented countries; no magnificent parterres, no concert in the grove, the rivulet was edged with weeds, and the rock joined its voice to that of the nightingale. All was simplicity and nature.

The most striking objects ever first allure the traveller. I entered the region of beauty with increased curiosity, and promised myself endless satisfaction, in being introduced to the presiding goddess. I perceived several strangers, who entered with the same design; and what surprised me not a little, was to see several others hastening to leave this abode of seeming felicity.

After some fatigue, I had at last the honour of being introduced to the goddess, who represented beauty in person. She was seated on a throne, at the foot of which stood several strangers lately introduced like me, all gazing on her form in extasy. "Ah what eyes! what lips! how clear her complexion! how perfect her shape!" At these exclamations, beauty, with downcast eyes, would endeavour to counterfeit modesty, but soon again looking round as if to confirm every spectator in his favourable sentiments, sometimes she would attempt to allure us by smiles; and at intervals would bridle back, in order to inspire us with respect as well as tenderness.

This ceremony lasted for some time, and had so much employed our eyes, that we had forgot all this while that the goddess was silent. We soon, however, began to perceive the defect: "What," said we, among each other, "are we to have nothing but languishing air, soft looks, and inclinations of the head: will the goddess only deign to satisfy our eyes?" Upon this one of the company stepped up to present her with some fruits he had gathered by the way. She received the present, most sweetly smiling, and with one of the whitest hands in the world, but still not a word escaped her lips.

I now found that my companions grew weary of their homage; they went off one by one, and resolving not to be left behind, I offered to go in my turn; when just at the door of the temple I was called back by a female, whose name was Pride, and who seemed displeased at the behaviour of the company. "Where are you hastening?" said she to me with an angry air, "the goddess of beauty is here."—I have been to visit her, madam, replied I, and find her more beautiful even than report had made her. "And why then will you leave her?" added the female.—I have seen her long enough, returned I; I have got all her features by heart. Her eyes are still the same. Her nose is a very fine one, but it is still just such a nose now, as it was half an hour ago: could she throw a little more mind into her face, perhaps I should be for wishing to have more of her company. "What signifies," replied my female, "whether she has a mind or not; has she any occasion for a mind, so formed as she is by nature? If she had a common face, indeed, there

might be some reason for thinking to improve it; but when features are already perfect, every alteration would but impair them. A fine face is already at the point of perfection, and a fine lady should endeavour to keep it so; the impression it would receive from thought, would but disturb its whole economy."

To this speech I gave no reply, but made the best of my way to the valley of the graces. Here I found all those who before had been my companions in the region of beauty, now upon the same errand.

As we entered the valley, the prospect insensibly seemed to improve; we found every thing so natural, so domestic, and pleasing, that our minds, which before were congealed in admiration, now relaxed into gaiety and good humour. We had designed to pay our respects to the presiding goddess, but she was no where to be found. One of our companions asserted, that her temple lay to the right; another to the left; a third insisted that it was straight before us; and a fourth that we had left it behind. In short, we found every thing familiar and charming, but could not determine where to seek for the grace in person.

In this agreeable incertitude we passed several hours, and though very desirous of finding the goddess, by no means impatient of the delay. Every part of the valley presented some minute beauty, which, without offering itself at once, stole upon the soul, and captivated us with the charms of our retreat. Still, however, we continued to search, and might still have continued, had we not been interrupted by a voice, which,

though we could not see from whence it came, addressed us in this manner:—

"If you would find the goddess of grace, seek her not under one form, for she assumes a thousand. Ever changing under the eye of inspection, her variety, rather than her figure, is pleasing. In contemplating her beauty, the eye glides over every perfection with giddy delight, and capable of fixing no where, is charmed with the whole*. She is now contemplation with solemn look, again compassion with humid eye; she now sparkles with joy, soon every feature speaks distress: her looks at times invite our approach, at others repress our presumption; the goddess cannot be properly called beautiful under any one of these forms, but by combining them all, she becomes irresistibly pleasing." Adieu.

From Lien Chi Altangi, to Hingpo, by the way of Moscow.

You are now arrived at an age, my son, when pleasure dissuades from application; but rob not, by present gratification, all the succeeding period of its happiness. Sacrifice a little pleasure at first to the expectance of greater. The study of a very few years will make the rest of life completely easy.

But instead of continuing the subject myself, take the following instructions, borrowed from a

* Vultus nimium lubricus aspici. HOR.

modern philosopher of China*.—" He who has begun his fortune by study, will certainly confirm it by perseverance. The love of books damps the passion for pleasure, and when this passion is once extinguished, life is then cheaply supported; thus a man, being possessed of more than he wants, can never be subject to great disappointments, and avoids all those meannesses which indigence sometimes unavoidably produces.

" There is unspeakable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student. The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend. When I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one. We ought to lay hold of every incident in life for improvement, the trifling as well as the important. It is not one diamond alone which gives lustre to another, a common coarse stone is also employed for that purpose. Thus I ought to draw advantage from the insults and contempt I meet with from a worthless fellow. His brutality ought to induce me to self-examination, and correct every blemish that may have given rise to his calumny.

" Yet with all the pleasures and profits which are generally produced by learning, parents often find it difficult to induce their children to study. They often seem dragged to what wears the appearance of application. Thus, being dilatory in

* A translation of this passage may also be seen in Du Halde, vol. II. fol. p. 47 and 58. This extract will at least serve to shew that fondness for humour which appears in the writings of the Chinese.

the beginning, all hopes of future eminence are entirely cut off. If they find themselves obliged to write two lines more polite than ordinary, their pencil then seems as heavy as a millstone, and they spend ten days in turning two or three periods with propriety.

" These persons are most at a loss when a banquet is almost over; the plate and the dice go round, that the number of little verses, which each is obliged to repeat, may be determined by chance. The booby, when it comes to his turn, appears quite stupid and insensible. The company divert themselves with his confusion; and sneers, winks, and whispers are circulated at his expence. As for him, he opens a pair of large heavy eyes, stares at all about him, and even offers to join in the laugh, without ever considering himself as the burden of all their good humour.

" But it is of no importance to read much, except you be regular in your reading. If it be interrupted for any considerable time, it can never be attended with proper improvement. There are some who study for one day with intense application, and repose themselves for ten days after. But wisdom is a coquet, and must be courted with unabating assiduity.

" It was a saying of the ancients, that a man never opens a book, without reaping some advantage by it: I say with them, that every book can serve to make us more expert, except romances, and these are no better than instruments of debauchery. They are dangerous fictions, where love is the ruling passion.

" The most indecent strokes there pass for turns of wit; intrigue and criminal liberties for gal-

lantry and politeness; assignations, and even villainy, are put in such strong lights, as may inspire even grown men with the strongest passion; how much more, therefore, ought the youth of either sex to dread them, whose reason is so weak, and whose hearts are so susceptible of passion!

"To slip in by a back-door, or leap a wall, are accomplishments, that, when handsomely set off, enchant a young heart. It is true the plot is commonly wound up by a marriage, concluded with the consent of parents, and adjusted by every ceremony prescribed by law. But as in the body of the work, there are many passages that offend good morals, overthrow laudable customs, violate the laws, and destroy the duties most essential to society, virtue is thereby exposed to the most dangerous attacks.

"But, says some, the authors of these romances have nothing in view, but to represent vice punished, and virtue rewarded. Granted. But will the greater number of readers take notice of these punishments and rewards? Are not their minds carried to something else? Can it be imagined, that the art with which the author inspires the love of virtue can overcome that crowd of thoughts which sway them to licentiousness? To be able to inculcate virtue by so leaky a vehicle, the author must be a philosopher of the first rank. But in our age we can find but few first-rate philosophers.

"Avoid such performances, where vice assumes the face of virtue; seek wisdom and knowledge without ever thinking you have found them. A man is wise while he continues in the pursuit of wisdom; but when he once fancies that he

has found the object of his enquiry, he then becomes a fool. Learn to pursue virtue from the man that is blind, who never makes a step without first examining the ground with his staff.

"The world is like a vast sea, mankind like a vessel sailing on its tempestuous bosom. Our prudence is its sails, the sciences serve us for oars, good or bad fortune are the favourable or contrary winds, and judgment is the rudder; without this last, the vessel is tossed by every billow, and will find shipwreck in every breeze. In a word, obscurity and indigence are the parents of vigilance and economy, vigilance and economy, of riches and honour; riches and honour, of pride and luxury; pride and luxury, of impurity and idleness; and impurity and idleness again produce indigence and obscurity. Such are the revolutions of life." Adieu.

From Hingpo in Moscow, to Lien Chi Altangi in London.

Where will my disappointments end? Must I still be doomed to accuse the severity of my fortune, and shew my constancy in distress rather than moderation in prosperity? I had at least hopes of conveying my charming companion safe from the reach of every enemy, and of again restoring her to her native soil. But those hopes are now no more.

Upon leaving Terki, we took the nearest road to the dominions of Russia. We passed the Ural mountains covered in eternal snow, and traversed

the forests of Ufa, where the prowling bear and shrieking hyena keep an undisputed possession. We next embarked upon the rapid river Bolija; and made the best of our way to the banks of the Wolga, where it waters the fruitful valleys of Casan.

There were two vessels in company, properly equipped and armed, in order to oppose the Wolga pirates, who, we were informed, infested this river. Of all mankind these tyrants are the most terrible. They are composed of the criminals and outlawed peasants of Russia, who fly to the forests that lie along the banks of the Wolga for protection. Here they join in parties, lead a savage life, and have no other subsistence but plunder. Being deprived of houses, friends, or a fixed habitation, they become more terrible even than the tyger, and as insensible to all the feelings of humanity. They neither give quarter to those they conquer, nor receive it when overpowered themselves. The severity of the laws against them, serve to increase their barbarity, and seem to make them a neutral species of beings, between the wildness of the lion, and the subtilty of the man. When taken alive, their punishment is hideous. A floating gibbet is erected, which is let down with the stream; here, upon an iron hook stuck under their ribs, and upon which the whole weight of their body depends, they are left to expire in the most terrible agonies; some being thus found to linger several days successively.

We were but three days voyage from the confluence of this river into the Wolga, when we perceived at a distance behind us, an armed bark coming up with the assistance of sails and oars, in

order to attack us. The dreadful signal of death was hung upon the mast, and our captain with his glass could easily discern them to be pirates. It is impossible to express our consternation on this occasion; the whole crew instantly came together to consult the properest means of safety. It was therefore soon determined to send off our women and valuable commodities in one of our vessels, and that the men should stay in the other, and boldly oppose the enemy. This resolution was soon put into execution, and I now reluctantly parted from the beautiful Zelis, for the first time since our retreat from Persia. The vessel, in which she was, disappeared to my longing eyes, in proportion as that of the pirates approached us. They soon came up; but upon examining our strength, and perhaps sensible of the manner in which we sent off our most valuable effects, they seemed more eager to pursue the vessel we had sent away, than attack us. In this manner they continued to harass us for three days; still endeavouring to pass us without fighting. But, on the fourth day, finding it entirely impossible, and despairing to seize the expected booty, they desisted from their endeavours, and left us to pursue our voyage without interruption.

Our joy on this occasion was great; but soon a disappointment more terrible, because unexpected, succeeded. The bark in which our women and treasure were sent off, was wrecked upon the banks of the Wolga, for want of a proper number of hands to manage her, and the whole crew carried by the peasants up the country. Of this, however, we were not sensible till our arrival at

Moscow; where, expecting to meet our separated bark, we were informed of its misfortune, and our loss. Need I paint the situation of my mind on this occasion? Need I describe all I feel, when I despair of beholding the beautiful Zelis more! fancy had dressed the future prospect of my life in the gayest colouring, but one unexpected stroke of fortune has robbed it of every charm. Her dear idea mixes with every scene of pleasure, and without her presence to enliven it, the whole becomes tedious, insipid, insupportable. I will confess, now that she is lost, I will confess I loved her; nor is it in the power of time, or of reason, to erase her image from my heart. Adieu.

*From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo, at Moscow.**

Your misfortunes are mine. But as every period of life is marked with its own, you must learn to endure them. Disappointed love makes the misery of youth; disappointed ambition, that of manhood; and successless avarice, that of age. These three attack us through life; and it is our duty to stand upon our guard. To love, we ought to oppose dissipation, and endeavour to change the object of the affections; to ambition, the happiness of indolence and obscurity; and to avarice, the fear of soon dying. These are the shields

* This letter is a rhapsody from the maxims of the philosopher Me. Vide Lett. curieuses et edifiantes. Vide etiam Du Halde, vol. ii. p. 98.

with which we should arm ourselves; and thus make every scene of life, if not pleasing, at least supportable.

Men complain of not finding a place of repose. They are in the wrong; they have it for seeking. What they indeed should complain of, is, that the heart is an enemy to that very repose they seek. To themselves alone should they impute their discontent. They seek within the short span of life to satisfy a thousand desires, each of which alone is unsatiable. One month passes and another comes on; the year ends and then begins; but man is still unchanging in folly, still blindly continuing in prejudice. To the wise man every climate and every soil is pleasing; to him a parterre of flowers is the famous valley of gold; to him a little brook, the fountain of young peach-trees; to such a man, the melody of birds is more ravishing than the harmony of a full concert; and the tincture of the cloud preferable to the tincture of the finest pencil.

The life of man is a journey, a journey that must be travelled, however bad the roads or the accommodation. If, in the beginning, it is found dangerous, narrow, and difficult, it must either grow better in the end, or we shall by custom learn to bear its inequality.

But though I see you incapable of penetrating into grand principles, attend at least to a simile adapted to every apprehension. I am mounted upon a wretched ass. I see another man before me upon a sprightly horse, at which I find some uneasiness. I look behind me, and see numbers on foot, stooping under heavy burdens;

let me learn to pity their estate, and thank Heaven for my own.

Shingfu, when under misfortunes, would in the beginning weep like a child; but he soon recovered his former tranquillity. After indulging grief for a few days, he would become, as usual, the most merry old man in all the province of Shansi. About the time that his wife died, his possessions were all consumed by fire, and his only son sold into captivity; Shingfu grieved for one day, and the next went to dance at a mandarine's door for his dinner. The company were surprised to see the old man so merry when suffering such great losses; and the mandarine himself coming out, asked him how he, who had grieved so much, and given way to the calamity the day before, could now be so chearful! "You ask me one question, cries the old man, let me answer by asking another: which is the most durable, a hard thing or a soft thing? that which resists, or that which makes no resistance?" A hard thing to be sure, replied the mandarine. "There you are wrong returned Shifnu. I am now fourscore years old; and if you look in my mouth, you will find that I have lost all my teeth, but not a bit of my tongue." Adieu.

From Lien Chi Altangi to ———, Merchant in Amsterdam.

I have just received a letter from my son, in which he informs me of the fruitlessness of his endeavours to recover the lady with whom he fled from Persia. He strives to cover, under the ap-

pearance of fortitude, a heart torn with anxiety and disappointment. I have offered little consolation, since that but too frequently feeds the sorrow which it pretends to deplore, and strengthens the impression which nothing but the external rubs of time and accident can thoroughly efface.

He informs me of his intentions of quitting Moscow the first opportunity, and travelling by land to Amsterdam. I must therefore, upon his arrival, intreat the continuance of our friendship; and beg of you to provide him with proper directions for finding me in London. You can scarcely be sensible of the joy I expect upon seeing him once more: the ties between the father and the son among us of China, are much more closely drawn than with you of Europe.

The remittances sent me from Argun to Moscow, came in safety. I cannot sufficiently admire that spirit of honesty which prevails through the whole country of Siberia: perhaps the savages of that desolate region are the only untutored people of the globe that cultivate the moral virtues, even without knowing that their actions merit praise. I have been told surprising things of their goodness, benevolence, and generosity; and the uninterrupted commerce between China and Russia, serves as a collateral confirmation.

"Let us," says the Chinese law-giver, "admire the rude virtues of the ignorant, but rather imitate the delicate morals of the polite." In the country where I reside, though honesty and benevolence be not so congenial, yet art supplies the place of nature. Though here every vice is carried to excess; yet every virtue is practised also with unexampled superiority. A city like this is

the soil for great virtues and great vices; the villain can soon improve here in the deepest mysteries of deceiving; and the practical philosopher can every day meet new incitements to mend his honest intention. There are no pleasures, sensual or sentimental, which this city does not produce; yet, I know not how, I could not be content to reside here for life There is something so seducing in that spot in which we first had existence, that nothing but it can please; whatever vicissitudes we experience in life, however we toil, or wheresoever we wander, our fatigued wishes still recur to home for tranquillity, we long to die in that spot which gave us birth, and in that pleasing expectation, opiate every calamity.

You now, therefore, perceive, that I have some intentions of leaving this country; and yet my designed departure fills me with reluctance and regret. Though the friendships of travellers are generally more transient than vernal snows, still I feel an uneasiness at breaking the connections I have formed since my arrival; particularly I shall have no small pain in leaving my usual companion, guide, and instructor.

I shall wait for the arrival of my son before I set out. He shall be my companion in every intended journey for the future: in his company I can support the fatigues of the way with redoubled ardour, pleased at once with conveying instruction, and exacting obedience. Adieu.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam.

After a variety of disappointments, my wishes are at length fully satisfied. My son, so long expected, is arrived, at once by his presence banishing my anxiety, and opening a new scene of unexpected pleasure. His improvements in mind and person have far surpassed even the sanguine expectations of a father. I left him a boy, but he is returned a man; pleasing in his person, hardened by travel, and polished by adversity. His disappointment in love, however, had infused an air of melancholy into his conversation, which seemed at intervals to interrupt our mutual satisfaction. I expected that this could find a cure only from time; but fortune, as if willing to load us with her favours, has, in a moment, repaid every uneasiness with rapture.

Two days after his arrival, the man in black with his beautiful niece came to congratulate us upon this occasion: but guess our surprize, when my friend's lovely kinswoman was found to be the very captive my son had rescued from Persia, and who had been wrecked on the Wolga, and was carried by the Russian peasants to the port of Archangel. Were I to hold the pen of a novelist, I might be prolix in describing their feelings at so unexpected an interview; but you may conceive their joy, without any assistance; words were unable to express their transports, then how can words describe it?

When two young persons are sincerely enamoured of each other, nothing can give me

such pleasure as seeing them married: whether I know the parties or not, I am happy at thus binding one link more in the universal chain. Nature has, in some measure, formed me for a match-maker, and given me a soul to sympathize with every mode of human felicity. I instantly, therefore, consulted the man in black, whether we might not crown their mutual wishes by marriage; his soul seems formed of similar materials with mine; he instantly gave his consent, and the next day was appointed for the solemnization of their nuptials.

My son and his fair partner are fixed here for life; the man in black has given them up a small estate in the country, which, added to what I was able to bestow, will be capable of supplying all the real, but not the fictitious demands of happiness. As for myself, the world being but one city to me, I don't much care in which of the streets I happen to reside; I shall therefore spend the remainder of my life in examining the manners of different countries, and have prevailed upon the man in black to be my companion. "They must often change," says Confucius, "who would be constant in happiness or wisdom." Adieu.

THE DECAYED BEAU.

(FROM THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.)

From Lien Chi Altangi, to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy, at Pekin.

Though naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward, work my passion into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk: I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the

right, then to the left; as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Drybone, (cries he, shaking my friend's hand) where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country. During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion; his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his cloaths, and the bloom in his countenance. "Psha, psha, Will, (cried the figure), no more of that if you love me; you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many d——d honest fellows among them; and we must not quarrel with one half, because the other wants

weeding. If they are all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's; my lord was there. Ned, says he to me, Ned, says he, I will hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night. Poaching, my lord, says I: faith you have missed already; for I staid at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth."

Ah, Tibbs, thou art an happy fellow, cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity; I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company? "Improved (replied the other,) you know,—but let it go no farther,—a great secret,—five hundred a-year to begin with.———My lord's word of honour for it—his lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a tete-a-tete dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else."—"I fancy, you forgot Sir, (cried I,) you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town."—"Did I say so, (replied he, coolly,) to be sure, if I said so, it was so.—Dined in town; egad now I do remember I did dine in town; but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I will tell you a pleasant affair about that: we were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's, an affected piece; but let it go no farther; a secret: well, there hap-

pened to be no asafœtida in the sauce to a turkey; upon which says I, I will hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that—But, dear Drybone, you are an honest creature, lend me half a crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—But, harkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you."

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. His very dress, cries my friend, is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in rags, if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarce a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for interests of society, and perhaps for his own, heaven has made him poor, and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence, but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonry, then will he find himself forsaken by all. Condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright the children into obedience. Adieu.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam.

I am apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance, whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be an harmless amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, "Blast me, cries he (with an air of vivacity) I never saw the park so thin in my life before; there's no company at all to-day. Not

a single face to be seen." No company, interrupted I, peevishly; no company where there is such a crowd? Why man, there's too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing atus, but company? "Lord, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good humour, "you seem immensely chagrined; but blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash, the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke-sake. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day; I must insist on it; I will introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of All-night. A charming body of voice, but no more of that, she shall give us a song. You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina-Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature; I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go no farther; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I will make her a scholar; I will teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm, and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every

frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal looking house, in the outlets of the town, where he informed me, he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking stair-case; when, as he mounted to shew me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects? to which answering in the affirmative, "Then (says he) I shall shew you one of the most charming in the world out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may see me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded, Who's there? My conductor answered, that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand: to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony; and, turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady? "Good troth, replied she, in a peculiar dialect, she's washing your twa shirts, at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any

longer."—"My two shirts, (cries he in a tone that faultered with confusion) what does the idiot mean?"—"I ken what I mean well enough, (replied the other) she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because————"—"Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations! (cried he) go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of her's, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarine without an head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry unframed pictures, which he observed, were all his own drawing: "What do you think, Sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it; it is my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me an hundred for its fellow; I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquet; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made

twenty apologies for being seen in such an odious dishabille; but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out all night at the gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns.—"And, indeed, my dear, added she, turning to her husband, his lordship drank your health in a bumper."—"Poor Jack (cries he) a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us, something elegant, and a little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a——" "Or what do you think, my dear, (interrupts the wife,) of a nice pretty bit of ox cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce."—"The very thing (replies he) it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat, that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to encrease; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shewn my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mr. Tibbs assuring me, that dinner, if I staid, would be ready at least in less than two hours. Adieu.

THE CLUBBIST.

(*FROM A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS.*)

I REMEMBER to have read in some philosopher (I believe in Tom Brown's Works) that, let a man's character, sentiments, or complexion, be what they will, he can find company in London to match them. If he be splenetic, he may every day meet companions on the seats in St. James's Park, with whose groans he may mix his own, and pathetically talk of the weather. If he be passionate, he may vent his rage among the old orators at Slaughter's coffee-house, and damn the nation because it keeps him from starving. If he be phlegmatic, he may sit in silence at the Humdrum club in Ivy-lane; and, if actually mad, he may find very good company in Moorfields, either at Bedlam or the Foundery, ready to cultivate a nearer acquaintance.

But, although such as have a knowledge of the town may easily class themselves with tempers congenial to their own, a countryman who comes to live in London, finds nothing more difficult. With regard to myself, none ever tried with more assiduity, or came off with such indifferent success. I spent a whole season in the search, during which time my name has been enrolled in societies, lodges, convocations, and meetings without number. To some I was introduced by a friend, to others invited by an advertisement; to these I introduced myself, and to those I changed my

name to gain admittance. In short, no coquette was ever more solicitous to match her ribbons to her complexion, than I to suit my club to my temper, for I was too obstinate to bring my temper to conform to it.

The first club I entered, upon coming to town, was that of the Choice Spirits. The name was entirely suited to my taste; I was a lover of mirth, good humour, and even sometimes of fun, from my childhood.

As no other passport was requisite but the payment of two shillings at the door, I introduced myself without further ceremony to the members, who were already assembled, and had, for some time, begun upon business. The Grand, with a mallet in his hand, presided at the head of the table. I could not avoid, upon my entrance, making use of my skill in physiognomy, in order to discover that superiority of genius in men who had taken a title so superior to the rest of mankind. I expected to see the lines of every face marked with strong thinking; but, though I had some skill in this science, I could for my life discover nothing but a pert simper, fat or profound stupidity.

My speculations were soon interrupted by the Grand, who had knocked down Mr. Spriggins for a song. I was, upon this, whispered by one of the company who sat next to me, that I should now see something touched off to a nicety, for Mr. Spriggins was going to give us Mad Tom in all its glory. Mr. Spriggins endeavoured to excuse himself; for, as he was to act a madman and a king, it was impossible to go through the part properly without a crown and chains. His ex-

cuses were overruled by a great majority, and with much vociferation. The president ordered up the jack-chain, and, instead of a crown, our performer covered his brows with an inverted jordan. After he had rattled his chain, and shook his head, to the great delight of the whole company, he began his song. As I have heard few young fellows offer to sing in company that did not expose themselves, it was no great disappointment to me to find Mr. Spriggins among the number; however, not to seem an odd fish, I rose from my seat in rapture, cried out, "Bravo! Encore!" and slapped the table as loud as any of the rest.

The gentleman who sat next me seemed highly pleased with my taste, and the ardour of my approbation; and, whispering, told me that I had suffered an immense loss, for had I come a few minutes sooner, I might have heard Geeho Dobbin sung in a tip-top manner by the pimple-nosed spirit at the president's right elbow; but he was evaporated before I came.

As I was expressing my uneasiness at this disappointment, I found the attention of the company employed upon a fat figure, who, with a voice more rough than the Staffordshire giant's, was giving us the "Softly Sweet, in Lydian Measure," of Alexander's Feast. After a short pause of admiration, to this succeeded a Welch Dialogue, with the Humours of Teague and Taffy: after that came on "Old Jackson," with a story between every stanza: next was sung "The Dust Cart," and then "Solomon's Song." The glass began now to circulate pretty freely; those who were silent, when sober, would now be heard in their turn; every man had his song, and he saw

CLASSIC TALES.

Painted by David Wilkie. Engraved by Anker Smith Ad

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no reason why he should not be heard as well as any of the rest: one begged to be heard while he gave "Death and the Lady" in high taste; another sung to a plate which he kept trundling on the edges. Nothing was now heard but singing; voice rose above voice, till the whole became one universal shout, when the landlord came to acquaint the company that the reckoning was drank out. Rabelais calls the moments, in which a reckoning is mentioned, the most melancholy of our lives: never was so much noise so quickly quelled as by this short but pathetic oration of our landlord: "Drank out!" was echoed in a tone of discontent round the table: "Drank out already! that was very odd! that so much punch could be drank out already: impossible!" The landlord, however, seemed resolved not to retreat from his first assurances; the company was dissolved, and a president chosen for the night ensuing.

A friend of mine, to whom I was complaining some time after of the entertainment I have been describing, proposed to bring me to the club that he frequented; which he fancied would suit the gravity of my temper exactly. "We have, at the Muzzy Club," says he, "no riotous mirth nor awkward ribaldry; no confusion or bawling; all is conducted with wisdom and decency: besides, some of our members are worth forty thousand pounds; men of prudence and foresight every one of them: these are the proper acquaintance, and to such I will to-night introduce you." I was charmed at the proposal; to be acquainted with men worth forty thousand pounds, and to talk wisdom the whole night, were offers that threw me into rapture.

At seven o'clock I was accordingly introduced by my friend, not indeed to the company, for though I made my best bow, they seemed insensible of my approach, but to the table at which they were sitting. Upon my entering the room, I could not avoid feeling a secret veneration from the solemnity of the scene before me; the members kept a profound silence, each with a pipe in his mouth, and a pewter pot in his hand, and with faces that might easily be construed into absolute wisdom. Happy society, thought I to myself, where the members think before they speak, deliver nothing rashly, but convey their thoughts to each other, pregnant with meaning, and matured by reflection.

In this pleasing speculation I continued a full half hour, expecting each moment that somebody would begin to open his mouth; every time the pipe was laid down, I expected it was to speak, but it was only to spit. At length, resolving to break the charm myself, and overcome their extreme diffidence, for to this I imputed their silence, I rubbed my hands, and, looking as wise as possible, observed that the nights began to grow a little coolish at this time of the year. This, as it was directed to none of the company in particular, none thought himself obliged to answer; wherefore I continued still to rub my hands, and look wise. My next effort was addressed to a gentleman who sat next me, to whom I observed, that the beer was extremely good; my neighbour made no reply, but by a large puff of tobacco smoke.

I now began to be uneasy in this dumb society, till one of them a little relieved me, by observing that bread had not risen these three weeks. "Ay,"

says another, still keeping the pipe in his mouth, "that puts me in mind of a pleasant story about that—hem—very well—you must know—but before I begin—Sir, my service to you—Where was I?"

My next club goes by the name of the Harmonial Society; probably from that love of order and friendship which every person commends in institutions of this nature. The landlord was himself founder. The money spent is fourpence each; and they sometimes whip for a double reckoning. To this club few recommendations are requisite, except the introductory fourpence, and my landlord's good word, which, as he gains by it, he never refuses.

We all here talked and behaved as every body else usually does on his club-night; we discussed the topic of the day, drank each others health, snuffed the candles with our fingers, and filled our pipes from the same plate of tobacco. The company saluted each other in the common manner. Mr. Bellows-mender hoped Mr. Curry-comb-maker had not caught cold going home the last club-night; and he returned the compliment, by hoping that young Master Bellows-mender had got well again of the chin-cough. Doctor Twist told us a story of a parliament-man with whom he was intimately acquainted; while the bug-man, at the same time, was telling a better story of a noble lord with whom he could do any thing. A gentleman in a black wig and leather breeches, at the other end of the table, was engaged in a long narrative of the ghost in Cock-lane; he had read it in the papers of the day, and was telling it to some

that sat next him, who could not read. Near him Mr. Dibbins was disputing on the old subject of religion with a Jew pedlar, over the table, while the president vainly knocked down Mr. Leathersides for a song. Besides the combinations of these voices, which I could hear all together, and which formed an upper part to the concert, there were several others playing under parts by themselves, and endeavouring to fasten on some luckless neighbour's ear, who was himself bent upon the same design against some other.

We have often heard of the speech of a corporation, and this induced me to transcribe a speech of this club, taken in short-hand, word for word, as it was spoken by every member of the company. It may be necessary to observe, that the man who told of the ghost had the loudest voice, and the longest story to tell, so that his continuing narrative filled every chasm in the conversation.

"So, Sir, d'ye perceive me, the ghost giving three loud raps at the bed-post——Says my Lord to me, My dear Smokeum, you know there is no man upon the face of the yearth for whom I have so high——A damnable false heretical opinion of all sound doctrine and good learning; for I'll tell it aloud, and spare not, that——Silence for a song; Mr. Leathersides for a song——'As I was awalking upon the highway, I met a young damsel' ——Then what brings you here? says the parson to the ghost——Sanchoniathon, Menetho, and Berosus——The whole way from Islington turnpike to Doghouse bar——Dam——As for Abel Drugger, Sir, he's damn'd low in it, my 'prentice boy has more of the gentleman than he——For murder will out one time or another; and none but a

ghost, you know, gentlemen, can——Damme if I don't; for my friend, whom you know gentlemen, and who is a parliament-man, a man of consequence, a dear honest creature, to be sure; we were laughing last night at——Death and damnation upon all his posterity, by simply barely tasting—Sour grapes, as the fox said once when he could not reach them; and I'll—I'll tell you a story about that, that will make you burst your sides with laughing: A fox once——Will nobody listen to the song?——'As I was walking upon the highway, I met a young damsel both buxom and gay' ——No ghost, gentlemen, can be murdered; nor did I ever hear but of one ghost killed in all my life, and that was stabbed in the belly with a—— My blood and soul if I dont——Mr. Bellowsmender I have the honour of drinking your very good health——Blast me if I do—dam—blood—bugs—fire—whiz—blid—tit—rap—trip."

Were I to be angry at men for being fools, I could here find ample room for declamation; but alas! I have been a fool myself; and why should I be angry with them for being something so natural to every child of humanity?

Fatigued with this society, I was introduced the following night to a club of fashion. On taking my place I found the conversation sufficiently easy, and tolerably good-natured, for my Lord and Sir Paul were not yet arrived. I now thought myself completely fitted; and, resolving to seek no farther, determined to take up my residence here for the winter; while my temper began to open insensibly to the cheerfulness I saw diffused in every face in the room: but the delusion soon

vanished, when the waiter came to apprize us that his Lordship and Sir Paul were just arrived.

From this moment all our felicity was at an end; our new guests bustled into the room, and took their seats at the head of the table. Adieu now all confidence! Every creature strove who should most recommend himself to our members of distinction. Each seemed quite regardless of pleasing any but our new guests; and what before wore the appearance of friendship was now turned into rivalry.

Yet I could not observe that, amidst all this flattery and obsequious attention, our great men took any notice of the rest of the company. Their whole discourse was addressed to each other. Sir Paul told his Lordship a long story of Moravia the Jew; and his Lordship gave Sir Paul a very long account of his new method of managing silk-worms; he led him, and consequently the rest of the company, through all the stages of feeding, sunning, and hatching; with an episode on mulberry-trees, a digression upon grass-seeds, and a long parenthesis about his new postillion. In this manner we travelled on, wishing every story to be the last; but all in vain;

"Hills over hills, and Alps on Alps arose."

The last club in which I was enrolled a member, was a Society of Moral Philosophers, as they called themselves, who assembled twice a week, in order to show the absurdity of the present mode of religion, and establish a new one in its stead.

I found the members very warmly disputing

when I arrived; not indeed about religion or ethics, but about who had neglected to lay down his preliminary sixpence upon entering the room. The president swore that he had laid his own down, and so swore all the company.

During this contest, I had an opportunity of observing the laws, and also the members of the society. The president, who had been, as I was told, lately a bankrupt, was a tall pale figure, with a long black wig; the next to him was dressed in a large white wig, and a black cravat; a third, by the brownness of his complexion, seemed a native of Jamaica; and a fourth, by his hue, appeared to be a blacksmith. But their rules will give the most just idea of their learning and principles.

I. We, being a laudable Society of Moral Philosophers, intends to dispute twice a-week about religion and priestcraft; leaving behind us old wives tales, and following good learning and sound sense. And if so be that any other persons has a mind to be of the society, they shall be entitled so to do, upon paying the sum of three shillings, to be spent by the company in punch.

II. That no member get drunk before nine of the clock, upon pain of forfeiting threepence, to be spent by the company in punch.

III. That, as members are sometimes apt to go away without paying, every person shall pay sixpence upon his entering the room; and all disputes shall be settled by a majority; and all fines shall be paid in punch.

IV. That sixpence shall be every night given to the president, in order to buy books of learning

for the good of the society: the president has already put himself to a good deal of expence in buying books for the club, particularly the works of Tully, Socrates, and Cicero, which he will soon read to the society.

V. All them who brings a new argument against religion, and who, being a philosopher and a man of learning, as the rest of us is, shall be admitted to the freedom of the society, upon paying sixpence only, to be spent in punch.

VI. Whenever we are to have an extraordinary meeting, it shall be advertised by some outlandish name in the newspapers.

SAUNDERS MAC WILD, President.
ANTHONY BLEWIT, Vice-President, his † mark.
WILLIAM TURPIN, Secretary.

THE AUTHORS' CLUB.

(FROM THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.)

From Lien Chi Altangi, in London, to Fum Hoam, at Pekin, in China.

WERE we to estimate the learning of the English by the number of books that are every day published among them, perhaps no country, not even China itself, could equal them in this particular. I have reckoned not less than twenty-three new books published in one day; which, upon computation, makes eight thousand three hundred and ninety-

five in one year. Most of these are not confined to one single science, but embrace the whole circle. History, politics, poetry, mathematics, metaphysics, and the philosophy of nature, are all comprised in a manual not larger than that in which our children are taught the letters. If then we suppose the learned of England to read but an eighth part of the works which daily come from the press, (and sure none can pretend to learning upon less easy terms,) at this rate, every scholar will read a thousand books in one year. From such a calculation, you may conjecture what an amazing fund of literature a man must be possessed of, who thus reads three new books every day, not one of which but contains all the good things that ever were said or written.

And yet I know not how it happens, but the English are not in reality so learned as would seem from this calculation. We meet but few who know all arts and sciences in perfection; whether it is that the generality are incapable of such extensive knowledge, or that the authors of those books are not adequate instructors. In China, the Emperor himself takes cognizance of all the doctors in the kingdom who profess authorship. In England, every man may be an author that can write; for they have by law a liberty, not only of saying what they please, but of being also as dull as they please.

Yesterday I testified my surprise to the man in black, where writers could be found in sufficient number to throw off the books I daily saw crowding from the press. I at first imagined that the learned seminaries might take this method of instructing the world; but to obviate this objection, my com-

panion assured me, that the doctors of colleges never wrote, and that some of them had actually forgot their reading; but if you desire, continued he, to see a collection of authors, I fancy I can introduce you this evening to a club, which assembles every Saturday at seven, at the sign of the Broom, near Islington, to talk over the business of the last and the entertainment of the week ensuing. I accepted his invitation; we walked together, and entered the house some time before the usual hour for the company assembling.

My friend took this opportunity of letting me into the characters of the principal members of the club, not even the host excepted, who, it seems, was once an author himself, but preferred by a bookseller to this situation, as a reward for his former services.

The first person, said he, of our society, is Dr. Nonentity, a metaphysician. Most people think him a profound scholar; but as he seldom speaks, I cannot be positive in that particular; he generally spreads himself before the fire, sucks his pipe, talks little, drinks much, and is reckoned very good company; I am told he writes indexes to perfection, he makes essays on the origin of evil, philosophical inquiries upon any subject, and draws up an answer to any book upon twenty-four hours warning. You may distinguish him from the rest of the company by his long grey wig, and the blue handkerchief round his neck.

The next to him in merit and esteem is Tim Syllabub, a droll creature; he sometimes shines as a star of the first magnitude among the choice spirits of the age; he is reckoned equally excellent at a rebus, a riddle, a bawdy song, and an hymn for

the tabernacle. You will know him by his shabby finery, his powdered wig, dirty shirt, and broken silk stockings.

After him succeeds Mr. Tibs, a very useful hand; he writes receipts for the bite of a mad dog, and throws off an eastern tale to perfection; he understands the business of an author as well as any man; for no bookseller alive can cheat him: you may distinguish him by the peculiar clumsiness of his figure and the coarseness of his coat; however, though it be coarse (as he frequently tells the company) he has paid for it.

Lawyer Squint is the politician of the society; he makes speeches for Parliament, writes addresses to his fellow-subjects, and letters to noble commanders; he gives the history of every new play, and finds seasonable thoughts upon every occasion. My companion was proceeding in his description, when the host came running in with terror on his countenance to tell us, that the door was beset with bailiffs.—If that be the case then, says my companion, we had as good be going; for I am positive we shall not see one of the company this night. Wherefore disappointed, we were both obliged to return home, he to enjoy the oddities which compose his character alone, and I to write, as usual, to my friend, the occurrences of the day. Adieu.

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam.

My friend and I repeated our visit to the club of authors; where, upon our entrance, we found the members all assembled, and engaged in a loud debate.

The poet, in shabby finery, holding a manuscript in his hand, was earnestly endeavouring to persuade the company to hear him read the first book of an heroic poem, which he had composed the day before. But against this all the members very warmly objected. They knew no reason why any member of the club should be indulged with a particular hearing, when many of them had published whole volumes which had never been looked in. They insisted that the law should be observed, where reading in company was expressly noticed. It was in vain that the plaintiff pleaded the peculiar merit of his piece; he spoke to an assembly insensible to all his remonstrances; the book of laws was opened, and read by the secretary; where it was expressly enacted, "That whatsoever poet, speech-maker, critic, or historian, should presume to engage the company, by reading his own works, he was to lay down sixpence previous to opening the manuscript, and should be charged one shilling an hour while he continued reading; the said shilling to be equally distributed among the company, as a recompence for their trouble."

Our poet seemed at first to shrink at the penalty, hesitating for some time whether he should deposit the fine, or shut up the poem; but looking round, and perceiving two strangers in the room, his love of fame outweighed his prudence, and laying down the sum by law established, he insisted on his prerogative.

A profound silence ensuing, he began by explaining his design:—"Gentlemen," says he, "the present piece is not one of your common epic poems, which come from the press like paper kites

in summer; there are none of your Turnuses or Didos in it; it is an heroical description of nature. I only beg you'll endeavour to make your souls in unison with mine, and hear with the same enthusiasm with which I have written. The poem begins with the description of an author's bed-chamber: the picture was sketched in my own apartment; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am myself the hero." Then putting himself into the attitude of an orator, with all the emphasis of voice and action, he proceeded:—

Where the Red Lion staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There, in a lonely room, from bailiff's snug,
The muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug;
A window patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly shew'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread,
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal game of goose was there in view;
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave Prince William shew'd his lamp-black face:
The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears, the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board:
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night ——— a stocking all the day!

With this last line he seemed so much elated, that he was unable to proceed: "There, gentlemen," cries he, "there is a description for you; Rabelais's bed-chamber is but a fool to it:—

A cap by night ——— a stocking all the day!

"There is sound, and sense, and truth, and nature, in the trifling compass of ten little syllables."

He was too much employed in self-admiration to observe the company: who, by nods, winks, shrugs, and stifled laughter, testified every mark of contempt. He turned severally to each for their opinion, and found all, however, ready to applaud. One swore it was inimitable; another said it was damn'd fine: and a third cried out in a rapture, *Carissimo*. At last, addressing himself to the president; and pray, Mr. Squint, says he, let us have your opinion. Mine, answered the president, (taking the manuscript out of the author's hands), may this glass suffocate me, but I think it equal to any thing I have seen; and I fancy, (continued he) doubling up the poem, and forcing it into the author's pocket, that you will get great honour when it comes out; so I shall beg leave to put it in. We shall not intrude upon your good nature, in desiring to hear more of it at present; "*ex ungue Herculem*," we are satisfied, perfectly satisfied. The author made two or three attempts to pull it out a second time, and the president made as many to prevent him. Thus, though with reluctance, he was at last obliged to sit down, contented with the commendations for which he had paid.

When this tempest of poetry and praise was blown over, one of the company changed the subject, by wondering how any man could be so dull as to write poetry at present, since prose itself would hardly pay.—Would you think it, gentlemen, continued he, I have actually written last week, sixteen prayers, twelve bawdy jests, and three sermons, all at the rate of sixpence a-piece; and what is still more extraordinary, the bookseller has lost by the bargain. Such sermons would have once gained me a prebend's stall; but now,

alas! we have neither piety, taste, nor humour amongst us. Positively, if this season does not turn out better than it has begun, unless the ministry commit some blunders to furnish us with a new topic of abuse, I shall resume my old business of working at the press, instead of finding it employment.

The whole club seemed to join in condemning the season, as one of the worst that had come for some time; a gentleman particularly observed, that the nobility were never known to subscribe worse than at present.—"I know not how it happens," said he, "though I follow them up as close as possible, yet I can hardly get a single subscription in a week. The houses of the great are as inaccessible as a frontier garrison at midnight. I never see a nobleman's door half opened, that some surly porter or footman does not stand full in the breach. I was yesterday to wait with a subscription proposal upon my Lord Squash the Creolian. I had posted myself at his door the whole morning, and just as he was getting into his coach, thrust my proposal snug into his hand, folded up in the form of a letter from myself. He just glanced at the superscription, and not knowing the hand, consigned it to his valet de chambre; this respectable personage treated it as his master, and put it into the hands of the porter. The porter grasped my proposal, frowning; and, measuring my figure from top to toe, put it back into my own hands unopened."

—"To the devil I pitch all the nobility," cries a little man, in a peculiar accent; "I am sure they have of late used me most scurvily. You

must know, gentlemen, some time ago, upon the arrival of a certain noble duke from his travels, I set myself down, and vamped up a fine flaunting poetical panygeric, which I had written in such a strain, that I fancied it would have even wheedled milk from a mouse. In this I represented the whole kingdom welcoming his grace to his native soil, nor forgetting the loss France and Italy would sustain in their arts by his departure. I expected to touch for a bank-bill at least; so folding up my verses in gilt paper, I gave my last half crown to a genteel servant to be the bearer. My letter was safely conveyed to his grace; and the servant, after four hours absence, during which time I led the life of a fiend, returned with a letter four times as big as mine. Guess my extasy at the prospect of so fine a return. I eagerly took the packet into my hands, that trembled to receive it. I kept it some time unopened before me, brooding over the expected treasure it contained; when opening it, as I hope to be saved, gentlemen! his grace had sent me in payment for my poem, no bank bills, but six copies of verse, each longer than mine, addressed to him upon the same occasion."

—"A nobleman (cries a member who had hitherto been silent), is created as much for the confusion of us authors, as the catch-pole. I'll tell you a story, gentlemen, which is as true, as that this pipe is made of clay.—When I was delivered of my first book, I owed my tailor for a suit of cloaths; but that is nothing new, you know, and may be any man's case as well as mine. Well, owing him for a suit of cloaths, and hearing that my book took very well, he sent

for his money, and insisted upon being paid immediately; though I was at that time in rich fame, for my book run like wild-fire, yet I was very short in money, and being unable to satisfy his demand, prudently resolved to keep my chamber, preferring a prison of my own chusing at home, to one of my tailor's chusing abroad. In vain the bailiffs used all their arts to decoy me from my citadel; in vain they sent to let me know, that a gentleman wanted to speak with me at the next tavern; in vain they came with an urgent message from my aunt in the country; in vain I was told that a particular friend was at the point of death, and desired to take his last farewel; I was deaf, insensible, rock, adamant. The bailiffs could make no impression on my hard heart, for I effectually kept my liberty, by never stirring out of the room.

"This was very well for a fortnight; when one morning I received a most splendid message from the Earl of Doomsday, importing that he had read my book, and was in raptures with every line of it; he impatiently longed to see the author, and had some designs which might turn out greatly to my advantage. I paused upon the contents of this message, and found there could be no deceit, for the card was gilt at the edges, and the bearer, I was told, had quite the looks of a gentleman. Witness, ye powers, how my heart triumphed at my own importance! I saw a long perspective felicity before me; I applauded the taste of the times, which never saw genius forsaken! I had prepared a set introductory speech for the occasion, five glaring compliments for his lordship, and two more modest for myself. The next

morning, therefore, in order to be punctual to my appointment, I took coach, and ordered the fellow to drive to the street and house mentioned in his lordship's address. I had the precaution to pull up the windows as I went along, to keep off the busy part of mankind; and, big with expectation, fancied the coach never went fast enough. At length, however, the wished-for moment of its stopping arrived; this for some time I impatiently expected; and letting down the door in a transport, in order to take a previous view of his lordship's magnificent palace and situation, I found—poison to my sight! I found myself, not in an elegant street, but a paltry lane; not at a nobleman's door, but the door of a spunging-house; I found the coachman had all this while been driving me to jail, and I saw the bailiff, with a devil's face, coming out to secure me."

To a philosopher, no circumstance, however trifling, is too minute; he finds instruction and entertainment in occurrences which are passed over by the rest of mankind as low, trite, and indifferent; it is from the number of these particulars, which to many appear insignificant, that he is at last enabled to form general conclusions: this, therefore, must be my excuse for sending so far as China, accounts of manners and follies, which, though minute in their own nature, serve more truly to characterize this people, than histories of their public treaties, courts, ministers, negociations, and ambassadors. Adieu.

CHOANG AND HANSI.

(FROM THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.)

The English love their wives with much passion: the Hollanders with much prudence. The English when they give their hands, frequently give their hearts; the Dutch give the hand, but keep the heart wisely in their own possession. The English love with violence, and expect violent love in return; the Dutch are satisfied with the slightest acknowledgments, for they give little away. The English expend many of the matrimonial comforts in the first year; the Dutch frugally husband out their pleasures, and are always constant, because they are always indifferent.

There seems very little difference between a Dutch bridegroom and a Dutch husband. Both are equally possessed of the same cool unexpecting serenity; they can see neither elysium or paradise behind the curtain; and *Yiffrow* is not more a goddess on the wedding night, than after twenty years matrimonial acquaintance. On the other hand, many of the English marry, in order to have one happy month in their lives; they seem incapable of looking beyond that period; they unite in hopes of finding rapture, and, disappointed in that, disdain ever to accept of happiness. From hence we see open hatred ensue; or what is worse, concealed disgust under the appearance of fulsome endearment. Much formality, great civility, and

studied compliments are exhibited in public; cross looks, sulky silence, or open recrimination, fill up their hours of private entertainment.

Hence I am taught, whenever I see a new married couple more than ordinary fond before faces, to consider them as attempting to impose upon the company or themselves, either hating each other heartily, or consuming that stock of love in the beginning of their course, which should serve them through their whole journey. Neither side should expect those instances of kindness, which are inconsistent with true freedom or happiness to bestow. Love, when founded in the heart, will shew itself in a thousand unpremeditated sallies of fondness; but every cool deliberate exhibition of the passion, only argues little understanding or great insincerity.

Choang was the fondest husband, and Hansi the most endearing wife, in all the kingdom of Corea: they were a pattern of conjugal bliss; the inhabitants of the country around saw and envied their felicity; wherever Choang came, Hansi was sure to follow; and in all the pleasures of Hansi, Choang was admitted a partner. They walked hand in hand wherever they appeared, shewing every mark of mutual satisfaction, embracing, kissing, their mouths were for ever joined, and to speak the language of anatomy, it was with them one perpetual anastomosis.

Their love was so great, that it was thought nothing could interrupt their mutual peace; when an accident happened, which in some measure diminished the husband's assurance of his wife's fidelity; for love so refined as his was subject to a thousand little disquietudes.

Happening to go one day alone among the tombs that lay at some distance from his house, he there perceived a lady dressed in the deepest mourning (being clothed all over in white) fanning the wet clay that was raised over one of the graves with a large fan which she had in her hand; Choang, who had early been taught wisdom in the school of Lao, was unable to assign a cause for the present employment; and coming up, civilly demanded the reason. Alas! replied the lady, her eyes bathed in tears, how is it possible to survive the loss of my husband, who lies buried in this grave? he was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands; with his dying breath he bid me never marry again, till the earth over his grave should be dry; and here you see me steadily resolving to obey his will, and endeavouring to dry it with my fan. I have employed two whole days in fulfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, even though his grave should take up four days in drying.

Choang, who was struck with the widow's beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at her haste to be married; but concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home, adding, that he had a wife who might be capable of giving her some consolation. As soon as he and his guest were returned, he imparted to Hansi in private what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness, that such might be his own case, if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

It is impossible to describe Hansi's resentment at so unkind a suspicion. As her passion for him was not only great but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns, and exclamations, to chide

his suspicions; the widow herself was inveighed against; and Hansi declared she was resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch, who, like her, could be guilty of such barefaced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy; however, the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging; for Choang was not disposed to resist, and Hansi would have her way.

The widow had scarce been gone an hour, when an old disciple of Choang's, whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the most honorable seat at supper, and the wine began to circulate with great freedom. Choang and Hansi exhibited open marks of mutual tenderness and unfeigned reconciliation: nothing could equal their apparent happiness: so fond an husband, so obedient a wife, few could behold without their regretting their own infelicity. When, lo! their happiness was at once disturbed by a most fatal accident. Choang fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. Every method was used, but in vain, for his recovery. Hansi was at first inconsolable for his death; after some hours, however, she found spirits to read his last will. The ensuing day, she began to moralize and talk wisdom; the next day she was able to comfort the young disciple; and, on the third, to shorten a long story, they both agreed to be married.

There was now no longer mourning in the apartments; the body of Choang was now thrust into an old coffin, and placed in one of the meanest rooms, there to lie unattended, until the time prescribed by the law for his interment. In the mean time, Hansi and the young disciple were arrayed

in the most magnificent habits; the bride wore in her nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover was dressed in all the finery of his former master, together with a pair of artificial whiskers that reached down to his toes. The hour of their nuptials was arrived; the whole family sympathized with their approaching happiness; the apartments were brightened up with lights that diffused the most exquisite perfume, and a lustre more bright than noon-day. The lady expected her youthful lover in an inner apartment with impatience; when his servant, approaching with terror in his countenance, informed her, that his master was fallen into a fit, which would certainly be mortal, unless the heart of a man lately dead could be obtained, and applied to his breast. She scarce waited to hear the end of his story, when, tucking up her cloaths, she ran with a mattock in her hand to the coffin where Choang lay, resolving to apply the heart of her dead husband as a cure for the living. She therefore struck the lid with the utmost violence. In a few blows the coffin flew open, when the body, which to all appearance had been dead, began to move. Terrified at the sight, Hansi dropped the mattock, and Choang walked out, astonished at his own situation, his wife's unusual magnificence, and her more amazing surprize. He went among the apartments, unable to conceive the cause of so much splendor. He was not long in suspense before his domestics informed him of every transaction since he first became insensible. He could scarce believe what they told him, and went in pursuit of Hansi herself, in order to receive more certain information, or to reproach her infidelity. But she prevented

his reproaches: he found her weltering in blood; for she had stabbed herself to the heart, being unable to survive her shame and disappointment.

Choang being a philosopher, was too wise to make any loud lamentations; he thought it best to bear his loss with serenity; so, mending up the old coffin where he had lain himself, he placed his faithless spouse in his room; and unwilling that so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain, he, the same night, married the widow with the large fan.

As they were both apprised of the foibles of each other beforehand, they knew how to excuse them after marriage. They lived together for many years in great tranquillity; and not expecting rapture, made a shift to find contentment. Farewel.

THE MAN-HATER.

(*FROM A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS.*)

WHERE Taurus lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem the Man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men, had shared in their amusements, and had been taught to love

his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection; but, from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the weary traveller never passed his door; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved; and made his application with confidence of redress: the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them: he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist: wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew, namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food; and his drink was fetched, with danger and toil, from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom; reflecting, on its

broad surface, the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend; and, reclining on its steep bank, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. "How beautiful," he often cried, "is nature! how lovely, even in her wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility; from hence an hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise: but man, vile man, is a solecism in nature; the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the Divine Creator! Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why, then, O Alla! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair?"

Just as he uttered the word despair, he was going to plunge into a lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety, when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

"Son of Adam," cried the genius, "stop thy rash purpose; the Father of the faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow, without trembling, wherever I shall lead. In me behold the Genius of Conviction, kept by the great Prophet to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me, and be wise."

Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water, till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink: the waters closed over their heads; they descended several hundred fathoms; till Asem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself, with his celestial guide, in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

"I plainly perceive your amazement," said the genius; "but suspend it for awhile. This world was formed by Alla, at the request and under the inspection of our great prophet, who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequence of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed agreeable to your own ideas; they are absolutely without vice. In other respects, it resembles your earth; but differs from it, in being wholly inhabited by men

who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it; but permit me, for some time, to attend you; that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation.

"A world without vice! Rational beings without immorality!" cries Asem in a rapture; "I thank thee, O Alla, who has at length heard my petitions! This, this, indeed, will produce happiness, extasy, and ease. O for an immortality, to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes that render society miserable."

"Cease thine exclamations," replied the genius. "Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you think proper, I shall be your attendant and instructor." Asem and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but at last recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing, that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primeval wildness.

"Here," cried Asem, "I perceive animals of prey, and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive animals, which only prey on the other parts of the crea-

tion." "Your tenderness for inferior animals is, I find, remarkable," said the genius, smiling. "But with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other; and, indeed for obvious reasons: for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals, by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived entirely on the vegetable productions: so that animals of different natures, thus formed, instead of lessening their multitude, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction.

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and Asem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. "Heavens!" cried Asem, "why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?" He had scarce spoke when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. "This," cried Asem to his guide, "is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action." "Every species of animals," replied the genius, "has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage

their harmless frontiers. "But they should have been destroyed," cried Asem; "you see the consequence of such neglect." "Where is then that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?" replied the genius, smiling: "you seem to have forgot that branch of justice." "I must acknowledge my mistake," returned Asem; "I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of men to these irrational creatures, but survey their connexions with one another."

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor, perceiving his surprise, observed, that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had an house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses which could only increase their own pride, and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for show. "At least, then," said Asem, "they have neither architects, painters, nor statuaries, in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you shall have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so enamoured as wisdom." "Wisdom," replied his instructor, "how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no

occasion for it: true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is such wisdom here? Each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them." "All this may be right," says Asem; but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse." "That indeed is true," replied the other: "here is no established society; nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious." "Well, then," said the sceptic, "as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine." "And to what purpose should either do this?" says the genius, "flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed of here; and wisdom is out of the question."

"Still, however," said Asem, "the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence: each has therefore leisure to pity those

who stand in need of his compassion." He had scarce spoken when his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way-side, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran up to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. "Strange," cried the son of Adam, "that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!" "Be not surprised," said the wretch who was dying; "would it not be the utmost injustice for beings who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary; and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with." "They should have been supplied with more than is necessary," cried Asem; "and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before: all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received a favour. They have, however, another excellence yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues." "Peace, Asem," replied the guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful, "nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom: the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own interest to that of others, induce us to regard our country preferable to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that you see is practised here." "Strange," cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress: "What sort of a world am I now intro-

duced to? There is scarce a single virtue but that of temperance which they practise, and in that they are no way superior to the very brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy; fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, all are virtues entirely unknown here: thus it seems, that to be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue. Take me, O my genius, back to that very world which I have despised: a world which has Alla for its contriver, is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mahomet. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred, I can now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only showed my own ignorance; henceforth, let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others."

He had scarce ended, when the genius, assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Asem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when, casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place where he first began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water-side in tranquillity; and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segastan, his native city, where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his do-

mestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city; nor did he receive them with disdain; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

BROOKE.

CRITICAL ESSAY ON HIS WRITINGS AND GENIUS, *BY LEIGH HUNT.*

Little is recollected of the writings of Henry Brooke, but his tragedy of *Gustavus Vasa* and his novel called the *Fool of Quality;* yet it must not be supposed that he wrote little else. His other productions possess no tolerable claim to originality, and therefore they are never read; hence he is generally imagined to have been a very sparing writer, when in fact he laboured as hard for oblivion, in spite of these two works, as men of infinitely less genius.

Originality is as necessary to the author's existence as the atmosphere is to that of the man. An old story is bad enough in conversation, but it becomes intolerable in writing, since we expect more from books than from casual discourse. When an author in a polite nation complains that his works have never been admired, he does nothing but proclaim their want of merit. Every body who publishes, pretends directly or indirectly to

tell us something new either in subject or in manner; he claims our hearing in the face of the whole world; and if after all this importance he really tells us nothing, it is very natural that he should first be ridiculed and then neglected. Even the occasional dulness of real genius is disregarded by posterity, however it may be kept alive by dull commentators and stupid booksellers, who cannot distinguish their own sort of genius from what is worthy of preservation. If the psalms of MILTON are printed with the rest of his works, nobody will assert that they are read with them; it is the same with the miscellanies of OTWAY, the odes of AKENSIDE, and the elegies of CONGREVE. I shall not undertake therefore to criticise all the fugitive productions of BROOKE, which were praised by few even in his own age, and have been forgotten by every body in our's. His poems have been collected into four volumes, by which it appears that he wrote several plays besides his celebrated tragedy: most of these are mere alterations from other writers, and the rest so miserably defective that they are suspected to be mere interpolations in his posthumous works. The three books translated from TASSO's *Jerusalem* are poetically superior to the subsequent translation of HOOLE; but it is doubted whether they are so like the original. Of *Ruth*, an oratorio, I

can find nothing worth remembrance, but its adaptation to music by HANDEL.

A little digression will be allowed me in mentioning the philosophical poem of *Universal Beauty*, because it is the undoubted forerunner of a style which has lately amazed our age. This poem undertakes to explain the œconomy of the universe, and to instruct us in the nature of astronomy, physics, anatomy, and most branches of natural philosophy; so that one end is certainly gained at the very outset, for if the author had otherwise failed in amusing us, his plan was sufficiently ludicrous. It is the nature of true poetry to produce an instantaneous effect, its beauties are immediately acknowledged and its flight followed with enthusiasm; but it is the nature of science to require cold study and calculation, to be read and re-read before it is understood, and to be received in its best explanations with a doubtful caution. An union between two species of writing so essentially different is inconsistent and monstrous, and natural philosophy becomes almost as improper a subject for verse as geometry or arithmetic. Whenever the philosophic poets, from LUCRETIUS down to BLACKMORE, who was imitated by BROOKE, who was copied by DARWIN, have attempted to enter into the minutenesses of their subject, they have invariably become con-

strained, and generally unintelligible. Thus the episodes of LUCRETIUS, which are the least scientific, are indisputably the most poetical part of his work. But it is impossible at the same time to instruct in minute science and to amuse with brilliant fancies: BLACKMORE, who has been so long ridiculed with justice because he wrote bombast, and with injustice because he despised the profligacy of contemporary poets, has nevertheless produced a philosophical poem on Creation, infinitely superior to the scholastic vagaries of BROOKE and DARWIN, merely because he generalised his subject and was less attached to those abstract terms of science which render his successors unintelligible; he could no longer indeed pretend to instruct scientifically, but then this pretension in the others hindered them from delighting poetically: thus it is an established fact, that physics and poetry cannot unite without injury to each other. Who will receive either instruction or amusement from these anatomical lines of BROOKE, on the circulation of the blood?

> From thousand rills the flux continuous drains,
> Now swells the porta, now the cava veins;
> Here rallies last the recollected blood,
> And on the right pours in the cordial flood,
> While gales ingredient to the thorax pass,
> And breathing lungs imbibe th' ethereal mass.
>
> - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Again the heart's constrictive pow'rs revive,
And the fresh fountain thro' th' aorta drive;
Arterial valves oppose the refluent blood,
And swift injections push the ling'ring flood;
Sped by the last, the foremost currents bound,
And thus perennial run the purpling round.

Universal Beauty.—B. II.

Dr. Darwin will not be outdone by this surgical display:

In earth, sea, air, around, below, above,
Life's subtle woof in Nature's loom is wove;
Points glued to points a living line extends,
Touch'd by some goad approach the bending ends;
Rings join to rings, and irritated tubes
Clasp with young lips the nutrient globes or cubes;
And urged by appetencies new select,
Imbibe, retain, digest, secrete, eject.
In branching cones the living web expands,
Lymphatic ducts, and convoluted glands,
Aortal tubes propel the nascent blood,
And length'ning veins absorb the refluent flood,
Leaves, lungs, and gills the vital ether breathe
On earth's green surface or the waves beneath.

Temple of Nature.—Cant. I.

It is a pity our readers cannot be animated by all this without turning to a dictionary.

Even the anatomy however of the Scientific Poets is less disgusting than their monstrous ornament: they have been aware of the pedantic dryness of their subject, and therefore, without intending the

least injury to philosophy, have endeavoured to be as erroneously fanciful as they possibly could. Every creation of nature, from man down to a shrimp, is attended with all the pomp of description and all the figures and conceits the language can pour forth. Imagination as well as wonder is exhausted on every thing that comes in their way: thus BROOKE compares a flying beetle to the angel RAPHAEL, and DARWIN raises a dreadful image of the demon Jealousy, who

> —— drives o'er rattling plains his iron car,
> Flings his red torch, and lights the flame of war,

merely to tell us, that fowls and other animals fight very desperately for the female. One of their fondest modes of aggrandizing insignificance, is the attribution of human affections, qualities, and acquirements to the whole creation animate and inanimate. Who would not think that the following lines described some profound philosopher emerging from his study?

> —Till gates unbarring with the vernal ray
> Give all the secret hermitage to day,
> Then peeps the sage from his unfolding doors,
> And cautious heav'n's ambiguous brow explores;
> Towards the four winds four telescopes he bends,
> And on his own astrology depends.

Yet this sage is nobody but a snail sliding from his shell.

It is not sufficient however for these lovers of surprise, that every created thing is an object of wonder, or endowed with a human mind; they seem to reckon size the noblest part of the sublime, and accordingly must make it bulky. BROOKE insists that the little harmless insects called lady-birds,

Like warriors stride, oppress'd with shining mail;

though I question whether any body else, at the sight of one of these diminutive creatures on his thumb-nail, ever thought of Agamemnon or Ajax. The following description will very naturally be taken by the reader for one of the seven wonders of the world:—

Magnifick cupola! on either hand,
Unfolded, two mysterious portals stand,
Emblems of human life, precarious state,
At entrance born, and dying in retreat.
Thousands, within retiring, taste repose;
Or through the streets the busy concourse flows;
Yet not as ours their costly pavements spread,
But high on terraces and towers they tread,
With which not Roman aqueducts may vie,
Nor the famed gardens pendant from the sky:
Here cities piled o'er cities may be seen,
And sumptuous intervals display'd between,
Where columns each proud architrave support,
And form the pomp of many an ample court;
The weight thro' ten successive stories bear,
And to the top the incumbent fabricks rear.

This is a wasp's-nest. It is strange that BLACKMORE has been so much abused since the writings of these gentlemen.

The inevitable misfortune attendant on all this pomp is, that when meaner subjects have been introduced to us with such ceremony, there is nothing more magnificent to usher in the nobler ones; great and small become confused in the same mass of ornament, and Dr. DARWIN uses his microscope, apparently for no other purpose; thus he makes not the slightest difference between a whale and a mite;

> With gills pulmonic breathes th' enormous whale,
> And spouts aquatic columns to the gale.
> *Temple of Nature*, Canto I.

> Last o'er the field the mite enormous swims,
> Swells his red heart, and writhes his giant limbs.
> *Id.* Canto I.

nor between a whale and a dragon-fly;

> With monstrous gape sepulchral whales devour
> Shoals at a gulp, a million in an hour.
> *Temple of Nature*, Canto I.

> While fierce * Libellula with jaws of steel
> Ingulfs an insect-province at a meal.
> *Id.* Canto I.

* The Linnean name for the dragon-fly.

Flies indeed always have their epithets in common with beasts of prey; thus we are terrified with the *dread fly*, the *cruel fly*, the *fierce fly*, and the *fell fly*. What can be said more of tygers and hyenas? All this is mere bombast. There is no necessity to gigantify atoms in order to excite our admiration, for they are more wonderful considered in their comparative minuteness; to equalize their description with the hugest animals of the earth is nothing but to render their real feebleness contemptible. Nor is this proceeding just towards the rest of the creation: if insects are magnified a million fold to be rendered terrible to the fancy, it is but fair that lions and elephants should be magnified in the same proportion. But what would become of us if we never laid aside these microscopic spectacles? Like Gulliver in Brobdingnag, we should carry swords to defend ourselves against every wasp that came in our way; and be ready to die with horror at the sight of a hen and chickens, each of whom, like the Mohammedan cock that is to crow for the blessed, would appear a hundred leagues high. Let us conceive a Brobdingnagian poet describing one of our modern belles as DARWIN describes a fly: do you think it would increase the respect of his gigantic countrymen to convert her mouth into a cauldron, her taper fingers into

weavers' beams, and her stature into a church-steeple; and then to cry out,

> Th' enormous milliner with jaws of steel
> Ingulfs an oyster-nation at a meal!

It is natural enough that from this laborious loftiness, the Scientific Poets should sometimes descend rapidly into the bathos. I need not quote instances from BLACKMORE: BROOKE, as well as his predecessor, applies all kinds of mechanical and philosophical names to the Deity; and in the language of a wondering belle, calls the beautiful mysteries of nature, the

> —— Awful, dear, delightful depth of things!

The earth which

> In due proportion, time and motion metes,
> Advances *to a hair*, and *to a hair* retreats,

is said with much precision to be *nice to a point;* and the fourth book of his poem concludes, ludicrously enough, with an announcement of his subsequent section on reptiles and insects, which

> The paths of Beauty and of Truth pursue,
> And teach proud men those lectures---*which ensue.*

As to DARWIN, you cannot open a page in any of his poems without dipping into the bathos. Like a true philosopher, it seems a principle with him to debase the things of this world: if his subject is

great, he makes it little; and if it is little he obtains his end by making it great. The idea of *bowing* to the decree of heaven is considered as too common: it is undoubtedly much more noble to borrow a metaphor from water-fowl;

> The brow of man erect, which thought elate,
> *Ducks* at the mandate of resistless Fate.

The lofty poet shews a very lady-like taste in mantua-making, and dresses all his nymphs and goddesses like modern belles. The Hierophant who inspires his song, and "majestic Nature" herself, with "towers" on her "beamy forehead" and her lovely appendage of a hundred breasts, are described like ladies in court dresses; and after painting their figures as finely as possible, he raises his climax to a noble pitch of sublimity by informing us that both their gowns are ornamented with gold fringe. The climax of Dr. DARWIN reminds us indeed almost invariably of those sums total, which begin with thousands and end with a farthing. But some lines in the story of Orpheus possess a most facetious awfulness:

> Love led the sage thro' Death's tremendous porch,
> Cheer'd with her smile, and lighted with his torch;
> Hell's triple dog his playful jaws expands,
> Fawns round the god, and licks his baby hands;
> In wond'ring groups the shadowy nations throng,
> And sigh, or *simper*, as he steps along.
>
> *Temple of Nat.* Cant. I.

This incongruity of fancy seems to become desperate by its own exertion, and the genius of Dr. Darwin rushes at length into mere jargon. I do not know whether the Doctor meant to instruct or amuse by the following picture; but certainly it is not a little astonishing. The external appearance of matter is introduced to us as the *Goddess-Form with silver arms*, though it is afterwards the *Genius-Form with silver slippers:*

> On angel-wings the Goddess-Form descends,
> Round her fond broods her silver arms she bends;
> White streams of milk her tumid bosom swell,
> And on her lips ambrosial kisses dwell.
> Light joys on twinkling feet before her dance
> With playful nod and momentary glance;
> Behind, attendant on the pansied plain,
> Young Psyche treads with Cupid in her train.

One might suppose that this original goddess had descended from above to animate some of the finer figures of the creation; but such a supposition would shew nothing but ignorance: the *fond broods* round which this amiable divinity bends her *silver arms*, and in whose honour the Loves and the *light joys* adorn the plain, are no other than oysters, tape-worms, and a few more elegant creatures. It must be confessed, that the lady bestows her ambrosial kisses with a very strange taste. At any rate it is not exactly conceivable, how the external appearance of matter

can be said to have a fine breast of milk for the purpose of nourishing an offspring.

It is evident from the few quotations I have made, that the Scientific Poets have not always the ability either to delight or to instruct, for the very simple reason that they are unintelligible. They have been aware of this inconvenience themselves, and therefore have recourse to notes, which in some of their productions make the greatest part of the book. By these cold-blooded interpreters Imagination is stopped in the very heat of her flight, in order that her motives may be examined and her eccentricities traced through all the labyrinths of allusion. But these very notes ridicule what they would explain: all annotations unless they illustrate some allusion to national customs, some obsolete phrases, or subjects otherwise local, are so many satires on the text: for I repeat, that if the effect of poetry be not instantaneous, it is as bad as no effect at all: a language addressed to the feelings ought never to want interpretation: it would be an awkward thing in perusing a poem, to have at our elbows a kind of sensibility-regulator, who at every particular passage should say "This, Sir, means so and so: it becomes you to shew great emotion in reading this couplet; I'll trouble you to apply your pocket-handkerchief to your eyes."

The rhyming philosophy of DARWIN, whom I

have been thus led to criticise, will be as soon forgotten as that of BROOKE. That he was a skilful physician I am very willing to believe, for he relied more on observation than on settled rules: and for the same reason, by a proper application of his genius, he might even have made some philosophical discoveries; but he was ignorant of his own disease, when he made his philosophy poetical, and his poetry philosophical: he might have learned better from writers of his own profession; both ARMSTRONG and AKENSIDE would have taught him to forget the language of science when he was attempting to speak like the poet. Like all inferior geniuses, who aim at originality, he became merely singular: the language as well as the fancy of his muse is most monotonous: his versification with all the glitter of inapplicable epithets and ornaments, flows, like a stage-river of tin, in an unceasing round of recurrence: nor do I assert what may not be easily proved, when I tell my readers, that there is not a fault ridiculed in the *Art of Sinking* which his muse has not exemplified.

In spite of some delicate complimentary lines of COWPER and a very bad panegyrick by Miss SEWARD, I have found this writer original in nothing but his errors. The idea of turning flowers and herbs into human persons has been attributed to his invention, and he encouraged the mistake

by professing to have broken the metamorphoses of Ovid in restoring his nymphs and heroines to a human shape; but the learned reader will find the magic already performed in Cowley's Latin poem on Plants, where the botanic garden at Oxford becomes an assembly of vegetable ladies, of amiable lettuces and pathetic pennyroyal.

It must be mentioned in behalf of Brooke, that he wrote his scientific poetry in his younger days, and appears in a short time to have forsaken the style altogether. His tragedy of *Gustavus Vasa* evinced the improvement of his judgment. If it does not exhibit much variety of language or character, the sameness is perhaps less objectionable in a set of warriors united in one common cause and inspired with one enthusiastic resolution. The versification might have been less monotonous, but a writer unaccustomed to blank verse is always apt to substitute the recurrence of accent for the recurrence of rhyme. The poet is not very conspicuous in any part of the drama, which is valuable rather for its strength of action and natural interest than poetical originality. Perhaps less genius is requisite to the production of a serious drama than has been imagined. Both Brooke and Hughes have produced good tragedies without establishing much poetical reputation. *Gustavus Vasa* appears to me the only one in which the

passion of love renders a warlike patriot doubly interesting, without retarding or enfeebling the plot.

The Fool of Quality is a great favourite with all readers in their younger days, but they neglect it as they grow older and know more of the world. In fact it is a romance rather than a novel; the incidents are amusing and in general highly interesting, but they are almost always improbable; an unnatural elevation is given to the most trifling circumstances and sentiments; every emotion is a rapture or an agony, every person seems to be the deity of the moment who attracts all eyes and all hearts; in short, we are in another world. The character of the hero Harry Clinton, whose charity scatters its hundreds with a most indiscriminate benevolence, who is the handsomest, the skilfullest, and the best fellow upon earth, is enthusiastically admired by school-boys, who always find a model of themselves or their future virtues in the heroes of romance; but this gaudiness of character offends our maturer judgment, not because it is painted with every virtue under heaven, but because the likeness is to be found no where upon earth, unless it be in the shape of profusion and credulity. The story of Mr. Clement is an exception to the general romance of this work: it is an interesting and pathetic picture of those miseries of common life which novelists

have neglected for their want of theatrical effect, and which very few novelists perhaps could paint, had they attempted.

Brooke cannot be said to have added any thing to English literature either in style or sentiment: his *Fool of Quality* would rather have injured both, had it been imitated. His best beauty is his love of virtue, which shines through every page of his writings with a chearful and undiminished lustre. What was said of Thomson may be applied with equal truth to Brooke, who certainly never wrote

> One line which dying he would wish to blot.

THE

HISTORY OF THE MAN OF LETTERS.

(FROM THE FOOL OF QUALITY.)

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - One day while Harry was watching to intercept poor travellers, as eagerly as a fowler watches for the rising of his game, he heard a plaintive voice, behind the hedge, as he thought, in the opposite field. He flew across the road, and, passing through a small turnstile, soon found the unhappy objects he sought for. He stood, for some time, like a statue, and his compassion became too strong for tears of utterance: but suddenly turning, and flying back again, he rushed, with precipitation, into the room where Mr. Fenton was writing a letter. What is the matter? said Mr. Fenton, starting; what has frighted you, my Harry? what makes you look so pale? To this Harry replied not; but catching hold of his hand, and pulling with all his force, O come! says he; O come, dadda, and see!

Mr. Fenton then got up, and suffered himself to be led where the child pleased to conduct him, without another word being asked or answered on either side.

When they were come into the field, Mr. Fenton observed a man sitting on the ground. His clothes seemed, from head to foot, as the

tattered remainder of better days. Through a squalid wig and beard, his pale face appeared just tinctured with a faint and sickly red: and his hollow eyes were fixed upon the face of a woman, whose head he held on his knees, and who looked to be dead, or dying, though without any apparent agony; while a male infant, about four years of age, was half-stretched on the ground, and half across the woman's lap, with its little nose pinched by famine, and its eyes staring about, wildly, though without attention to any thing. Distress seemed to have expended its utmost bitterness on these objects, and the last sigh and tear to have been already exhausted.

Unhappy man! cried Mr. Fenton, pray who, or what are you? To which the stranger faintly replied, without lifting his eyes, Whoever you may be, disturb not the last hour of those who wish to be at peace.

Run, Harry, says Mr. Fenton, desire all the servants to come to me immediately; and bid Mrs. Hannah bring some hartshorn, and a bottle of cordial.

Away flew Harry, like feathered Mercury, on his godlike errand. Forth issued Mr. James, Frank, and Andrew; and last came Mrs. Hannah, with the house-maid, and cordials.

Hannah stooped, in haste, and applied hartshorn to the nose of the woman, who appeared wholly insensible. After some time, her bosom heaved with a long-rising and subsiding sigh, and her eyes feebly opened, and immediately closed again. Then Hannah and the house-maid, raising her gently between them, got a little of the cordial

into her mouth, and bending her backward, they observed that she swallowed it. Then James, Frank, Andrew, and the house-maid, joining their forces, lifted her up, and bore her, as easy as possible, toward the house; while Harry caught up her infant, as a pismire does its favourite embryo in a time of distress, in order to lodge it in a place of protection and safety.

In the mean time, Mr. Fenton and Mrs. Hannah put their hartshorn, with great tenderness, to the nostrils of the stranger, and requested him to take a sip of the cordial; but he, turning up his dim, though expressive eyes, feebly cried, Are you a man or an angel? and directly fainted away.

They rubbed his temples with the spirits, and did their utmost to recover him; but a sudden gust of grateful passion had proved too strong for his constitution. On the return of the servants, he was also carried in. A physician was instantly sent for, beds were provided and warmed in haste; the new guests were all gently undrest and laid therein; and being compelled to swallow a little sack-whey, they recovered to a kind of languid sensibility.

The physician gave it, as his opinion, that this unhappy family were reduced to their present state by excess of grief and famine; that nourishment should be administered in very small proportions; and, that they should be kept as quiet as possible, for a fortnight at least.

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to think very well of you. But, pray let me have the narrative of your life and manners, without disguise. An ingenuous confession, and sense of past errors, has something in it to me full as amiable, or more, than if a man had never strayed.

Sir, says Mr. Clement, I have indeed been faulty, very faulty in my intentions; though God has hitherto preserved me from any very capital act, and has, by your hand, wonderfully brought me to this day.

Bartholomew Clement, Sir, a retailer of hardware, in the Strand, is my father. He was low-bred, and, as I believe, of narrow capacity; but proceeding in what they call the dog-trot of life, and having a single eye to the making of money, he became vastly rich, and has now a large income from houses and ground-rents in the city of Westminster, the fruits and acquisition of his own application.

I remember nothing of my mother, except her fondness for me; nor of her character, except the tears that I have seen my father shed, when occasional circumstances have brought her fresh to his memory. She died when I was in my seventh year. I was their only surviving child, and my father transferred all his tenderness for her to me.

The love of my father was not the mere partiality or prejudice of a parent; it was not an affection; he had a passion for me, that could be equalled by nothing but his vanity in my behalf. He resolved, he said, that there should be one gentleman in the family, and, with this view, he resisted his desire of having me always in his

sight, and sent me to Westminster-school, and from thence to Cambridge, where I continued till I was twenty years of age, without any thing happening that was uncommon, or deserving of your attention.

In the mean time, my father was as prodigal of his purse towards me, as he was of his caresses. He had me with him every vacation. He visited me frequently during term, and seemed to lose the better half of his existence when we parted.

He had infused into me a strong tincture of his own vanity and views. I lost even a portion of that tenderness and respect which I had felt in his regard. He was a trader, a mechanic; I sighed for his reptile state; and I looked down upon him, as Icarus did on that very father from whom he had derived wings for so exalted a flight.

My application, accordingly, was equal to my ambition. I was not merely a master, I was a critic in the classical languages. I relished, and commented on the beauties of the Greek and Latin authors; was a thorough connoisseur in the customs and manners of the ancients; and could detect the slightest transgression of a sculptor or designer, in their folding of the Roman Toga. I also had the honour to be intimate with all the great of antiquity; I frequently sat in synod, with the whole posse of heathen gods, on Olympus; and I kept them, as I imagined, in a kind of dependence, by my perfect knowledge of all their secret lapses and mistreadings. I had traced the system of nature, from Aristotle and Pythagoras, down to Epicurus and Lucretius; and from them down to Des Cartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes; and I was so thorough-paced an adept in all the subtle-

ties of logic, that I could confute and change sides, without losing an inch of the ground that I had gained upon my adversary.

I now imagined that I was arrived at the very pinnacle of human excellence, and that fortune and honour were within my grasp on either hand. I looked on the Chancellorship, or Primacy, as things that must come in course, and I was contriving some station more adequate to the height of my merits and ambition, when I received this letter:

"SON HAMMEL,

"Have lately inquired into thy life and character; am sorry to find them too bad to give hope of amendment. Have lost my money, and my child. Thou hast cut thyself from my love: I have cut thee from my fortune. To comfort myself, have taken a neighbour's widow to wife. Come not near me, I will not see thee. Would pray for thee if I did not think it in vain.

"BARTHOLOMEW CLEMENT."

For some time after the receipt of this cruel letter, I remained in a state of stupidity. I could not believe the testimony of my senses. I gave a kind of discredit to all things. But, awaking from this lethargy into inexpressible anguish, my soul was rent by different and contending passions.

Whatever contempt I might have for the station of my father, I still loved his person better than riches and honours. But he loved me no more; he was gone, he was lost; he was already dead and buried, at least to me. I cast myself on the ground, I groaned, I wept aloud, I bewailed him, as though he had lain a lifeless corpse before me. At length, having vented the first ravings of my passion, I rose and wrote to my father an answer, of which this, in my pocket-book, is the copy:

"SIR,

"If you had not wished to find those faults you sent to seek after, in a life that defies malice, and is wholly irreproachable, you would not have given credit to scoundrels, who cannot judge of the conduct of a gentleman; nor have condemned your only child, without hearing or defence.

"In cutting me from your fortune, you only cut me from what I despise; but in cutting me from your love, you have unjustly robbed me of what no fortune can repair. I see that you are irretrievably taken from me; I shall never more behold my long-indulgent and fond father; and I shall not cease to lament his loss with tears of filial affection. But for this new father, whose heart could dictate so unnatural and inhuman a letter, I equally disclaim all commerce and concern with him. And, could it be possible that a person of my talents and abilities should be reduced to indigence or distress, you, Sir, are the very last man upon earth, to whom I would apply, or from whom I would deign to accept relief.

"But if, on the other hand, it should please God hereafter to visit your hard-heartedness with affliction and poverty, and that I, like the son of the blacksmith, in the days of our eighth Harry, should stand next the throne in dignity and honours, you will then find me desirous of making you all sorts of submissions, you will then find the dutifullest, the fondest, and tenderest of children, in,

"Sir, your little known, and much injured

"HAMMEL CLEMENT."

Having thus vented the gusts and feelings of my heart, I began seriously to think of the course I ought to take; and considered London as the sphere in which a luminary would appear with the greatest lustre.

I discharged my servant, sold my two geldings, disposed of my room, my furniture, and most of my books, and having mustered somewhat upward of three hundred and fifty pounds, I lodged the 300l. with a Cambridge dealer, from whom I

took bills on his correspondent in London; and set out, on my expedition, in the first stage.

I took cheap lodgings near Charing-cross. I was altogether unknowing and unknown in that great city; and reflecting that a hidden treasure cannot be duly estimated, I daily frequented Markham's coffee-house, amidst a promiscuous resort of swordsmen, literati, beaus, and politicians.

Here, happening to distinguish myself, on a few occasions, where some articles of ancient history, or tenet of Thales, or law of Lycurgus, chanced to be in question, I began to be regarded with better advantage.

An elderly gentleman, one day, who sat attentive in a corner, got up and whispered that he would be glad of my company to take share of a pint in the next room. I gratefully obeyed the summons, and when we had drunk a glass apiece, Mr. Clement, says he, you appear to have but few acquaintance, and may possibly want a friend. My fortune is small, but I have some influence in this town, and as I have taken an inclination to you, I should be glad to serve you. If the question is not too free, pray what is your present dependence and prospect for life?

Having with a grateful warmth acknowledged his goodness to me, I ingenuously confessed that my circumstances were very slender, and that I should be glad of any place wherein I could be useful to myself and my employer. And pray, says my friend, what place would best suit you? I hope, Sir, answered I, my education has been such, that, laying aside the manual crafts, there is not any thing for which I am not qualified. I

am greatly pleased to hear it, replied Mr. Goodville, and hope soon to bring you news that will not be disagreeable.

Within a few days, Mr. Goodville again entered the coffee-house with a happy aspect. He beckoned me aside. Clement, says he, I have the pleasure to tell you, that I have brought you the choice of two very advantageous places. Mr. Giles, the banker, wants a clerk who can write a fine hand, and has made some proficiency in arithmetic. And, my good friend Mr. Tradewell, an eminent merchant, would give large encouragement to a youth who understands the Italian method of book-keeping, as his business is very extensive, and requires the shortest and clearest manner of entry and reference.

My friend here paused; and I blushed, hung down my head, and was wholly confounded. At length I answered, hesitatingly, perhaps, Sir, you have happened on the only two articles in the universe, (mechanics, as I said, apart) of which I have no knowledge. Well, well, my boy, says he, don't be discouraged; I will try what further may be done in your behalf.

Within about a fortnight after, Mr. Goodville sent me a note to attend him at his lodgings in Red Lion-square. I went, flushed with reviving hope. My child, said he, as I entered, I have now brought you the offer of three different places, and some of them, as I trust, must surely fit you.

Our East-India Company propose to make a settlement on the coast of Coromandel, and are inquisitive after some youths who have made a progress in geometry, and are, more especially,

studied in the science of fortification. There is also, the Colonel of a regiment, an old intimate of mine, who is going on foreign service, and he in truth applied to me, to recommend a person who was skilled in the mechanic powers, and more particularly, who had applied himself to gunnery and engineering. There is, lastly, the second son of a nobleman to whom I have the honour to be known, he is Captain of a man of war, and would give any consideration to a young man of sense and letters, who is a proficient in navigation, and in the use of the charts and compass, and who, at the same time, might serve as a friend and companion.

Sir, said I, quite astonished, I have been a student, as Goliah was a man of war, from my childhood. If all my tutors did not flatter me, my genius was extensive, and my progress in learning may prove, that my application has been indefatigable. I know all things from the beginning of time, that the ancient or modern world, as I was told, accounted matters of valuable erudition or recognizance; and yet I have not so much as heard of the use or estimation of any of these sciences required, as you say, by persons in high trust and commission.

Mr. Goodville hereupon looked concerned, and shook his head. My dear Clement, says he, I do not doubt your talents or learning; but I now begin to doubt whether they have been directed or applied to any useful purpose. My cousin Goodville informs me, that the Bishop of St. Asaph is in distress for a young gentleman, a man of morals and a linguist, who has some notion in the canon and civil law, as his vicar-general is lately dead,

He tells me further, that a gentleman, a friend of his, who is in great circumstances, and who is now about purchasing the place of a surveyor-general, wants a youth who has got some little smattering in architecture, and has an elegant hand at the drawing of plans and sections. I am also known to one of the commissioners of excise, and, if you are barely initiated in guaging, or surveying, I think I could get you into some way of bread.

Alas, Sir, I replied, in a desponding tone, I am equally a stranger to all these matters.

Perhaps, said Mr. Goodville, I could get you into holy orders, if you are that way inclined. Are you well read in theology?

Yes, yes, Sir, I briskly answered; I am perfectly acquainted with the gods and manners of worship, through all nations since the deluge.

But are you, replied my friend, equally versed in the Christian dispensation? Have you studied our learned commentators on the creeds? Are you read in polemic divinity? and, are you a master of the sense and emblematical reference that the Old Testament bears to the New?

Sir, said I, I have often dipped, with pleasure, into the Bible, as there are many passages in it extremely affecting; and others full of fine imagery and the true sublime.

My poor dear child, (mournfully answered Mr. Goodville,) by all I can find, you know no one thing of use to yourself or any other person living either with respect to this world or the world to come. Could you make a pin, or a waistcoat button, or form a pill-box, or weave a cabbage net, or shape a cobler's last, or hew a block

for a barber, or do any of those things by which millions daily maintain themselves, in supplying the wants and occasions, or fashions and vanities of others, you might not be under the necessity of perishing.

The ways of life for which your studies have best prepared you, are physic and the law. But then they require great expence, and an intense application of many years to come, before you can propose to enter on a livelihood, by either of those professions; and, after all, your success would be very precarious, if you were not supported by many friends, and a strong interest, at least on your setting out.

I have already told you, Clement, that I am not rich; and if I were, it is not he who gives you money, but he that puts you in a way of getting it, that does you a friendship.

I am advised to go to Montpellier for the establishment of my health, after a tedious fit of sickness that I had at Bath. I shall set out in about a month. But, before I go, my child, I earnestly wish, and advise you, to fix on some craft, or trade, or manner of employing your time, that will enable you to earn a certain subsistence, and, at the same time, make you a worthy member of the community. For, believe me, my boy, that it is not speculative science; no, nor all the money and jewels upon earth, that make any part of the real wealth of this world. It is industry alone, employed on articles that are useful and beneficial to society, that constitutes the true riches of all mankind.

As soon as you have made your election, let

me see you again. And, in all event, let me see you before I set out.

Hereupon I bowed and retired, the most mortified and dejected of all beings. I was so low and dispirited, that I could scarce get to my lodgings. I threw myself on the bed. The gilding of the vapours of grandeur and ambition, that, like the sky of a summer's evening, had delighted my prospects, now wholly disappeared, and a night of succeeding darkness fell heavy on my soul.

One third of my principal fund was almost sunk; and my imagination considered the remainder as already vanished, without the possibility of supply or resource. I now secretly cursed the vanity of my father: he must breed me a gentleman, thought I, as though I had been born to no matter of end. Had I been the son of a cobler, of a porter, an ostler, of the lowest wretch who wins his bread by the sweat of his brow, I should not yet have been reduced to the worst species of beggary, that of begging with sound limbs and a reasonable soul, the least pitied, though most pitiable object of the creation; for, surely, that is the case of a poor scholar and a poor gentleman!

For some following days, I went about prying and inquiring into the various and numberless occupations that maintained so many thousands of active hands and busy faces, throughout that wonderful city.

One evening, as I returned late, and fatigued, through Cheapside, I observed a man very importunate with a woman who walked before me. Sometimes she would hurry on, and again make a full stop, and earnestly beseech him to go about his business; but, in spite of her intreaties, he

still stuck close to her, till, coming to the end of a blind alley, he suddenly seized her by the arm, and pulled her in after him.

She shrieked out for help, with repeated vociferation; when, recollecting all my force, and drawing my sword, villain, I cried out, quit the woman instantly, or you are a dead man. He perceived the glittering of the weapon, and retired a few paces; but, taking out a pocket pistol, he discharged it full at me, and ran off with precipitation.

The ball entered my cloathes and flesh, and lodged on the rotula of my left arm. I felt a short pang, but, not attending to it, I took the woman under the arm, and returning with her to the street, I told her we had no time to lose, and desired to know where she lived. She answered, at the sign of the fan and ruffle, in Fleet-street, where she kept a milliner's shop. We had not far to go; we made the best of our speed, and were let in by a servant-maid, who shewed us to a back parlour.

Jenny, said Mrs. Graves, (that was her name) bring a glass and a bottle of the cordial wine. You look a little pale, Sir; I hope you are not hurt. Not much, I think, madam, but I feel a small pain in my left shoulder. Sir, here is my best service to you, with my blessings and prayers for you to the last hour of my life. You must drink it off, Sir, we both stand in need of it; this was a frightful affair. Jenny, where's Arabella? Within a few doors, madam, at the Miss Hodgins's. Come, Sir, said Mrs. Graves, I must look at your shoulder; then, opening the top of my waistcoat,

she instantly screamed out, God preserve my deliverer! I fear he is wounded dangerously. Jenny, fly to Mr. Weldon's, bring him with you immediately, do not come without him. Dearest, worthiest of men, let me press another glass upon you. It is necessary in such a waste of blood and spirits. Madam, I replied, the wound cannot be of consequence; but I was greatly fatigued, at the time I had the happiness to rescue you from that ruffian.

The surgeon soon came, and looking at my wound, said something apart to Mrs. Graves, who, thereupon, ordered Jenny to get a fire, and to make and warm the bed in the best chamber.

Sir, said I to Mr. Weldon, do not alarm the gentlewoman. I am not of a fearful temper, and hope to bear my fortune like a man. Sir, said he, your wound has been made by a rifled ball, and it may cost you much pain to extract it. You must not think of stirring from hence, for the present. By the time your bed is ready, I will be back with the dressings.

During the surgeon's absence, Mrs. Graves was all in tears; while I sat suspended between my natural fears of an approaching dissolution, and my hopes of being suddenly and lastingly provided for. The cruelty of my father, the disappointment and overthrow of all my elevated expectations, and my utter incapacity of being of the smallest use to myself or mankind, had given me a kind of loathing to life. I had not, indeed, attended to my duty as a Christian; but I was then innocent of any actual or intentional evil; and as my conscience did not condemn me, I looked to mercy with a kind of humble resignation.

Mr. Weldon came with the dressings, his eldest

apprentice, and a man-servant. I was then conducted to my chamber, and helped to bed, where I was put to great anguish in the extraction of the ball; as the periosteum had been lacerated, and the lead, being flattened, extended much beyond the wound it had made.

Having passed a very painful and restless night, I remembered nothing further, till, at the expiration of one and twenty days, I seemed to awaken out of a long and uneasy dream.

I turned my head, and beheld, as I imagined, all arrayed in shining white, and at my bedside, an inhabitant of some superior region; for never till then had I seen, nor even conceived an idea of any form so lovely.

Tell me, said I, fair creature, on what world am I thrown? But instead of replying, it flew out of my apartment, and soon after returned, accompanied by Mrs. Graves, whose hands and eyes were elevated, as in some extraordinary emotion.

Mrs. Graves, said I, how do you do? I hope you are well. I now begin to conjecture whereabouts I am. But, neither did she answer; but, falling on her knees by my bed, and taking hold of my hand, I thank, I thank thee, O my God, she cried; and, bursting into tears, she wept and sobbed like an infant. Ah, Mrs. Graves, said I, I fear that you have had a very troublesome guest of me. But, then, said she, we remember that trouble no more, now that you are once again born into the world.

During the few succeeding days in which I kept my bed, Mrs. Graves and her fair niece Arabella, whom I had taken for a vision, con-

stantly breakfasted and spent their evening in my apartment.

I gave them a short narrative of my foregoing history; and understood, on their part, that they were the sister and daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Graves, of Putney, who had little more to bequeath than his books and furniture, amounting to above five hundred pounds, which they held in joint stock, and hitherto rather increased than diminished.

As I scarce remembered my mother, and had now, as it were, no father, relation, nor friend upon earth, I felt a vacuity in my soul, somewhat like that of an empty stomach, desirous of seizing on the first food that should present itself to my cravings. Delightful sensibilities; sweet hungerings of nature after its kind! This good woman and her niece became all the world to me. The one had conceived for me all the passion of a parent; the other, that of the fondest and tenderest of sisters. On the other hand, I had, for Mrs. Graves, all the feelings of a child who conceives himself a part of the existence of her who bore him; and my eyes and actions could not forbear to discover to Arabella, that my heart was that of the most affectionate of brothers, though too delicate to indulge itself in those familiar endearments which the nearest of kindred might venture to claim.

When I was up, and about the house, I requested Mrs. Graves to make out her bill for my board, and for physician, surgeon, drugs, &c. during my long illness. Hereupon she looked eagerly and tenderly at me. Mr. Clement, says she, I think you are too generous designedly to

reproach us with what we owe you. But for what is it, my child, that you desire us to charge you? Is it for rescuing me from death, or a shame worse than death? probably, from both? or, is it for delivering this my darling from the bitter grief and distress that my loss must have brought upon her? or do you rather desire to pay us for the fearful pains and sickness which you suffered on our account, and for having nearly forfeited your life in our defence? No, Mr. Clement, you must not think of paying us the very debts that we owe you; more indeed, Mr. Clement, than all our little fortune, than the product of the industry of our lives can ever repay.

Here I was silenced for the present, but in no degree convinced; and I felt, in a sort, the disgust of an injured person, uneasy and studious till some revenge might be had.

In two days after, while Mrs. Graves was at market, and Arabella gone with a Brussels head and ruffles, to a young lady of distinction, I stepped into the shop, where Jenny waited the commands of those that should call. I had scarce entered, when a sheriff's officer appeared at the door, and bolting in, laid an execution on the shop for eighty-five pounds odd shillings, at the suit of Mr. Hardgrave, the cambric and lace-merchant.

I was at first surprised and grieved; but pleasure quickly succeeded to my concern on the occasion. I took out my pocket-book, immediately discharged the debt, with costs, and gave a crown to Jenny, on her solemn assurance that she would not betray a syllable of what had happened to her mistress or Arabella.

Soon after, this good gentlewoman and her niece returned, dinner was ordered up, and I sat down to table with a heart and countenance more easy and cheerful than ordinary.

Before the cloth was removed, Jenny came and delivered a note to her mistress. She read it over and over with apparent surprise and attention, asked if the messenger was waiting, and stepped to the door. Again she returned, sat down without speaking a word, and the muscles of her countenance being strongly affected, she could no longer retain her passion, and her tears burst forth.

What is the matter, cried Arabella, my aunt, my dear dear mother, my only friend and parent? and, breaking also into tears, she threw herself about her neck.

O, there is no bearing of this! exclaimed Mrs. Graves. This young man, my Arabella, distresses us beyond expression. He has, this very day, my love, for the second time, snatched us from instant ruin. I would tell you, if I could speak; but read that note: which she did accordingly.

The note was signed, Freestone Hardgrave, and imported, how sorry he was that his losses by sea, had put him under the necessity of laying an execution on her house without customary notice.

That he was glad, however, she had so large a sum ready as 90l. the receipt of which he acknowledged; and hoped that this affair would make no difference with respect to their future dealings.

And why, best and dearest of women, said I to Mrs. Graves, why would you grieve that I should endeavour to relieve myself from a part of that burden, with which your goodness and obligations have so greatly oppressed me? O, that it were,

that it were in my power, I cried! and my hands pressed each other with an involuntary ardour; but it never will, it never can be possible for me to prove the passion my soul has for you, and—there I hesitated—to shew you, I say, the love that I have for you, Mrs. Graves. You two make my world, and all that I am concerned for or desire therein.

Since that is the case, said Mrs. Graves, with a smile and a tear that glistened together, if you will admit an equal passion, from one so old as I am, it were pity we should ever part. Send, my child, this very day, and discharge your former lodgings. The time that we spend together cannot be but happy. All cares are lessened by the society of those we love; and our satisfactions will be doubled by feeling for each other.

I did not, at that time, know the whole reason of the delight with which I accepted this generous invitation. I settled at Mrs. Graves's without any formal agreement, and all my little matters were directly brought home.

O how happy were many succeeding days! how still more happy, when contrasted with the misery that ensued! We spent all the time together that business and attention to the shop would permit; and we grudged every moment that was spent asunder. I related to them a thousand entertaining stories and passages occasionally recollected from the poets and historians of antiquity; and a secret emotion, and inward ardour for pleasing, gave me, fluently, to intersperse sentimental observations and pertinent digressions, more delightful to my auditory than all my quoted authorities.

I was now daily gathering health and strength, to which the complacence of my mind greatly contributed; when, one evening, Mrs. Graves returned, more dejected than ordinary. I inquired into the cause, with a solicitude and countenance that naturally expressed the interest I took in her concerns. Why, my dear child, says she, perhaps I have been both impertinent and indiscreet, but I meant all for the best. You must know, then, that I have been on a visit to your father. To my father, Madam? Even so. I would to Heaven that he were worthy to be called father to such a son. But, as I was saying:

Your father, Mr. Clement, is in great circumstances; he keeps his coach, has taken a fine new house, and lives at a high rate. I sent in my name, with notice that I came to him on business of consequence. I was thereupon shown to a back-parlour, where he sat, in company with Mrs. Clement, and a lusty ill-looking young gentleman; but your stepmother has a comely and good-humoured countenance; she also appears to be far advanced in her pregnancy. Mrs. Graves, said your father, take a seat. What are your commands with me, Madam? I came, Sir, to let you know that your son, Mr. Hammel Clement, the best of human beings, has been at the point of death. Have you nothing to say to me, Madam, but what concerns my son Hammel? I have not, I confess, Sir, but that is more than enough; it is very interesting and affecting, and concerns you most nearly. Here Mr. Clement, for I will never more call him by the sacred name of father, here, I say, he started up, and catching at a book, he pressed it to his lips, and cried, I swear, by the

virtue of this and all other holy books, that I will never listen to any person who would speak a single word in behalf of Hammel Clement; and so, Mrs. give me leave to shew you the way out again. So saying, he caught my hand, and drew me to the door, while I turned and cried to your stepmother, O Madam, what sort of a heart is yours, that refuses its intercession on this occasion? But she gave me an eye and a sneer, of such a mischievous meaning, as expressed the whole fiend under the guise of an angel. When Mr. Clement had taken me to the outward door, I just turned, and said, I am sorry, Sir, that a man of your grave and sensible appearance, should suffer yourself to be so duped by people whose interest it is to deceive you. But swelling into choler, he gave me a violent push from him, and clapped to the door in my face. So that, in short, my dear child, I fear I have done you harm, where I meant you true service.

It matters not, my mother, said I, (endeavouring to suppress a tear of tender resentment) I will soon, I trust, procure some kind of independence on that barbarian and his fortune; and while I have you and your Arabella, I shall want neither father nor friend.

Being now very nearly re-established in my health, I set out again, in search after some employment that might suit me. As I was strolling on Tower-Hill, I observed a shop on my left hand, it was that of Mr. Wellcot, a bookseller and printer. I stepped in, and after some introductory discourse, I asked him if he had occasion, in the way of his business, for a friend of mine; a gentleman in distress, but of parts and learning.

Alas, Sir, cried Wellcot, such creatures as you mention are a drug upon earth; there is a glut of them in all markets. I would give any one a broad piece *per* man who should deliver me from three or four of them, who lie heavy on my hands. Not, Sir, that they are greedy, or idle, in the least. I can get one of these gentlemen, as you are pleased to call them, on whose education more money has been expended, than at the common and legal interest would maintain a decent family to the end of the world; I can get one of them, I say, to labour, like an hackney horse, from morning to night, at less wages than I could hire a rascally porter, or shoe-boy, for three hours. I employ them, occasionally, in correcting the press, or folding, or stitching the sheets, or running of errands. But then, Sir, they have, all of them, aspects of such a bilious despondence, that a man may, with less melancholy, behold a death's head. And really, Sir, I could not stand it, if custom, as I may say, did not harden me by the perpetual vision of these spectres.

While Wellcot was speaking, I made a secret vow against having any kind of commerce or concern with booksellers or printers, for at least a century to come. But, fearing to be suspected as a party concerned, I affected an air as easy as possible; and observing some females who were busy in stitching pamphlets, I asked him if they contained any thing new or entertaining.

Sir, said Wellcot, this is an elaborate performance of the most eminent of our patriot writers; I pay him, at the lowest, five guineas weekly; and, could any man write with double his spirit and genius, I could better afford to give that

author a hundred. For good writings are like diamonds, that are valued according to their carats; do but double their weight, and they immediately become of twenty times the estimation.

This pamphlet consisted of a sheet, sewed in blue paper. I instantly paid my twopence, and sat down to peruse it. I found that it contained several very free remonstrances against his Majesty, and the Ministers, for joining with France in the war against Holland, in opposition to the civil and religious interests of England; together with a few collateral digressions, in assertion of Magna Charta, of the freedom of man in general, and of Britain in particular. I perceived that it was written with much more judgment than genius. And what, said I to Wellcot, will you give to that man who shall confessedly excel this your most eminent of patriot writers, upon his own subject, and in his own way? Give, Sir! cried the bookseller, many thanks, and a proportionable increase of profits. Enough, Sir, I answered, you shall soon hear from me again. I wish you a good morrow.

On my return, I called at Mr. Goodville's, but he had sailed for France about a fortnight before. I then went about to a number of pamphlet shops, and bought up all the political papers that had any reference to the matter in hand.

I sat down to my work, like a hungry man to his victuals; and I grudged my heart those short indulgences which it enjoyed in the society of the two objects of its fondest affections.

Having finished my first paper in about a fort-

night, I entitled it the 'Weekly Monitor,' and took it directly to Wellcot's. Here, Sir, said I, is my friend's first venture. But has your friend, demanded Wellcot, in a discouraging accent, sent the usual indemnity for the first impression of a young author? That shall not be wanting, I answered, if you require it, Mr. Wellcot. Why, said he, I do not take upon me to be a judge in these matters; and yet custom has given me a shrewd sort of a guess. Come, Sir, I have a few minutes to throw away, and they are at your service.

He then sat down, and having read about a dozen lines, Ay, ay! says he, they don't always do thus at Newmarket; your friend, I find, has set out at the top of his speed. Going on something further, he cried, Well supported, by Jupiter! and then, proceeding to the third page, This, says he, must have been stolen from one of the ancients, because there is no modern who could write like it. Well, Sir, you need not give yourself further trouble for the present, I will print this first paper at my own suit. Desire your friend to be careful about the second. Call on me in a week, and I think I shall be able to tell you something that will please you.

How diligent is expectation, how elevated is hope! I returned with the feathers of Mercury at my heels. I set about my second paper with double genius and application. My ideas were more expanded, my spirits more sublimed. All the persuasives of Cicero; all the thunder of Demosthenes; all that I had read on the topic of liberty, in popular governments or commonwealths, occurred to my remembrance.

I finished my second essay within the week. I went with it to Wellcot, and he presented me, at sight, with twenty guineas. It is more, said he, than hitherto comes to your share; but I love to encourage, and I trust that, in the run, I shall not be a loser. I sell this pamphlet for only two-pence. Nearly two-fourths thereof go to printing, paper, &c. another fourth I reserve as an equivalent for my application and knowledge in this way; and the remainder is a redundance, which, on extraordinary tides, ought to flow to the writer. The demand for this paper has been very uncommon; and, by what I can judge, the sale may in time amount to twelve thousand. You need not, Sir, be ashamed to acknowledge yourself the author. Preserve but a moiety of the spirit of this Elijah, with which you have set out, and my own interests will instruct me to serve you effectually.

I now returned as in a triumphal chariot. I never before received the prize, as I may say, of personal prowess. The fortune of my father, the fortune of all men living, who were merely born to fortune, diminished beneath me. O how sweet, said I to myself, how delicious are the fruits of a man's own plantation! Then, like the sagacious and independent spider, his labours will be crowned with personal honour and success, while he spins his subsistence from his proper bowels. It is then, and then only, that a man may be said to be the true proprietor of what he possesses; and the value is endeared, and the enjoyment doubled thereby.

I hastened to impart my transports to the two

loved objects of all my cares and satisfactions. Jenny told me that her mistress was not at home, but that Miss Arabella was above in her closet. I ran up, I tapped at the door, but no one answered. Again I tapped, and added the soft voice of affection, requesting to be admitted. At length she opened, but looked pale, and with swollen and downcast eyes. I perceived she had been in tears, and a sudden frost fell upon all my delights. What is the matter, Miss, I cried, my sister, my sweet friend, my dearest Arabella? and I gently took her hand between both of mine. I wish you had not come, at this time, Mr. Clement, said she, coolly. But you must permit me to keep my little griefs to myself. Yes, I replied, if it is your pleasure to torture, to kill me outright, refuse me my portion in your interests and concerns. O, Mr. Clement, says she, your soul is too generous, I dare not tell you. I feel what you would suffer, should you know that you are concerned in the cause of my tears. But we must part, Sir, indeed we must; we must part, Mr. Clement, and that suddenly.

Here her voice failed, and throwing herself into a chair, she burst out afresh into a gush of affliction—while I stood astonished; and, dropping beside her on one knee, awaited with unspeakable anguish the suspension of her grief.

At length, perceiving my situation, Rise, Sir, she cried, I intreat you to rise and take a chair beside me, and I will tell you as fast as I can of this distressful business.

You must know that I was, a while ago, at the Miss Hodginses. They are very friendly and good young women, and told me, in confi-

dence, though with much concern, of a whisper in the neighbourhood, that my aunt had entertained a young gentleman in the house, who was admitted to such familiar and convenient intimacies, as could not, at all times, be without their consequence, especially between persons of our age and sex.

Now, Mr. Clement, I am no way ashamed to confess, that I have nothing in heaven but my innocence, nor on earth but my character; and I think you wish me better, than to desire that I should forfeit the one or the other. Desire it! O heavens! I suddenly exclaimed, I will for ever guard them both, to the last drop of my blood, and last breath of my life. Alas, cried Arabella, you are the man of all others, whom the world would not admit for my champion in this case; they are absolute judges; they ought to be obeyed; our parting will be painful, but it must be complied with.

But, my sister, my Arabella, most lovely and most beloved of all the human species! tell me, says I, my angel, is there no other way, no expedient to satisfy a misdeeming world, save a remedy that is worse than death itself? No, said she, with an air somewhat resolute and exalted, there is no other expedient; at least, no other to which I can consent. O, Miss Graves, answered I with a hasty dejection, if that is the case, you shall be obeyed; I am, indeed, very unhappy, but I will not be importunate. Adieu, dearest of creatures, adieu, for ever! I spoke, and suddenly withdrew, and gave her, as I imagined, the last farewel look.

Hold, Sir, she cried, pray stay a moment. I should be wretched, beyond expression, if you went away in the greatest of all errors. But is it possible you should think that I could mean any slight to you, Mr. Clement? No, Sir, no, of all men living indeed, it was not possible. I spoke through an humble sense of my own demerits; my determination was just; I do not repent me of it. I—I—perhaps, Sir, I have not understood you—Indeed I scarce know what I say or mean, myself. Of this however be assured, that I neither do, nor ever did, nor ever can, mean any offence to Mr. Clement.

While she spoke I had kneeled before her. I took her hand and pressed it to my lips and bosom. My Arabella, said I, I confess that this was no premeditated motion of mine. Nay, this very morning, the world should not have prevailed with me to have accepted this hand, for which I now kneel. I was then poor and wretched, without resource; and I could not think of bringing distress upon her, independent of whose happiness I could have no enjoyment. I was sensible that I loved you, with infinite tenderness, with unspeakable ardour; but my passion did not dare to admit of desire. I could have suffered all things to have heaped blessings upon you; but I would not permit to my soul the distant, though dear wish, of being happy with you.—Ah, what posture is this! exclaimed Arabella, Nay, you shall not stir, I cried, nor will I rise till you have heard me a few words. Since morning, I say, I have got room to hope, that my Arabella would not be so unhappy as I feared, in being united to me. I will not urge her, however. I leave her free, I leave

her mistress of her own will and actions. But here I vow to heaven, that whether she live or die, consent or not consent, I will never marry another. I am, from this moment, here wedded for eternity, the faithful and fond husband of her image and remembrance.

So saying, I rose and seated myself beside her. She looked astonished, and affected beyond the power of utterance. But, covering her face with a handkerchief, she gently leaned toward me, and shed a plenteous shower of tears upon my bosom.

When Mrs. Graves returned, I told her of my extraordinary success at the bookseller's. I had before made her the treasurer of my little possessions, and I poured my twenty pieces into her lap.

Arabella, as I conjectured, did not delay to impart to her aunt the late adventure; for I observed that the eyes of that good woman dwelt upon me with a fresh accession of fondness and delight.

Having finished my third paper, I took it to Wellcot, who presented me with twenty guineas, and further acknowledged himself my debtor. Returning homeward, I cast up, in a pleasing kind of mental arithmetic, how much my weekly twenty guineas would amount to at the year's end, and found it much beyond my occasions, even in the state of matrimony.

I now looked upon myself as in the certain receipt of a plentiful income; and this encouraged me to press for the completion of my happiness. Decency, alone, could give difficulty or delay, in an affair that was equally the wish of all parties.

We were privately married, in the presence of the Miss Hodginses and two or three other neighbours; and I was put into possession of the blushingest, fearfulest, and fondest of all brides.

Job very justly says, "Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and not receive evil?" And yet, I imagine, that the recollection of past happiness rather heightens than alleviates the sense of present distress. My soul, in those days, enjoyed a tide of delight to the fulness of its wishes, and to the stretch of its capacity. I thought that, till then, no person had ever loved as I loved; but the love of my Arabella was a kind of passion that wanted a new name whereby to express it. It was an absence, a sort of death to all other objects. It was a pleasure to paining, a distressful attention, the avarice of a miser who watches over his hoard, and joins to the rapture with which he beholds it, the terrifying ideas of robbery and loss.

I had now, within the space of five weeks, received about one hundred and twenty guineas, on the sale of my Monitor; when, going abroad one evening, I was stopped within a few doors of my house by a genteel looking person, who asked if my name was Clement? It is, Sir, I answered. Then, Sir, says he, I arrest you in his Majesty's name for sedition and a libel against the Government. Then, beckoning to three or four serjeants that attended, he had me directly seized and conveyed toward Newgate.

As I was not of a timorous temper, nor conscious of the smallest tincture of the crimes with which I was charged, I should have made little more than

a jest of this business, had I not trembled for the apprehensions of those who I knew would tremble for me.

On the way, this officer informed me, that my bookseller had betrayed me, and had confessed to the Ministers that I was the author of a famous pamphlet, entitled 'the Weekly Monitor.' Being delivered to the keeper, I put a few pieces into his hand, and was conducted to a decent apartment, considering the place.

I immediately sent for Humphry Cypher, Esq. serjeant at law, whom I had once occasionally feed in behalf of Mrs. Graves; and I sent, at the same time, for a set of the 'Weekly Monitor.' When Mr. Cypher came, I put five pieces into his hand; and having told him my case, I requested him to peruse the papers in question, and to give me his opinion thereon.

Having read them with due attention, Mr. Clement, says he, I perceive that you are a learned and ingenious young gentleman; but I find that you are better acquainted with the republics of Greece than with the nature and constitution of our limited monarchy. Hence, alone, hath proceeded some lapses and misapplications that your adversaries would lay hold of. Yet, there is nothing grossly scurrilous or malicious throughout; nor what may amount to the incurring of a præmunire, by the most violent constraint or wresting of the sense. If you are inclined, says he, to proceed in the course of these papers, I would advise you to put in bail, and to stand the action. But as I am persuaded that the court have commenced this prosecution, as a matter merely *in terrorem*, to deter you from a work that gives them great

disgust, if you have any genteel friend, who would solicit in your favour, and promise a future conduct more amenable to power, you would undoubtedly be discharged without further cost or trouble.

I returned my warm acknowledgments to the serjeant for his friendly counsel, and told him I would consider of it before I gave him further trouble. When he was gone, I dispatched a letter to Mrs. Graves, wherein I gave her an account of my present situation, in a manner as little alarming as possible. I requested her to provide bail for my appearance at the bar; but insisted that, till this was done, neither she nor Arabella should come to my prison; and that I had given express orders that they should not be admitted.

Alas! had they complied with my directions, how happy might we have been all together at this day; but the excess of their goodness was the cause of our common ruin. Their affection would not be satisfied with simple bail; and they resolved never to rest till they had procured my full discharge.

They went about to all their customers of any distinction. They solicited, petitioned, and bribed without measure. They borrowed money to the utmost extent of their credit; and pawned, or sold all their effects under prime cost. They gave a purse to one, to bring them acquainted with another, on whom they bestowed a larger sum, to introduce them to a third. Having at length made their way to Lord Stivers, an agent of the Minister, he thought he saw an advantage in granting their request, and my discharge was made out, without further delay.

On the fifth evening from my imprisonment, the door of my chamber opened, and in came my dear aunt with my dearer Arabella. They flew upon me; they clasped me on each side in their arms, and my wife instantly swooned away upon my bosom. She soon revived, however, at the known voice of love; and as every door of my enlargement had been previously opened, we went down, stepped into the coach, and drove home directly.

Here I saw the first subject and cause of alarm—the shop was shut up! I was shocked, and felt a sudden chilness come upon me; but did not venture to inquire except by my eyes.

The kettle being down, and all seated to tea, I introduced the affair, with an affected unconcern; and, by question after question, artfully extracted from my companions the whole history and adventures of the five preceding days; whereby I found, that they had expended in my behalf beyond the last penny of their own substance; and that nothing remained, save one hundred and fifty pounds, to which the several deposits amounted which I had made with Mrs. Graves.

I could now no longer contain myself. Cruel women, inhuman friends! I cried; the bitterness of enmity, the rancour of malice could never have brought an evil like this upon me. Accursed wretch that I am, ordained to be the instrument of perdition to those whom I would feed with my blood and foster with my vitals! Would to heaven I had not been born! or, would I had been cut off by some quick and horrid judgment, ere this had happened!

Here Mrs. Graves drew her chair close to mine,

and catching me about the neck, and dropping upon me a few tears, that she struggled to suppress: Do not grieve, my child, she cried, do not afflict yourself for nothing. All is as it should be. There is no harm done. Your Arabella and I can always earn genteel and independent bread, without shop or other means than the work of our hands. We can never want, my Hammy. We have done nothing for you. Neither has any thing happened wherewith you ought to reproach yourself. What we did was for ourselves, for the relief of the anguish of our own hearts, to bring you home to us again, as soon as possible, my son, since we found that we could live no longer without you.

Within a few days, I perceived that my dear aunt began to decline in her health, perhaps occasioned by her late fatigue and anxiety of spirits. I brought an able physician to her, but he could form no judgment of the nature of her disorder, till some time after, when her complexion began to change, and the doctor declared her to be in the jaundice. He began to apply to the customary medicines, and no care nor expence was spared for her recovery. Arabella and I sat up with her, alternately, every night; and, all the day, we read to her some book of amusement, in order to dissipate the melancholy of her disease. But, alas! all our cares and remedies, our attention and solicitude, our prayers and our tears, proved equally unsuccessful; and, at the end of five months, she expired within our arms.

Arabella then quitted her hold, and crossing he arms upon her bosom, and looking eagerly on the face, once so lovely, and always beloved, You

are then at peace, said she, my mother. O death! hadst thou not enough of terrors in thy aspect, without adding to thy agonies those of tearing from us that which we prized above life? O my friend! my only parent! my dearest dearest mother!—She could no more, but immediately fainted away upon the body.

I took her up in my arms, and carrying her into the next room, I laid her on the bed; I ordered Jenny and the two nursekeepers to take care of her recovery, and charged them not to permit her to see her aunt any more.

I then returned to the chamber, wherein the precious ruins of the half of my world was laid. I locked the door within side. I approached the body, and hung over it, and gazed upon it with inexpressible emotion. I repeatedly clapped my hands together. I stooped down, and kissed, and re-kissed her cold lips, in an agony of affection. I gave a free scope to my tears, sobs, and lamentations. Ah! I cried, my parent; my patroness; ah, mother to the son of your unhappy election! Have I lost you, my only prop? Are you for ever departed from me, my support and consolation? I was abandoned by the world, by friends, father, and relations; but you became the world and all relations to me. 'I was a stranger, and you took me in; I was sick, and in prison, and you ministred unto me.' But you are gone, you are gone from me afar off; and I die a thousand deaths in the anguish of surviving you. Here you lie, my mother, the victim of your goodness to your unlucky guest. Wretch that I am! doomed to bring no portion, save that of calamity, to those who

regard me. Wo of woes! where, now, shall I ease my soul of its insupportable burden? of the debt with which it labours, to this kind creature? She will no more return, to take aught at my hands; and I must suffer the oppression through life, and through eternity!

Having thus vented the excesses of my passion, my spirits subsided into a kind of gloomy calm. I returned to my wife.—But I see, Sir, you are too much affected. I will not dwell on this melancholy scene any longer.

When I had discharged doctor's fees, apothecary's bills, and funeral expences, I found that our fortune did not amount to fifty pounds. My wife was now far advanced in her pregnancy; her labour was hastened by her grief and late fatigues, and she was delivered of that boy whom your charity a second time brought into this world.

As I was now all things to my Arabella, the only consolation she had upon earth, I never left her during her illness. By the time she was up and about, what with the charges of child-bearing, and a quarter's rent, &c. our fund was again sunk within the sum of ten pounds; and I was going one evening to look out for some employment, when we heard a rapping of distinction at the door.

Jenny came, in a hurry, and brought us word that Lord Stivers was in the parlour, and desired to speak with me. I went down, greatly surprised, and something alarmed at his visit. Mr. Clement, says he, with a familiar air, I have long wished to see you; but I did not think it seasonable to disturb you, during the misfortune of your family, and the illness of your wife. Your 'Weekly

Monitors' have genius and spirit, but they have done some mischief which we wish to have remedied. As how, pray, my Lord? Why, Mr. Clement, I never knew a writing in favour of liberty, or against any measures of government, which the populace did not wrest in favour of licentiousness, and to the casting aside of all manner of rule. Now, Mr. Clement, we want you to undertake our cause, which is by much the more reasonable and orderly side of the argument; in short, we want you to refute your own papers.

O, my Lord, I answered, I should think it an honour to serve your Lordship or the Ministry, on any other occasion; but in a matter that must bring public infamy upon me, indeed, my Lord, you must excuse me. I should be pointed at as an apostate and prostitute, by all men, and bring my person and writings into such disgrace, as would for ever disable me from serving either myself or your Lordship.

Well, Sir, replied my Lord, I will not then insist on a formal refutation of your own writings. I only ask if you are willing to engage in our quarrel as far as is consistent with honour and truth? I am, my Lord, I rejoined, as far as is consistent with my own credit and the good of my country.

The good of your country, Mr. Clement, says my Lord! I hope you do not think that government is contrary to the good of your country. Pray, in what do you make this liberty consist, of which you are become so eminent a patron?

There are two sorts of liberty, my Lord, I answered: the first constitutes the duty and hap-

piness of a man, independent of community; the second constitutes the privilege and happiness of a man, merely as he is a member of any state or commonwealth.

Independent of community, a man is so far free and no further, than he acts up to the dictates of reason and duty, in despite of inward appetite and outward influence.

As a member of community, a man is so far free, and no further, than as every other member of that community is legally restrained from injuring his person, or encroaching on his property.

Inimitably well defined, cried his Lordship! I have read volumes in folio upon the subject, but never knew what liberty was before. Well, Mr. Clement, as this liberty of yours is in all respects so opposite to the licentiousness I was talking of, it cannot but make, mainly, in favour of a good government. I therefore request you to write a treatise to the purpose of your definition; and to take us with you as far as you can. We shall not be ungrateful; we are good paymasters, Sir. Why do you hesitate? Did you not tell me you were disposed to serve us?

My Lord, I replied, I fear I should fall greatly short of your expectations. I am not studied in the constitution of modern states, and how should I be able to justify any government with respect to measures that perhaps are a secret to all except the Ministers? I must farther observe to your Lordship, that my former field would be greatly contracted on this occasion. It is very easy and obvious to find fault and to call in question; but to vindicate truth itself against popular prejudice, *hoc opus hic labor est,*

Mr. Clement, says my Lord, I am proud that we have got a gentleman of so much honesty and ingenuity to befriend us. It shall be my care to provide you with materials, and I am confident that so great a master of his instrument as you are will make excellent music on a few fundamental notes. Here are twenty guineas earnest, and ten guineas shall be paid you weekly, till we can fit you in some station of due honour and advantage. I will take a glass or a dish of tea with you in a few days, and I wish you a good evening.

On the third morning after this interview, my Lord returned with a large bundle of *anti-patria* pamphlets in his chariot, and some manuscript notes and hints for my instruction. He breakfasted with us, and was easy, polite, and chearful.

I now entered on my new province, but not with usual ardour. As I had formerly lashed the insolence, encroachments, and rapaciousness of power, less ambitious of conquest over aliens and enemies, than over the very people it was ordained to protect, I now, on the other hand, rebuked with like acrimony, the riotous, factious, and seditious propensities of a turbulent, licentious, and unsatisfied people, ever repugnant to government, and reluctant to the reign of the gentlest ruler. I proved, from many authorities and instances, derived from Greece and Rome, that power is never so dangerous to a populace, as when it is taken into their own hands; that the governors and governed, by the violence of collision, are apt to fly to extremes, on either side; that anarchy is the most direct of all roads to tyranny; and that a people, who have no will to

be governed, reduce themselves to the necessity of being crushed, insulted, and governed, whether they will or no.

Now, Sir, though I thus alternately sided with the people against power, and with power against the people, yet I struck at nothing but faults, on either hand; and equally asserted, on both sides of the question, the cause of my country, of liberty, and truth.

I took five times the pains with these latter papers than I had with the former, and yet I confess I had not equal pleasure in the delivery. I am also persuaded that these had more than double the merit of the other; and, in point of sentiment, moral and general instruction, were of twenty times the value to mankind: but how can that instruct which is not attended to? It was intimated to the people that these had been written at the instance of their governors; and they would not have listened to an oracle, if uttered from that quarter.

Six months had now elapsed in these lucubrations. I had delivered to my wife two hundred and sixty guineas, the weekly price of my labours. We had lived with great frugality. Arabella had again taken in as much work as her nursing and attention to the child would admit; and we had some pieces left of our former remnant, when Lord Stivers called in upon me with pleasure and good news, as it were, prologued in his aspect.

Mr. Clement, says he, I want to speak to you, apart. I had yesterday some talk with the minister about you, and he has promised me four hundred a-year pension for you, till something better can be done; and this is to be wholly clear

and over your weekly wages of ten guineas, while we keep you so hard at work. But tell me, Clement, says he, laying his hand with an affectionate familiarity upon my shoulder, are you of a jealous temper? The furtherest from it, my Lord, of any man breathing. O, I am glad of that; but if you were, I have nothing exceptionable to propose. To be short, half a dozen of noblemen, all my friends, and people of strict probity and virtue, have engaged to spend a share of to-morrow in a party of pleasure upon the Thames; and we have, each of us, laid a bet of a hundred guineas, that, from the number of his relations, his friends, or acquaintance, he will bring the prettiest woman to this field of contention. I had fixed on Lady Fanny Standish, a lovely creature, and a relation of my own, but she, unfortunately, happened to be pre-engaged to one of my rivals. I am, therefore, quite at a loss, and must infallibly lose my wager, if you do not favour me with the company of Mrs. Clement. With her I can make no question of conquest; and I give you my honour to pour into her lap the whole five hundred guineas, the just prize of her beauty.

Why, my Lord, I answered, this is indeed a very pleasant project, and has nothing in it exceptionable that I can perceive, if no one was to know any thing of the matter. But what will the world say to see your Lordship so paired? Psha, damn the world, Clement! I am your world, man. Your Lordship has a very good right to damn an inferior world, I rejoined; but the world has an equal right, and would certainly make use of it, in the damnation of my wife. What, said

he, warmly, you will not then confide her to my friendship and honour? I will not, my Lord, confide her honour, unnecessarily, to any man, from under that guardianship and protection which I vowed to her in marriage. It is very well, Mr. Clement, you may hear from me to-morrow. And away he went.

He was equal to his word. The very next morning I was arrested at his suit for two hundred and fourscore guineas, the amount of all that I had received from him; and I was hurried to the Fleet-prison, without being permitted to speak to any one.

As my Lord knew, that on issue, I must cast him in his action, and further, come upon him for a special damage, and false duress, it instantly occurred that this was merely a stratagem for the seduction of my Arabella, and her defenceless state gave me inexpressible torture. I immediately wrote her an account of my situation and apprehensions, which unhappily for all parties were too well founded. But Sir, I will give you a detail of these extraordinary events, in the order of time in which they happened, as I afterwards learned them from the mouth of my wife, and from the testimony of others, on trial in public court.

Before my wife could have the least intelligence of my confinement, my Lord paid her a visit; and entering with his accustomed freedom and good humour, Mrs. Clement, says he, I am come to prevent your being alarmed, when you should hear that I sent your husband to the Fleet-prison this morning. But to convince you that I intend him no manner of harm, I have here brought you

the money for which he was arrested; and it is at your own choice to release him within this hour, or on the feast of Saint Simpleton, if you are not in a hurry. So saying, he put a large purse into her hand. And pray, my Lord, then demanded Arabella, on what account was it that you had him arrested? To punish him, answered my Lord, for being the most jealous-pated coxcomb in Europe. Jealous, my Lord! pray of whom can he be jealous? Of you and I, Madam. Of us, my Lord? sure we never gave him cause. No, that I'll be sworn, rejoined my Lord; but more is the pity; the jealousy came first, and the cause ought now, in all conscience, to follow.

Before the last words had escaped his mouth, he sprung forward, and catching her in his arms, he pressed and kissed her with the rudest ardour. But quickly disengaging herself, and pushing him violently from her, I see you are a villain, she cried, and desire that you will instantly quit my house; and so saying, she threw the purse out at the door. My Lord, however, stood his ground; and looking at her with astonishing ease and unconcern, Mrs. Clement, says he, the destiny of your husband and yourself is in my hands, and I must tell you it does not become you to treat your best friend in so injurious a manner. I have here brought you a settlement of five hundred a-year, for life. It is perfected to you without condition, and how far you will be grateful, lies wholly at your own election. May heaven forsake me, she cried, when I accept the smallest advantage from you or your fortune! Well, well, Arabella, replied my Lord, I must and will have you on your terms, or my own; but if you had really a mind

to contest this business with me, what a little fool you were so simply to cast away the sinews of war? I leave you, child, for the present, to wiser reflections; then insolently smiling in her face, he retired.

As soon as he was gone, my wife hurried to the Miss Hodginses, and prevailed upon one of them to keep her company till she should be able to procure my enlargement. She then went to a person who dealt in household furniture, and requested him to come the next morning and make a purchase of some goods that she had to dispose of. And, lastly, she writ me a letter with an account of all these matters, and a promise to be with me the day following.

I should have apprised you before this, that our faithful and affectionate Jenny had forsaken us. A small legacy had been left her, whereupon she quitted service, and went to live with her parents, and we were obliged to hire a strange maid in her room.

The next day Arabella sold as much of her furniture to the forementioned dealer and some neighbours as amounted to upwards of forty guineas. She had put these, with her former deposit of two hundred and sixty, into her pocket; it was now afternoon, and she was joyfully preparing to come and give me freedom, when our new maid entered and told Miss Hodgins, that a lady waited for her at home on earnest business, but promised not to detain her above five minutes. Alas! Miss Hodgins was scarce gone, when Lord Stivers entered, and my wife giving a violent shriek, dropped backward in a chair.

Lord Stivers thereupon drew another chair, and

with an impudent appearance of tenderness, seated himself beside her. My dear Arabella, said he, don't be alarmed. By heaven I am not come to do you the smallest injury! I tell you, however, that you are wholly in my power. Your street-door is bolted. I have two able footmen below in your kitchen; and the maid who contrived to get your friend out of the way is much more my servant than yours, I assure you. I have loved you long, my Arabella, and the frequent visits I paid are to be placed to your credit, and not to that of the stupid politics with which I amused your husband. And now, my angel, if you will make any concession, but the slightest return to the excess of my passion and fondness for you, I here vow to you perpetual faith and constancy for life, and both my fortune and person shall be wholly devoted to you. But don't attempt to impose, don't hope to deceive me.

No, no, my Lord, she cried, I will not deceive you by pretending to sacrifice the least article of duty to your person or fortune. I see that I am in danger; on the brink of perdition. I see that hell is strong and subtle at devices. Heaven save me, any how! strike, strike me dead this instant! You thunders and earthquakes, that once were my terrors, be now my deliverers!

Why, my Arabella, says Lord Stivers, this is all very fine. It is the sweetest rant I ever heard. And you are the sweetest girl, upon my soul, that ever I saw. I perceive that you are really alarmed, my love; but, what is it that frights you? you shall never receive any treatment from me, save proofs of the fondness and violence of my

affection. Recal your spirits, child; and prepare yourself, with patience, for what must be. For I swear, Arabella, that no power in the universe shall snatch you, this hour, from the ardour of my caresses.

The wretched object of the lust of this barbarous man then dropped upon her knees in a frantic agony: O God! she cried out, if you are in heaven—if you hear and see these things—if virtue and purity are not an offence unto you—send, send and deliver me by some sudden salvation! O, my Lord, once our generous patron and protector, the friend and support of our declining house! would you now tumble into deep and irreparable ruins, the work of your own hands? Alas, you know not what you do; you cannot guess at the horrors you are about to perpetrate. If ever you had a touch of pity. If ever—but what shall I say? If you do not, like devils, delight in the miseries of wretches, damned for eternity, shield, shield me, my dear Lord; be you yourself my saviour from this my hour of terrors, from this hell that is come upon me. I have already suffered the pangs of death in the bare apprehension. I will never live to bear in me, and about me, a detestable being. Hope it not; dream not of it. By heaven! I will not a moment survive my pollution. O mercy! mercy! mercy! and, so saying, her voice was stopped by an agony of sobs and tears.

Charming girl! enchanting creature! exclaimed the deliberate villain; every action, every word, intended to dissuade, are fresh fuel and incitement to my passion for you, my Arabella. But I see

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THE MAN OF LETTERS.

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that you will not consent to my happiness, and that I must give you an apology for your acceptance of any favour or fortune at my hands.

So saying he arose: and up she sprung at the instant; and running to the farthest corner of the room, re-collected all her spirits and force for her defence. She struggled and shrieked, and called out upon heaven and earth to save her. But no help appearing nigh, she suddenly recollected a pair of long and sharp-pointed scissars that she had in her pocket; and, in the moment that Lord Stivers threw her prone upon the floor, she drew them forth, and aiming at him with all her strength she almost buried the weapon in his left side; whereat he gave a loud curse, and over he tumbled, gasping and groveling beside her.

Up she got with all haste, and running to the cradle where her infant lay crying, she caught him in her arms, and opening the chamber-door softly, and shutting it after her, she stepped down stairs as upon feathers, and stealing to the street-door, she opened it suddenly, rushed into the street, and hurried on till she came to a stand of coaches; where she hired the first she met, threw herself hastily into it, and desired the man to drive with all speed to the Fleet-prison.

On her arrival she discharged the action and fees of arrest with all possible dispatch, and then hurried up to my apartment. On the first glimpse I sprung to her and caught her in my arms with unspeakable transport; but finding the child with her, and observing that her breath was quick and uneven, I withdrew a step or two, and looked eagerly at her; and perceiving that she was pale,

and had a kind of wildness in her eyes and motions. What is the matter, my love? I cried; what has happened to you? I have not been well, she answered, with an affected unconcern before the keeper. But pray come down, my dear, you are much wanted, and the coach is in waiting.

Nothing further passed between us till we got into the coach, and that my wife desired the man to drive to some neighbouring street, and to stop at the first door where he saw a bill for lodgings. For lodgings, again I demanded; for whom does my Arabella desire to take lodgings? For you and I, Mr. Clement, for you and I, she cried, wringing her hands together; Lord Stivers lies weltering in his blood at our house, deprived of life within this half hour by my unhappy hand.

I was suddenly struck dumb with surprise and horror. All the occasions and consequences of this direful event whirled through my imagination in a fearful succession. What must now become of my soul's sole enjoyment! what indignities must have been offered! what violation might she not, or rather must she not have suffered, before she could be brought to perpetrate so terrible a deed! I grew instantly sick, and putting my head through the window, desired the coachman to stop at the first tavern. I ordered the drawer to hasten with a pint of Spanish white-wine to the door, and I pressed and compelled my wife to swallow a part. Our spirits being in some degree settled thereby, we drove to a private street on the right hand of Cheapside, where I took a back room and closet, up two pair of stairs, at one Mrs. Jennett's, an old maid and a mantua-maker. I immediately

ordered a fire to be kindled, and the tea-things to be laid, and giving the servant a crown-piece, desired her to bring the value in proper ingredients.

The evening was now shut in; and while the maid was abroad, not a syllable passed between my wife and me. I dreaded to inquire of what I still more dreaded to understand; and Arabella seemed to labour under some mighty oppression; when retiring to the closet where our bed stood, she covered her child up warm, and kneeling down by his side, broke forth into a violent torrent of tears, intermingled with heavings and half-strangled sobs.

I sat still without seeming to observe her emotion. I was sensible that nature wanted this kindly relief. The teas and sugars were brought, the kettle was put on the fire, and the maid had again retired; when I gently called to my Arabella to come forth, with a voice of the truest love and softest endearment that ever breathed from a human bosom.

Her eyes were already wiped; her countenance composed, and her motions and demeanour much more settled than before. She sat down with a rising sigh, which she checked with a half smile. My Arabella, said I, my only joy, my unmeasured blessing! what is it that thus distracts my dearer part of existence? Your mind, your spirit, my angel, is still pure and unpolluted; and bodies are, merely as bodies, incapable of defilement, being doomed from our birth to dissolution and corruption.

Ah, my Hammy! she exclaimed, you are

quite beside the mark; I sigh not, I weep not, I grieve not for myself. I fear not, nor regard the consequences, however fatal, of what has happened—Suppose a sudden and shameful death—I thank my God for it; death will offer me up a victim still pure and unpolluted. But O the wretched Stivers, what is now become of him! sent so suddenly and unprovided to his eternal audit. Unhappy that I am! perhaps an instrument of perdition to an immortal being. Ah, rather that I had not been born! would I had perished in his stead! A death in the cause of virtue had been my advocate for mercy.

How is this? my Arabella, I cried. Is condemnation then to be brought upon the good, because they oppose themselves to evil? Would you have censured any one living, except yourself, for having given you this deliverance by the death of a ravisher? No, surely, in the daily and nightly robberies, massacres, and assassinations, that the violent machinate against the peaceful; is it the fault of those who stand in the defence of righteousness, that villains often perish in the act of transgression? Tell me, my sweet mourner, in the sacking of a city, when the lustful and bloody soldiery are loosed to their whole delight in burnings, rapes, rapines, slaughters, howlings, and violations; is it the perpetrators of all these horrors that you compassionate, when they happened to be crushed in the ruins they have wrought? Meritorious, my Arabella, most meritorious were that hand who should cut a whole host of such infernals from the earth; remaining innocence and virtue would be his debtors for ever. Commiseration to the flagitious is cruelty to the

just; and he who spareth them becomes the accomplice of all their future crimes.

During tea, my wife gave me an ample narrative of all that happened at our house while I was in confinement. As she spoke, I was first speechless with fearful and panting expectation; I was then kindled into fury and a vehement thirst of vengeance; and, lastly, I was elevated into an awful rapture. I looked at my wife with eyes swimming with love and veneration; I rose from my seat; I threw myself on my knees before her: Adorable creature! I cried; divine Arabella! supreme excellence of woman! thus let me worship, through the purest of all mediums, that Godhead who inspires and delights in such perfections.

Our fortune was now reduced to very little more than fifteen guineas. We had no clothes but what we wore; and we did not dare to go or send to our house for others, neither to make ourselves known to any acquaintance. We went by the name of Stapleton; and on the following night I ventured abroad, and bought for myself a few second-hand shirts, with a common gown, and some changes of linen for my wife.

On the fifth day at breakfast, while Arabella was casting her eye over a newspaper that she had borrowed from Mrs. Jennett, she turned suddenly pale. What, she cried, before I could question her, accused of robbery, as well as murder! that is hard indeed. But I trust that my lot shall not exceed my resignation. And so saying, she handed me over the paper with a smile, in which heaven appeared to open.

The advertisement ran thus:—

"Whereas Arabella Clement, alias Graves, did, on the 15th day of September instant, most barbarously stab and murder the Right Hon. James ———, late Lord Stivers, at a house of ill report, where she formerly had kept a milliner's shop, in Fleet-street: and whereas she did further rob the said Right Hon. &c. of a large purse of money, his gold repeater, snuff-box, diamond-ring, &c. and did lastly flee for the same, as may be proved, and is evident from the examination and testimony of three concurring witnesses: Now his Majesty, in his gracious abhorrence of such crimes, doth hereby promise a reward of three hundred guineas to any person who shall stop, discover, or arrest the said Arabella, so as that she may be brought to condign and adequate punishment, if any such may be found, for such unequalled offences."

O, said my wife, I perceive that my enemies will swear home indeed. Their plunder of Lord Stivers can no way, be assured, save by my condemnation. But be it as it may, that Providence, who over-rules the wickedness of this world, may yet give submission a clue to escape its perplexities; and my innocence, I trust, will be an equivalent to all that the world can inflict, and much more than an equivalent to all that it can bestow.

I now had every thing to fear for my Arabella, as well from the interested villainy of the witnesses, as from the power of the ministry, and the resentment of the relations of so great a man; and I looked upon her death to be as certain as her caption. Had I been the first in remainder, to the greatest estate of England, I would have exchanged my whole interest for as much ready cash as would have served to convey us to some region of safety. But this was not practicable with the very small

remainder of the wreck of our fortune; and we had taken our lodging certain at fifty shillings per quarter.

We appeared as little as possible, even to the lodgers of the house; and I intimated to my landlady, that it was the fate of many a gentleman to be obliged to abscond, till his affairs could be compounded with hard-hearted creditors.

During the space of nine months, our principal diet was weak tea and bread; and if we ventured, at odd times, on a small joint of meat, it served us cold, hashed and minced, from one week to the other.

As my wife did not dare to take in work, nor I to stir abroad to look for employment, our chief entertainment was the reading some old folio books of history and divinity, which I borrowed from Mrs. Jennett, and which had belonged to her father.

How small must be the cravings of simple nature, when a family like ours, accustomed to affluence, could subsist in London, without murmuring, for upward of nine months, on less than eight guineas! but our fund was now exhausted to a few shillings; and my sword, watch, and buckles, were also gone in discharge of our three quarters rent to the landlady. Ruin stared us in the face. I beheld as it were a gulph, unfathomable and impassable, opening beneath our feet, and heaven and earth joining to push us down the precipice.

We yet lived a month longer on coarse bread and cold water, with a little milk, which we got now and then for the child; but I concealed from my wife, that we had not a single sixpence now left upon earth.

I looked up to Heaven, but without love or confidence. Dreadful Power! I cried, who thus breakest to powder the poor vessels of thy creation! thou art said to be a bounteous and benevolent caterer to the spawn of the ocean, and to the worms of the earth. Thou clothest the birds of the air, and the beasts of the forest; they hunger, and find a banquet at hand. Thou sheddest the dew of thy comforts, even on the unrighteous; thou openest thy hand, and all things living are said to be filled with plenteousness. Are we, alone, excepted from the immensity of thy works! shall the piety of my wife, shall the innocence of my infant, thus famish, unregarded and unpitied, before thee!

Ah! it is I who am the accursed thing; who brings plagues upon all with whom I am connected. Even the labours of my life, the issues of my honest industry, have been changed by thy ordinances into nothing but damage; to the imprisonment of my person, to the ruin of those who had the misfortune to befriend me; and to the death, danger and desolation of all whom I held dear. I strive, in vain, with thy Omnipotence; it is too mighty for me, and crushes me below the centre. Pour out then the vessels of thy wrath upon my head, but on my head alone, O just Creator! and take these little ones to thy mercy, for they cannot have participated of the guilt thou art pleased to impute to me.

The night was now advanced; but that which fell upon my soul was a night which would admit no ray of comfort, nor looked ever to behold another morning. I wished for dissolution to myself, to the universe. I wished to see the two proprietors of my soul's late affections now lying pale and

breathless before my eyes. I would not have endured my hell another moment. I would have given myself instant death; but I dreaded to leave my desolate widow and helpless orphan without a friend, as I then conceived, either in heaven or earth.

My wife had lain down with her infant on the bed. A sudden reflection started. My death, thought I, may yet be useful to those for whom only I could wish to live. I rose, frantically determined. My brain was on fire. I took down an old pistol which hung in a corner, I put it in my breast, down stairs I went, and issued to the street.

I was bent on something desperate, but knew not what. I had not gone far, when I saw a large tavern open beside me. I passed through the entry, and running up stairs, boldly entered the dining-room, where a numerous company of gentlemen sat round their bottle. I clapt to the door; and taking out the pistol, Gentlemen, I cried, I starve, I die for want; resolve, instantly to relieve, or to perish along with me.

They all fixed their eyes upon me; but the meagre frenzy, as I suppose, which they saw in my countenance, held them silent. The person who sat nearest directly took out his purse and presented it to me. I again returned it to him, and putting up my pistol, No, no, Sir, I cried, I will not take your gold, I am no robber; but give me some silver among ye, to keep a while from the grave three creatures who famish amidst a plentiful world.

They all, as with one consent, put their hands to their pockets, and instantly made up a heap of upwards of three pounds. I devoured it with my

eyes; I beheld it as a mint of money; and panting, and grappling at it like a vulture, I stuffed it into a side-pocket, and being too full of acknowledgments to thank my benefactors, by word or token, I burst forth into tears, and turning from them, I got once more into the street, without any interruption.

I made directly home, and stepping softly up stairs, I first restored the pistol to its old station. I then went to the closet, where my wife lay still asleep, I gently waked her, by the fondness of my caresses. My Arabella, I cried, I have ventured out, for the first time, and heaven has sent us some small relief by a friend that I happened to meet. Here my love, I said, putting a crown into her hand, call the maid, and send out for some comfortable sustenance; our fast has been long indeed.

Within a few days, our strength and our spirits began to recruit, though we still continued to live much within the bounds of temperance. My soul again settled into a kind of sullen calm, and looked forth, though at a distance, to some future dawning.

One day, as my landlady's bible lay shut before me, a sudden thought occurred. I breathed up to God a short and silent ejaculation, beseeching him to instruct me in what I ought to do, by the passage upon which my thumb should happen to rest, in opening the book. I instantly made the venture, and found the following words: "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against thee, and before heaven, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Alas, I was far from imagining at that time, that it was no other than my Father in heaven who

called me, and who would thereby have directed and conducted me to himself.

I puzzled and racked my memory to discover in what I had given just offence to my earthly progenitor, but resolved at all events to observe the admonition.

In the dusk of the evening, I tied my handkerchief, sailor-like, about my neck, I pulled my wig forward, and slouching my hat, I slid out of doors; and stooping half double, I limped with a counterfeited gait towards my father's. I was duly apprized, that if I knocked at the door, or directly inquired for him, I should not be admitted. I, therefore, walked to and again, now near, now aloof, for near an hour, before his door, in patient expectation of his appearance.

I had repeated this exercise for five successive evenings, when the door at length opened, and a servant in livery came up and accosted me, Is your name Clement, Sir? Suppose it were, says I. Supposing so, replied he, I am ordered to tell you that my master is well informed of all your wicked designs, and that if ever you appear again in sight of his windows, he will send you to Newgate, without bail or mainprize, and prosecute you to the last of the laws of the land.

We parted without another word, and I crossed over the way to a chandler's shop. The good woman of the house also happened to sell some small ale in her back apartments. I called for a mug, and requested her company for a few minutes. After some introductory chat, I addressed her in a manner that I judged most engaging for one in her sphere. She very freely told me the history of my father and his present family; and further,

that it was his custom on every Monday and Friday to repair to the Tradesman's Club, at the Golden Anchor, in Temple-lane, about eight of the clock at night, and not to return till about eleven.

I went home something satisfied with this intelligence, as I now knew where to find my unnatural parent, though his last barbarous and insulting message had rendered me hopeless, and quite averse to any kind of application to him.

We had now lived three months longer on the last booty, or charity, I know not which to call it. We were again reduced to the last shilling, and what was still worse, our landlady became importunate for her quarter's rent. My wife had lately requested her to look out for some sempstry-work among the neighbours. This she promised to do, but purposely declined, as she and her family got the benefit of her labour *gratis*.

I began again to return to my former evil thoughts. I resolved to make war upon the whole race of man, rather than my wife and infant should perish in my sight: but I reflected, that it was more equitable to begin with a father, on whom nature had given me a right of independence, than to prey upon strangers, on whom necessity alone could give me any claim.

It was Monday night: the clock struck ten, I took down the old pistol, and marched toward the Anchor. I patroled near the place of expectation above an hour. The night was excessive dark, and no lamps in that part. At length I listened to the sound of distant steps, and soon after heard a voice cry, Murder, murder, robbery! Watch, watch!

I ran to the cry, and perceived one man on the

ground, and another stooping, in act to rifle his pockets. I instantly drew my pistol, and striking at the robber's head with my full force, I laid him senseless on the pavement. I then gently raised the other, who was bleeding and stunned by the stroke he had received. I supported him step by step, toward a distant lamp, where at length we arrived, and found a tavern open. I entered, and ordered a room with fire and lights; and desired that a surgeon should be immediately called. The gentleman, whose face was nearly covered with blood and dirt, began now to recover his strength and senses. I got him to swallow a small dram of spirits, and he stepped with me up stairs, scarcely leaning on my shoulder.

While we sat by the fire, and a napkin and warm water were getting ready, the stranger grew passionate in his acknowledgment for the life which he said he owed me, and which service he promised to recompence to the stretch of his power and fortunes. But when he had washed and wiped away the blood and dirt from his face; heaven! what was my emotion at the sight of an aspect once so loved and so revered! All my injuries and resentments vanished instantly from my memory. I fell at his knees with a great cry, Is it you then, my father? my once dear, my ever dear and lamented father? Is it the face of a father that I at last behold? I burst into tears: I wept aloud. I interruptedly demanded, Will you not know me? will you not own me? will not nature speak in you? will you not acknowledge your son, your once beloved Hammel, so long the comfort of your age, and the pride of your expectations?

While I spoke, my father looked wild and eager upon me. He at length recollected me through all my leanness and poor apparel; and hesitating, replied, I, I, believe indeed you are my child Hammel, and strait fainted away.

During his fit, the surgeon came with his instruments and dressings; and having in vain attempted to restore him, by sprinkling water in his face, and by the application of hartshorn to his nose and temples, he took some blood from him, whereon he opened his eyes, and began to breathe with freedom. He then examined his wound, which was a little above his forehead, and declared it so slight, as scarce to be an excuse for keeping his chamber. The surgeon having dressed it, received his fee and retired; and my father ringing for the drawer, ordered up a flask of Burgundy, with a cold fowl, oil, and vinegar.

When the table was laid, and the waiter desired to withdraw, my father looking earnestly and compassionately upon me, I believe, says he, my child may be hungry; and, strait, his countenance falling, and the muscles of his lips beginning to work, he broke into tears. Barbarous wretch! he exclaimed, unnatural ostrich! who could thus leave the first-begotten of thy bowels to the nakedness of the sands, and to the blasting of the elements.

No, no, my father, I cried, again throwing myself on my knees before him; kill me not with your tears, crush me not with this, your unmerited concern! all is well, all is happy, and blessed, as I can bear it to be. This moment overpays my years of anguish, it is like heaven after passing the vale of death and mortal sufferings.

After supper, of which my father scarce tasted, he got up, and, as I rose at the same time, he

stepped to me, and catching me passionately in his arms, and putting his neck across mine, My child, he cried, my beloved child, my life's blessed preserver! come, once more, to my bosom, enter thy forsaken mansion! Too long has it been desert and desolate, without thee! But here I vow to the Almighty, that no step-dames, nor viperous instruments, shall ever hereafter insinuate between us. Accursed be they, who shall attempt to divide us; and may they come to an evil end, who shall desire to deprive me of thee, the light of mine eyes, till I am cold, and insensible to every other joy.

While we sat over our bottle, my father called for ink and paper, and first presented me with a purse of fifty guineas, he again gave me a bill at sight on his banker for five hundred pounds. I started up, but stopping me, he cried, Hold, hold, my Hammy, I see myself overpaid in the acknowledgments of that dear, though meagre countenance: and then, as I kneeled before him, with both hands held over me, and eyes raised to heaven, he blessed me in an ejaculation of the tenderest ardour.

The reckoning being discharged, and two chairs ordered to the door, my father desired me to meet him at the same tavern the following evening; and said, that in the mean time he would think of setling some certain income upon me: and thus we parted, as though our souls had accompanied each other.

It was now near two o'clock, and the morning bitter cold. My Arabella had long since put her child to rest; and I found her in tears by a

fire, scarce alive. She started up on my entering; her face gleamed with a sickly joy; and she uttered some soft reproaches of love and apprehension for my absence at those hours.

Before I ventured to let in the full tide of our returning happiness on her weak and alarmed spirits, I took out some confections and a pint of sack, which I had purposely brought in my pocket. I broke some Naples biscuit into a cup, and pouring some of the wine upon it; I set her the example, and prevailed on her to eat.

Meanwhile, she gazed earnestly and inquisitively in my face. My Hammy, she tenderly cried, what is the meaning of this? What eyes are these, Hammy? what new kind of countenance is this you have brought home to me? Ah, forbid it, my God, that the darling of my soul should have done any thing criminal! First, perish your Arabella, perish also her infant, rather than on her account, or on any account, the least of the virtues of my Hammy should be lost.

No, no, my angel, I cried, daughter of highest heaven! God has been wonderfully gracious to me; he blesses me, for your sake, my Arabella. I have seen my father, we are happily reconciled, and famine and affliction shall come near us no more.

I then took the bellows and lighted up a good fire, and while we were emptying our pint, of which I compelled my wife to take the larger share, I gave her a transporting detail of what had passed; and poured my purse of guineas into her lap. So we went to bed in peace, regardless of futurity, the happiest of all the pairs on whom the succeeding sun arose.

We lay in bed till the day was far advanced. I then ordered some comforting white-wine caudle for breakfast, and calling up the landlady, I discharged our quarter's rent.

When she was dismissed, I consulted with my wife whether she would chuse to retire to France or Holland; or rather to York, or some other remote place within the kingdom. But reflecting again on the present excess of my father's tenderness for me, she joined in thinking it adviseable to act with his concurrence; and I determined, that very evening, to reveal to him, in confidence, the whole pathetic history of our marriage and adventures.

Meanwhile, I thought it best, in all events, to secure the means of moderately compassing our purpose, by taking up the 500l. from my father's banker. I found by experience, that I had now little to fear from being known to any one. My shabby apparel, and emaciated face and limbs, that had prevented the knowledge and remembrance of a father, appeared a double security against all other eyes. I therefore adventured, though not without circumspection, to Mr. Giles's in Lombard-street, and presenting my bill, demanded payment.

My friend, said Mr. Giles, it is not two hours since a stop was put to the payment of that draught; and I was desired, at the same time, to put this paper into the hands of the party who should call. So saying, he gave me a note, which I opened with a trepidation that was turned into agony on reading the following words:—

"TO HAMMEL CLEMENT.

"Most subtle, and most accursed of all cruel contrivers! thou didst thyself, then, set that villain on thy foolish and fond father, by whom his blood was shed and his life nearly lost, I renounce thee, I abjure thee from henceforth and for ever. And, as I continue to disclaim all sorts of ties with thee, either here or hereafter, so may Heaven continue to prosper

"BARTHOLOMEW CLEMENT."

On reading this dreadful paper, I retired from the counter without speaking a word. I got home, I know not how; for I neither knew what I did, nor considered what I was about. I walked up stairs, without perceiving that I was followed. But I had scarce got into my room, when five or six men entered almost along with me; and one of them, stepping directly up to my wife, cried, Mistress, I arrest you in his Majesty's name.

Hereat I turned, and was stunned, and rouzed again in an instant. I caught up the poker, and aiming at a well-dressed man, whose face was not wholly unknown, and who appeared the most active and joyous of the crew, I missed the crown of his head, but tore off one ear, and cut him through his clothes and shoulder to the bone. I then flew upon the rest. I dealt my blows with inconceivable fury and quickness. I cleared my room in a few seconds; and, though several shots were fired at me from the stairs, I chased them all to the entry, and returning to my Arabella, I barricadoed the door.

It was then that she interposed, and dropping on her knees before me, What is my Hammy about, she cried, what madness has possessed my

love? Would you be guilty of actual and instant murders, through a rash and vain attempt of rescuing from our laws a person whom neither God nor man hath yet condemned? This indeed were to ensure the ruin you apprehend. Ah, no, my heart's master, let us neither commit nor fear iniquity. Join with me, my Hammy, let us trust in our God, and nothing but good can happen unto us.

While she spoke, the late terrors of her countenance disappeared; and her aspect gradually overspread with a serenity, to be imagined, in some measure, from the face of an evening heaven in autumn, when the sons of harvest are heard through the villages all about.

I gazed on her with a speechless and complacent reverence. She gently took the weapon from my unresisting hand, and leading me back, she seated me in the furthest chair. She then removed every bar and obstacle to their entrance. The stairs were now filled with people who had been called to the assistance of the king's officers, but they still appeared apprehensive and fearful of advancing.

Gentlemen, said Arabella, be pleased to walk in; I deliver myself peaceably into your hands; ye shall find no further opposition to his Majesty or the laws. The officers accordingly entered, but bowing, and with a timid kind of respect; neither did any of them offer to lay a hand upon her. Good God! Madam, exclaimed the foremost, is it possible you should be guilty of the crimes laid to your charge by that rascal whom your husband has half killed. He is carried off to the doctor's; but I think in my conscience that he has got his deserts; and as for the few hurts that we have received, we excuse your husband, Madam,

for your sake; and we think him the braver and the better man for what he did. By my soul, sweet Madam, you are well worth defending.

I thank you, gentlemen, said my wife, gracefully smiling and curtsying: pray be pleased to sit while I prepare to attend you. I am guilty indeed of the death of a man, and yet guilty of nothing that I would not repeat in the defence of virtue. But, gentlemen, says she again, smiling, you are like to be troubled with more prisoners than you look for. One of them indeed is young, and as little meaning of harm to any one as his mother. I must therefore beg your indulgence in sending for a coach; and pray do me the favour to accept this trifle, as the means of washing away animosity between you and my husband. So saying, she presented their chief with a guinea; who, rising and awfully bowing, ordered one of the others to step for a coach.

In the mean time, my fury having subsided at the instance of my wife, I should certainly have fainted, if I had not been relieved by a gush of tears, which I endeavoured to conceal, by turning aside and putting my handkerchief to my face. A cloud of thick darkness again overspread my soul; and every internal idea grew pregnant, and laboured with apprehension and horror. I cursed my meeting my father, and his treacherous appearance of bounty, which had served to bring this decisive ruin upon us; and I looked upon fortune as solicitous and industrious to bring evil and destruction out of every presentment and promise of advantage.

Being conducted to Newgate, I agreed with the keeper for a tolerable apartment at two guineas per

week; and putting on the best cheer I could affect before my wife, I sent out for a nourishing dinner: for I judged it late to be frugal, when death was at our door, and I had determined not to survive my Arabella a moment.

The day following, I procured copies of the depositions of the three witnesses, the first of whom was our own servant-maid. These I laid before two of the most learned in the law, but received no consolation from their report. They told me, that had my wife been actually guilty of the robbery, as alledged, she might have had some prospect of being acquitted of the murder, by being enabled to bribe off the evidence; but that, if she was really innocent of the robbery, as I affirmed, it then became the very cause, as well as interest of the guilty evidence, to have her condemned on both articles of accusation.

As the fearful day approached, I bought, at second-hand, two decent suits of mourning, with the requisite appendages for my wife and myself. Whenever I could get apart, I was drowned in my tears, and half suffocated by my sobs; and I did every thing but pray for my Arabella; for I could not think of lifting my heart to heaven where I had lost all dependence.

In the mean time, my beloved daily recovered flesh and health. Her eyes grew more brilliant, her complexion more clear, her countenance was as the surface of a depth of peace; and I gathered, I knew not why, a kind of reflected confidence by beholding her aspect.

Early, on the fatal morning, when I had left her within at her prayers, and had pulled my hat over my eyes, and sat down in a corner to vent the

throbbings of my heart; I cast my eye on a paper that appeared from under the door. I took it up with precipitation, and in it found the following lines:—

Tho' mountains threat thy naked head,
Tho' circling gulphs around thee close,
Tho' help is distant, hope is dead,
Tho' earth and hell are sworn thy foes!

Yet Heav'n their malice shall defy,
And, strong in last extremes to save,
Shall stand the guardian seraphs nigh,
And with thy sland'rers glut the grave.

I had no sooner read this paper, than I dropped down involuntarily on my knees. My hands clenched together; and I breathed up a most ardent petition, that some over-ruling power would take my Arabella under his protection.

Soon after, she came forth, adorned like the moon when girt about with clouds, through whose blackness her beauty breaks forth with improved lustre.

While we sat at breakfast, I presented her with the verses. She read them over and over with deep attention; and then returning them with a smile, This, says she, has been the stratagem of some very charitable person, who judged that hope was wanting to support me at such a trial.

As the dreadful hour was at hand, and as I had considered, before now, that at last it must come, I had prepared a small bottle of salts and a cordial, to support myself, as well as my wife, from an unseemly dejection of spirits in court.

Ah, Sir! can you tell me how one thing should come to pass? Can you account for this most extraordinary of all the workings in human nature?

that a man, at some times should more feelingly live, or die in others, than in himself. Had I been called to my last audit, had the decision of my own existence been at stake, my apprehensions, as I think, could not have equalled what I felt at that period.

At length the keeper appeared, and warned my Arabella that she must speedily set out. I turned instantly cold and pale, and it was long before I recovered strength to rise from my chair. In the mean time my wife returned to our bed-chamber, and bringing out her infant, gave him in charge to a nurse-keeper; she then held her hands over him, and raised her eyes to Heaven, in blessing, for some time. Again she fixed them on his face, and gazing upon him as it were for a last farewel look, tear dropped after tear in a pathetic and affectionate silence.

Being conducted to the Old Bailey, my wife, on entering the court, turned suddenly pale; and her countenance was downcast with a diffidence that she could not for some time overcome. The concourse was excessively great, and chiefly consisting of the nobility and gentry of both sexes. The great man himself was there with a crowd of his dependents, and all the male and female relations and friends of the deceased.

I gave my Arabella the salts to smell to, and as she weakly and bashfully advanced to the bar, a confused and jarring murmur was heard on all sides; and the words impudence and innocence resounded throughout.

When, according to order, she had held up her hand, and heard her indictment; the judge, with a countenance and voice equally stern, demanded,

Guilty, or not guilty? She answered, Guilty, my Lord, I confess, of the death of my Lord Stivers, but never guilty of any kind of robbery, or malice. Woman, said the judge, you confess yourself guilty, and I ask you, for the last time, Guilty, or not guilty? Not guilty, my Lord, she then rejoined; if to do what I approve, and shall never repent of, is not to be guilty.

Again the murmur was repeated, but continued much longer, and with more virulence on the one part, and more concern on the other.

I shall not detain you, Sir, with an account of the examination of the two first witnesses, one of whom had been our own servant girl, and the other the principal footman of Lord Stivers. They had all manner of encouragement and countenance from the court, and concurred in every circumstance that could serve for condemnation. The sound of triumph was heard through all the gentry, and the populace, sighingly, gave my Arabella for lost.

The third witness was then called, he was a very genteel and modest looking young man, and was now out of livery.

My Lord, says he, with a respectful but resolute voice, before I give my testimony in this case, I request that the two first witnesses should be taken into custody. Into custody, cried the judge, do you know what you say? I do know what I say, my Lord, and I repeat my request that they should be taken into custody. Why friend, said the judge, they are, as you are; they are witnesses for the crown against a criminal, and no man has a right to order them into custody. I say, rejoined the youth, with an air still more determined, that they are witnesses against inno-

cence, against his Majesty, and against the laws; that they alone are criminal; that I am evidence against them; and I again require it of your lordship, of the jury, and of all present, that they should not be permitted to make their escape.

I see, exclaimed the judge, you are a prevaricating villain; but I shall trounce you before we part. Where is this fellow's examination?

My Lord, my Lord, said the young man, with somewhat of a severe and sarcastical tone, you were not placed there to prejudicate in any matter, no more than I was called here to be brow-beat and sentenced without trial. If you find that I prevaricate, if you desire to sift me, as wheat, and find any chaff in me, I refuse not the bitterest punishment that our laws can inflict. But, as your Lordship observes, I am an evidence for the crown; and his Majesty, God be praised, will not fix his tribunal in any unrighteousness. I therefore demand to be heard in the cause to which I am cited; and all present shall be assured that I speak nothing but the truth. And you, gentlemen of the jury! I petition you to intercede in favour of equity with his Lordship, and to prevail that these criminals, for such I affirm them to be, should not be suffered to get away: and further, that they should be instantly searched; and all that is found about them reserved for the inspection of yourselves and his Lordship.

My Lord, said the foreman, I humbly conceive that no ill consequence can ensue from searching and setting a watch over those people; their testimony is already given, and cannot be invalidated thereby.

Well, added the judge, I would willingly hear what this fellow, this turncoat, has to say for himself.

My Lord, replied the youth, provided I approve my truth before God, I shall be the less afflicted for having fallen under your Lordship's displeasure, My name is Edward Longfield, I was born to happier prospects. My father was a gentleman; and, about eighteen months ago, I took the degree of bachelor at Queen's College in Oxford. But misfortunes and misunderstandings happening in our family, I was left to be the former of my own misfortunes; and arriving at London, I was taken into service by my late Lord Stivers. He grew fond of me, beyond my merits; and I began to partake of his friendship and confidence, at the time that I was deprived of the most generous of masters by the most unhappy of all events.

My Lord had one foil to his many virtues; it was an invincible passion for female beauty. The last night of his life, having called me aside, Ned, says he, I must take you on an adventure to-morrow. I have positively the finest girl in the universe in chace, and I must enjoy her in all events. But the devil on't is, that she is virtuous, though I hope not incorruptible. I have put her husband out of the way upon a feigned action for debt; and I have bribed her maid over to my party; so that I have nothing to contend with but her own lovely person, and that will be the sweetest dispute in the world. Sure, my Lord, I cried, you would not force her. Pshaw, said he, damn your impertinent scruples. Another such word, Ned, and you are blown with me. I can tell you a fine woman, my lad, must be won at any rate, if she

is garrisoned with virtue, and cannot be got by stratagem, she must be taken by storm.

The day following my Lord took me and his footman, Robert, there, who is one of the witnesses, to a tavern directly opposite to the house of the prisoner. He dined there alone, and kept us in waiting most part of the afternoon in expectation of intelligence from that other witness there, who has borne false testimony against her mistress. As he looked out, from time to time, at one of the street windows, he at last, as I suppose, received the appointed signal; for hurrying down stairs, he ordered us to follow. The door was purposely held open for us by that woman. 'Is all safe, Deb? says my Lord. Yes, says Deb; but may I depend on these who come with you? You may, child, cries my Lord, they are my own people. 'Tis very well, cries Deb, I have just got Miss Hodgins out of your way. My mistress is above, and alone, for want of better company. To her then, my Lord, she is a dish for an emperor. But, if she should prove too many for you, I know where the shame will lie for ever. Well, well, cries my Lord, shut the door softly, Deb; and take these lads down with you to the kitchen. But, whatever you hear, on your lives let me have no stir I charge ye! So saying, my Lord went, tripping up stairs; and we followed that bad woman to her darker region.

I soon observed that my companion, Mr. Robert, there, was intent on making up his acquaintance with Mrs. Deborah; and, as I found myself extremely uneasy, I gave them the slip, without being observed; and stealing up stairs, I put my

ear to the door, where I heard the voice of my master. Blessed Heaven! to what surpassing sentiments was I then an amazed witness! to what proofs of a virtue, that cannot be rated at less than divine! If I should not be tedious, I would deliver to the court, to you, my Lord, in particular, and to you, gentlemen of the jury, the best account I can of those wonderful passages.

Hear him, hear him, hear him! was then almost the universal cry; till he was permitted by the bench, and desired by the jury, to speak with freedom.

He then repeated, in a more ample and pathetic manner, all that passed, as I have told you, between Lord Stivers and my wife. But stopping as he drew near to the fatal catastrophe, I could no longer bear he said, the piercing cries and agonizing shrieks of such virtue, in such extremity. Had I had any kind of weapon, I thought I should have done my Lord good service, by protecting the purity he was about to violate. But I trembled and grew exceeding sick, and hastening down to the kitchen, I threw myself into a chair, and swooned away.

While I was in my fit, and Robert and Deborah were busy about me, the fatal stroke, as I imagine, was given, and the prisoner made her escape with her infant in her arms. When I was somewhat recovered, and had taken a dram of Mrs. Deborah's bottle, she put down the kettle, and invited us to a dish of tea. I requested my companions, from time to time, to step out and listen; but they reported that all was quiet above stairs; and when I wondered at this, Tut, says Deborah, the lovers have made it up before now, I warrant;

it's well for your master if he gets off before midnight.

At length it grew darkish, and being all of us surprised that no candles were called for, we went in a body up stairs, and Deborah ventured, gently, to tap at the door: but hearing no voice, nor stirring in the chamber, she turned the bolt softly; and peeping in, she gave a loud shriek, and drew suddenly back again. We then entered together, and as I was prepared, by my knowledge of the lady's virtue, for some dreadful catastrophe, I was the less shocked and concerned at what I beheld.

The floor was half covered with clotted blood. My master lay in the midst, already stiff and cold, and part of the fatal scissars was still within the wound. We all stood for some time in silent astonishment, and then, with joint tears, lamented his fate. At length, says Deborah, I would gladly see if my bloody mistress has taken care to provide for her journey. So saying, she stooped, and taking his Lordship's purse from his pocket, she counted down two hundred and ninety-seven guineas. She then took out his fine gold repeater, and next his snuff-box, and last took his large diamond ring from his finger.

Come, my lads, says Deborah, my Lord's silence gives consent, and we can no more be said to rob this piece of earth than the people in the mines who gather gold from clay. If my mistress is ever taken, she must suffer death for the murder, and they can do no more to her for the robbery, and twenty such matters together. If you will therefore be of my counsel, we will comfort ourselves as we ought for this melancholy business,

and share a prize between us that no one else has a right to, and that nobody will want.

Robert did not hesitate long. In a little time he appeared more sanguine than Deborah herself, and they urged me to join them by a number of interesting and cajoling instances. I was dispirited, I was affrighted; I saw a scene of blood and slaughter before me, and I doubted not that if I refused them, I should be made the second victim of their resentment and avarice. I pretended to value the watch at an unmeasurable rate, and that I should be greatly the gainer if I got it for my dividend. Mrs. Deborah then went to her mistress's drawers, and taking out half a dozen silver spoons, a tea equipage, and several articles in laces and cambrics, she fairly laid them before us; and observed, at the same time, that her mistress would not call in a hurry to demand them, and that the landlord would take all if we did not come in for snacks; she then made a new division, and compelled me further to accept of the snuff-box. She gave the purse of gold entire to Robert, and contented herself with the diamond ring, some gold medals, my Lord's handkerchief, and the plunder of her mistress.

While Mr. Longfield was in this part of his testimony, the foreman of the jury cried out, Stay, Sir!—Good people, pray stop these witnesses, there! I see they are making off; and now do us the favour to search their pockets, and to put what ye find into two hats severally, and to hand them up to us.

This being accordingly done, Mr. Longfield, says the foreman, be pleased now to proceed.

I have little further to say, replied Mr. Long-

field. Here is my noble master's watch, and here is his snuff-box. They are undoubtedly known to many honourable persons at present in court; and I bless my God that I have been enabled to preserve them for the vindication of innocence, and the illustration of virtue, at this day.

Here Mr. Longfield paused, and the judge cried out, Clerk, hand me up the examination of this prevaricator. This his Lordship pursued with a countenance and scrutiny apparently inveterate. But finding that the deponent had not touched upon the robbery, and that neither the words, *feloniously*, nor *of malice*, were inserted in that part that referred to the death of Lord Stivers, he tore the examination into twenty pieces. Come, come, he cried again, I have not yet done with this same Longfield. I perceive perfectly well how he came by the watch and snuff-box. The transference was not difficult from the prisoner who stole them, to this her confederate. But tell us, my wonderfully honest friend, how came you to keep these things from their lawful owners for the very long space of twelve months and upwards? Why did you not immediately, or long before now, give informations against those whom you so suddenly take it into your head to accuse? And why would you suffer that so exceeding chaste, and innocent lady, to labour all this time under the infamy with which her character, in my judgment, is still justly loaded?

To all these questions Mr. Longfield barely smiled; but bowing with his head, and making a motion with his hand to two gentlemen who sat on one side in the bench, Mr. Archibald, an eminent

merchant and an alderman of the city, got up and spoke to the following effect:

I wish, my Lord, that I could as well content your Lordship as I can satisfy the jury, and all others present, on the articles you require. The day immediately succeeding this fatal accident Mr. Longfield came to me, and in presence of Mr. Truelove here, my worthy and substantial neighbour, gave a detail, almost word for word, of all that he has this hour deposed in court: he then deposited the watch and snuff-box with us, and did not reclaim them till early this morning. As I am of his Majesty's peace, he also gave in this examination before me, which however I must not venture to hand over to your Lordship till I have your previous engagement that you will not tear it. I thereupon offered to issue warrants for apprehending the delinquents; but Mr. Longfield most sensibly and judiciously observed, that such a step must unquestionably shut the door against justice and all knowledge of the truth; that the criminals were two to one against their accuser; that on the slightest alarm they would infallibly abscond, or make away with the effects, of which they now beheld themselves the peaceable and unquestioned possessors; or contrive some further plot to invalidate his evidence; or probably make him away by pistol or poison, and so deprive that unhappy gentlewoman of the only witness of her innocence. But, says he, if they are permitted to enter the court under the confidence of my confederacy, they will have no reserve upon them, no foreformed evasions, or contrivances for escape. My unexpected testimony will suddenly

confound their guilt; and they may happen to carry some articles about them which might serve for their conviction beyond ten witnesses.

In the mean time, Mr. Longfield, Mr. Truelove, and I, were solicitous and unwearied in our inquiries after the unfortunate prisoner, that we might persuade her to stand her trial, and to deliver herself up to justice; but all our search proved fruitless, till the day in which she was discovered and taken.

Here Mr. Archibald ended, and the judge exclaimed, Crier, call the two first witnesses into court, that we may hear what they say to this fair-weather speech. The crier accordingly vociferated several O Yes's, for Deborah Skinner, and Robert Callan to come into court; but had they been within call, they did not chuse to hear. During the attention of the court and jury to alderman Archibald, they had imperceptibly slipped behind their next neighbours; and proceeding in like manner from one to another, they at length confounded themselves with the crowd, and got clear off.

My Lord then began to sum his charge to the jury; and dwelled with much emphasis on some articles. Here, says he, we have lost a nobleman, a minister, one of the first ornaments of our country and stays of our land. And what, I pray ye, have we got in recompence for this great damage? Why, my friends, we have got a new thing upon the earth; we have got a saving of the honour of a milliner: But if this princess is inviolate, as still is pretended, how came she to be guilty of this most horrid of all murders, before she knew to what extremity his Lordship would

have proceeded? how did she dare capitally to execute a peer of the realm on a simple attempt, for which our laws would not have confined a common porter? This woman must certainly have been a trader in blood, and her felonious intents and malice are fully expressed in the very peculiar use and inhumanity of the weapon with which she perpetrated this most desperate deed. You need not therefore, gentlemen, go out of your box to bring her in guilty of the murder. I will not affirm, with equal certainty, touching the robbery: and yet, to me, it is apparent, that she could not have enterprized so barbarous a fact, if she had not done it in prospect of plundering the deceased. But, as she is capitally punishable in the first instance, I leave ye, gentlemen, to determine of the second at pleasure.

First permit us, my Lord, replied the foreman, to examine what we have got in these hats. He then drew a long purse from among the relics of Robert; and having counted out seventy guineas, Mr. Longfield, says he, would you know my Lord's purse? If it is my master's purse, said Longfield, it is of green silk, and has toward the top, a coronet and the letter S. wrought under it, in silver twist. The very same, Sir, indeed, rejoined the foreman. And now let us see what Mrs. Deborah might have got in her honest keeping? So saying, he took from the second hat a small wooden box neatly stuffed with cotton, in which he found my Lord's diamond ring, three gold medals, and the ends of the handles of several silver spoons. Mrs. Clement, says he, I imagine we may have got some of your property among us Pray, had you any mark to your silver

spoons? Yes, Sir, said she, scarce audible; a G. at top for Graves, and a D. and A. below for Dorothy and Arabella. I wish, Madam, replied this gentleman, that we were equally enabled to find an equivalent for your merits, as to restore to you this trifling remnant of your rights.

Come, gentlemen, cried the judge, the day wears apace: it is time for ye to retire and consult on the verdict ye are to bring in.

My Lord, answered the foreman, you truly observe that we need not leave our box for the purpose you require. We are already agreed and unanimous in our verdict. And, I would to heaven! that we were not confined on this occasion to literal precedents and forms of law, that we might give a verdict someway adequate to the merits of the prisoner, who, however depressed by fortune, is superior in all excellencies; whom we judge to be an honour to human nature, and the first grace and ornament of her own sex. But since we are limited by custom in these matters, we do say, with one voice, and a conscience that compels us to utterance, Not guilty, my Lord, not guilty!

The words were scarce pronounced, when the court-house was almost split by a sudden peal. Hats, caps, and wigs universally filled the air, and jostled against each other. The triumph was caught and echoed by the crowds without, and the sound was repeated and floated from street to street, till it seemed to die away in distant parts of the city.

My wife then turned, gracefully curtsying to the foreman, I thank you, Sir, says she; I thank you, gentlemen, says she, again curtsying to the rest

of the jury. And then, glancing modestly round, she saluted the assembly and sat down. But I could not contain my gratitude, my transport overpowered me; and falling on my knees, and lifting my hands towards the jury, God alone can reward ye, gentlemen, I cried; may he for ever preserve the properties, honours, and families of the worthy citizens of London, from violation and insult.

I then rose hastily. I slipped out of the bar, and rushing up to Mr. Longfield, I catched him eagerly about the neck. I could not speak. I hid my face in his bosom, and broke into tears. He attempted to disengage himself, but I held him fast. I believe, said he, you must be Mr. Clement. I congratulate you, Sir, with all my soul. But you owe me nothing, I barely did my duty.

O, my friend, my brother, my preserver! I cried; I owe you more than life. Existence had been my greatest of curses without you. That I am not at this moment the deepest damned of the creation; that I find myself the most blessed of all beings; to you alone it is owing, Mr. Longfield, my deliverer! Nay, hope not to escape me; we never more must part. You are my captive for life; and I, and all that I am or have, is your's to eternity.

As the people within and without were still in great commotion, the court appeared much alarmed; and the judge and most of the gentry made homeward through a private door that opened into a back alley. But their fears were groundless, for the crowd was wholly intent on another object, and impatiently waited for a sight of my Arabella.

As she walked forward, attended by Mr. Long-

field and myself, they made way for her on either hand, and the atmosphere again rung with shouts and acclamations. So sincere is the respect the populace pay to virtue, and such is their exultation when innocence rises superior to oppression! but when innocence and virtue are accompanied by beauty, their reverence grows almost criminal, and approaches to adoration.

Before we entered her late prison my wife turned about and curtsyed three or four times to her numerous attendants, with an acknowledging grace and humility that seemed oppressed by their favours. She then entered hastily, and running up stairs, she caught her child from the nurse-keeper. She held him some time in her arms; her bosom gently heaved; and the tears rolled in silence down her placid countenance. But on our approach she turned suddenly into the bed-chamber, shut to the door, and continued there in private for near an hour.

In the mean time I sent out for a warm dinner and a bottle of wine. Mr. Longfield now told me, that he had often been tempted to introduce himself to us during my wife's confinement, but he feared that the discovery of any acquaintance or correspondence between us might prejudice Arabella upon her trial; and that, therefore, he had made use of the little stratagem of the verses, which he had thrust under our door, in order to preserve us from a total depression of spirits.

When the cloth was laid I whispered gently through the key-hole to my Arabella, and soon after she came forth, with a harmony of beatitude, of motion and aspect, as though she had instantly

dropped from that heaven which had wholly possessed her during her absence.

When Mr. Longfield arose to take his leave, I slipt ten guineas into his hand, and urged his acceptance of them; but he obstinately refused, observing, that he was single, and could shift well enough.

After his departure, with tender adieus and warm acknowledgments on our part, I discharged the keeper, and we took a coach home.

Arabella was now at liberty to revisit her old acquaintance. She was caressed more than ever, and took in so much work, that she was obliged to hire a girl to attend the child.

Thus we lived on a kind of frugal affluence. Affliction was no more. The remembrance of distress or poverty had vanished as a dream. Our days moved upon down, and joy and peace nightly prepared our pillows.

At length my wife was seized with an ague, which was then epidemical, it being the spring of the season. I immediately feed a physician, and after he had exhausted the circle of the *materia medica* toward a cure, the dregs of the disease settled into a rheumatism that principally affected her arms and hands, and thereby excluded her from any earnings for herself or her infant.

I then determined if possible to supply this defect by the dint of my own industry; and I cared not how mean or humiliating my occupation might be, provided I might win a little lawful and honest bread.

Accordingly, as I rambled in search of such employment, I observed a porter attending before the door of a tavern, clad in an ordinary frock,

with a belt about his waist, and an apron before him. I therefore went to Monmouth-street, and purchased an uniform for the like purpose. I then passed through several streets till I came to a splendid tavern where no porter was in waiting. I stepped over the way, where I deposited my former coat with a poor huxter-woman, to whom I promised some small matter for the trouble I gave her. I then dressed in my porterly robes, and applying to the chief drawer, I promised him part of my earnings, provided he put me into a speedy employment.

I had not staid long till I was dispatched to a considerable distance with a letter. I was afterwards sent on a variety of errands and messages, and by the close of the day I had accumulated three shillings, sixpence whereof I gave to the drawer. I then stepped in high triumph to my friend the huckster-woman. I gave her two-pence, re-assumed my former garb, and left my weeds in her custody. I returned home with a satisfaction to which I had been a stranger of a long time; and I that night ate heartily, talked chearfully, and slept in peace.

I continued this occupation during five successive days, in one of which I earned to the amount of five shillings.

It is sure that laying personal pain and the social feelings apart, human happiness does not in any way depend on the degrees of station or fortune, or on any external circumstance whatever. It is merely domestic, it is wholly embosomed, and cannot live from home. I was now engaged in one of the lowest and least lucrative em-

ployments of life; but a Divine Friend was at hand, of whose favour I was confident. I was content, I was chearful; and I felt a peace within that passed all the understanding I should otherwise have had of happiness, though I had been in possession of the crown revenues.

Late on the fifth night of my new occupation, as I was on my return and within a few doors of my lodging, I was seized and assaulted by four men, who were porters, as I found by the sequel. I struggled the best I could and got one of them under me, but the rest fell upon me, and cuffed, kicked, and bruised me in a miserable manner. Oho, they cried, you are a gentleman and be damn'd; and yet, thief as you are, you must steal into our business, and glean away the few pence by which we get our daily bread; but we'll cure you for carrying of burthens, we warrant you!

They would undoubtedly have murdered me, had I not feigned myself already dead; but observing that I lay without any signs of life, they made off in haste.

I rose as well as I was able, and holding by the rails and wall, got with difficulty home, where crawling up stairs, my wife helped to undress me, and I went to bed.

She sent for our old physician, who ordered me some potions, with outward fomentations to assuage the contusions. I was however seized that night with a violent fever, which continued upwards of three weeks, but without any delirium; and, within another week, I was able to sit up, though still very weak and greatly emaciated.

The last of our stock, with the fruits of my late

employment, were now nearly expended on doctor, drugs, and so forth; wherefore I found it necessary to abridge our domestic charge as close as possible; and, having sent our girl with a token for my porter's habiliments, I gave them to her in lieu of what remained of her wages, and with the help of an additional shilling discharged her.

I was now able to bear the light, and the windows were half opened; but how was I shocked on observing that my Arabella and my little Tommy were as pale and as much fallen away as myself! for Arabella had half starved her infant, and almost wholly starved herself, in order to save sufficient for my sustenance during my illness; yet she bore up with a sweet and smiling semblance; and in her alone was realized all that ever I had seen of the boasted patience of stoicism, or of the power of Christianity in effecting a new nature.

Within a little time I was once more able to walk about the room; when on the day preceding that wherein our quarter's rent was to become due, Mrs. Jennet entered with a face wherein was prefaced whatever insolence, hardness of heart, or contempt of our wretched situation could dictate. Mr. Clement, says she, if so be your name be Clement, I suppose I am not to tell you, that tomorrow is quarter day: And yet, if some people, Mr. Clement, can't afford to eat, I can't see how they can afford to pay rent, Mr. Clement; and so you know 'tis every bit as comfortable to starve in jail as in lodgings. But this is nothing to the purpose. I am myself but a poor woman, and no better than richer folks. Yet poor as I am, com-

parisons may be odious between some people and some people; and then I don't come for charity, I come for nothing but my own; and that you know is the least that will satisfy any body. If you had any one else to befriend you but myself, you might a' been put upon the parish before this. But as I was saying, I can't be an only friend and all friends at once. And I must tell you, that I hate objects; for I have so much pity in my nature, that it pains me to look at 'em; and, above all, I can't abide them in my house. And so, as I told you, Mr. Constable will be here in the morning, and he will shew you to lodgings that will fit you much better; and so, Mr. and Mrs. Clement, if so be that your names be Clement, I wish you both a mighty good morning. And so away she went, without waiting an answer.

As soon as she was gone, Hammy, says Arabella, our kind landlady puts me in mind of the wife of the honest Socrates, whom he took for the trial and exercise of his patience. Ah, how cringing was this woman! how insolent is servility when it attains any power! But what, I wonder, is become of our friends, the Miss Hodginses? I would have sent to inquire after them, but I was petted at their neglect of us during our long illness. I will step there this minute and borrow as much, at least, as will snatch my Hammy from the fangs of this fury.

So saying, weak as she was, she dressed herself with a chearful air, and going, pleasantly repeated, your servant, Mr. Clement, if so be that your name be Clement, I wish you a mighty good morning.

She was not long abroad, and on her return I

observed a kind of heavenly radiance that seemed to beam through her countenance, from whence I prophecied all manner of happy success; but continuing silent some time and looking eagerly at me, she suddenly threw herself into my bosom, and burst into tears.

Ah, Hammy! she cried, I had hopes I was very stout; but frail nature, in spite of grace, confesses me a coward. I thought I could have seen you perish with patience, with delight, provided I saw a happy immortality before you; but now that your sufferings are at hand, I find them insupportable. I tremble also for your faith, lest it should not support you under the impending trial. Yes, Hammy, all is over; all is finished, my love, and the hand of God is in it. Our dear Miss Hodginses were not to blame; the eldest died suddenly since we saw them, and the youngest is with a distant relation in the country. We have nothing further to hope, neither to fear from this world. Our God has shut us out by every door; and will neither permit the friendship, the humanity, or charity of others, neither our own industry or ingenuity to yield us a morsel of bread; to convince us that we are his, and that all things are his; that when he openeth his hand there is plenty on every side, but when he pleaseth to shut, there is no resource. What say you then, my husband? are you willing to run this last short course? the prize is glorious, unspeakable, and lies within a very few paces of your grasp. You must run it, my husband, and your repugnance would but serve to make it insufferable. But patience and courage would give you strength to endure, and a little further conformity to the will of

our Disposer would turn all the bitterness into delight. Our time is done, our task is finished; we are already brought to nothing, that our all may be in God.

Yes, I answered, it is evident from a chain of successive proofs. I see the hand of God in all that concerns us; and I am pleased with any instances of his notice and attention, whatever his final purpose may be. I will no longer struggle with his omnipotence, nor make my ignorance a sounding-line for his unbottomed wisdom. If to see you and our little innocent thus famishing by the hour; if, in contemplating your wants and imagining your pains, I feel an anguish above what death can give, why let it be; rend, heart, into a thousand pieces! A period must at length be put to our sufferings; and all beyond shall be peace, or what God pleases. But do you, Arabella, do you lead the way, my patroness, my director! I will endeavour to keep the brightness of your example in view; that neither here, nor hereafter, I may lose sight of her, without whom, here or hereafter, I think I cannot be happy.

About nine the next morning, our landlady entered, followed by two constables and two appraisers. Thus authorized, as she imagined, the first thing she did was to search our pockets for money, but without effect, as we had expended our last penny the day before for bread. She however found my wife's case of scissars, and other implements for her business; and gathering up our boxes, linen, handkerchiefs, and a variety of articles, which we never had a notion of converting into money, she laid them all before the appraisers, who, on frequent consultation,

valued the same to four pounds nine shillings, my wife's gown included, being nine and thirty shillings more than we owed. But this, our honest landlady very prudently observed, was scarce sufficient for costs and other damages which she had suffered or might have suffered, or might yet suffer on our accounts.

Thus we were turned out, almost naked, to the mercy of the elements! O, how deeply degraded below the birds of the air, the beasts of the forest, or even the worms of the sod, who rightfully claim sustenance from the earth whereof they were bred, and have some hole apart whereto they may creep for shelter!

All hopeless, weak, and faint, we took our way we knew not whither, without home whereto we might travel, or point whereto we might steer. We could think of no one living who would receive or acknowledge us; and we seemed to have no way, save that of hastening as fast as we could from the presence of mankind.

Slow and tottering as we went, my wife and I carried our little Tommy by turns, and in the smoother places he walked with the help of our hands. Thus, with much toil and fatigue, we got out of London, and reposed ourselves on a bank that lay a little off the causeway. Here we found ourselves greatly distressed with thirst, and getting up again we made toward a small hut that stood beside the road, where they had the charity to treat us with a draught of cold water. With this we were wonderfully refreshed and recruited; and putting on again, Hammy, says my Arabella, no conqueror on his triumphal entry into Rome ever exulted as I do in your fortitude this

day. And what signifies it now that it comes to the test? It is but to travel, my love, till we can travel no further; and then we drop, fit and ready, and ripe for eternity.

As we went gently along, still mutually supporting and exhorting each other, I applied for alms from time to time to a number of passengers, but my voice and addresses were so feebly importunate, or their attention was so engaged on distant and different matters, that my oratory returned as empty as it set out.

At length I met a poor beggar man with a wife and seven children following in a train. I looked at him wishfully, and having civilly saluted him, I intreated some little matter from his bag or his can, to keep my infant from perishing on the highway. God's mercy, master! says the charitable mendicant, I am very sorry to see any body poorer than myself, but the truth is, that I have travelled a great way, and have eat and drank all, except this last two-pence half-penny. Here it is, master; God's blessing go along with it! I grieve, and shall grieve, that it is not two pounds for your sake.

In expectation of the refreshment we should derive from this supply, we kept on at a creeping pace till we came to a little alehouse that stands about half a mile from this town. There we entered and called for a penny-worth of bread and a pint of drink, with some milk for the child. While we sat to repose ourselves, the poor man of the house having eyed me with a kind of earnest compassion, You look, said he, to be in much trouble; but if your trouble is of a kind that is to be cured, there is one Mr. Fenton at hand, whom

God has placed in this country as the sun in heaven to give comfort to all within his reach.

My heart revived within me at these tidings, and was further prophetic of some happy revolution. Having finished our pint, and laid up the remainder of our bread in store, we discharged our reckoning, and set out on our last stage.

The prospect of speedy relief, and the possibility that it might not arrive too late, gave us spirits beyond our powers, and we pushed on till we came nearly opposite to this house, though we did not then know to whom it belonged. Here, slackening our pace, we found ourselves growing extremely sick; whether it was that we were overpowered by the late nourishment we had taken, or by a toil and fatigue that surpassed our abilities.

Hammy, said my Arabella, God be praised it is done, it is finished! I die, my Hammy! but I would not die within the gaze of public passengers. Help me into the field, if you are able, my love. I have no further use for charity now, save that of laying my limbs with decency in the ground.

She spoke, nor had I the power to answer; but, overcome as I was by sickness and anguish, I exerted myself to help her through the turnstile; and sitting down on the sod, I laid her head in my lap, where she fainted away. And there we remained in the situation in which your charity found us.

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